

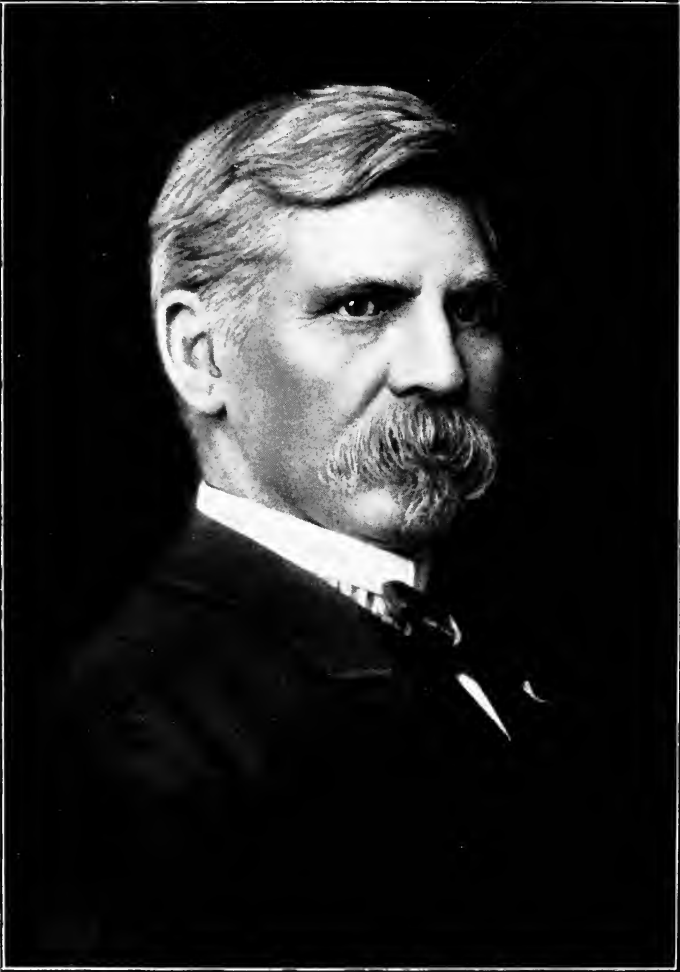




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Bennett H. Young

Kentucky Eloquence

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and Classic Lectures
Addresses and Poetry :: ::



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1907

Publisher

BEN LABREE, JR., Louisville, Ky.

734
3379

PS 558
K4 Y6

Press of the
Geo. G. Fetter Company
Louisville, Ky.

122364
'08



over Oct. 9, 1908.
and 20 Nov. 34

FOREWORD.



With the certainty of financial loss, with sure knowledge of much labor, and the full expectation of some adverse criticism, the preparation of this book was undertaken. The hope that, as a son of my beloved State, I might add one leaf to her crown of glory is ample compensation for all that is involved in such a task.

Kentucky's sons and daughters have not dared, fought, struggled, toiled, or lived in vain. A distinctive character has been evolved; a superb model of womanhood and manhood has been created, and the name "Kentuckian" ever carries with it, in all the known world, a peculiarly fascinating and unique distinction. Like the sun, it may here and there have a spot, but these only bring out the effulgence and splendor of the undimmed surface.

Ignoring the unparalleled difficulties, moved by an unmeasurable courage, prompted by a spirit of adventure, and quickened by a love of conquest, the pioneer people of Kentucky marched over the Alleghany mountains into the wonderlands of the most attractive hunting grounds ever discovered by man, and planted themselves, unbidden and unwelcomed, amid the preserves of the savages, who, startled by this unexpected and daring invasion, lost no time in boldly defending this aggression, or punishing this defiance of their hereditary rights.

Hitherto immigration had either crossed the ocean and, with it as a base, spread inland, or, by slow degrees, moved by measured tread and ever-expanding lines into the wilderness or pre-empted lands, forcing back by progressive steps all the hindrances the red man or his God might erect to stay its advance.

In the settlement of Kentucky, a new law of conquest was to be promulgated, and new methods of subjection were to be invoked, and the log cabins and wooden forts of Boonesboro, Harrod's Fort, Louisville, Lexington, Bryant's Station, Shelbyville, Elizabethtown and Ruddle's Mill were to proclaim that the bravest men and women God ever made were to be found in the far distant wilderness, the new Commonwealth called "Kaintuckee." Marching, fighting, settling under new surroundings and in violation of all precedents, it necessarily followed that a new character was to be evolved.

Providence examined its molds. No such individuality had hitherto appeared in the records of the past, and the hour had come when the world needed a new type of men. The Virginia cavalier, with his superb gallantry, ennobled by his lofty, gentlemanly instincts, could not meet the requirements. The Pennsylvania settler, with his indomitable patience

and unfailing courage, fell short of the demands, and the sturdy Scotch-Irishman of North Carolina, with his unquenchable love of freedom, backed by his superb bravery and uplifted by his abiding faith in God, was not equal to what the time and circumstances exacted of the men who should undertake the seemingly impossible task of expelling the wandering claimants of Kentucky.

These Kentucky pioneers were to conquer a land four hundred miles away from help or succor. It was an untrodden forest, with no roads or paths except such as the buffalo in his migrations had trampled through the canebrake, or beasts of prey had traced in their search for food. It had no permanent human inhabitants, and its defense was by common consent imposed upon the savage red men, who claimed as their lands that vast country which stretches from the great lakes in the Northwest to the waters of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi rivers, covering an area of over 300,000 square miles. No survey had marked its lines; he who traversed the solitude and depths of the forests must rely upon the stars, or Nature's marks upon the trees as his guide. All supplies must be carried on the pack-horses or by men; powder and lead were to be transported over six hundred miles; not a single blade of wheat or stalk of corn as yet had sprung from its virgin and fertile soil. He who entered its domain must always be prepared to meet an alert, savage, brave and merciless foe. The cooing of the babe, the wail of the defenseless women, or the appeal of the helpless prisoner, found no sympathy or response in the foe who defended the land. Death by the tomahawk or at the stake was the punishment the Indian meted out to those who invaded his beloved hunting ground. As he asked and expected no quarter for himself, he gave none to his white foe. By day and by night, the merciless warfare was waged. The coming of the morning sun only quickened and vitalized anew his barbarous plans, and its departure at night only gave time for more relentless resolves to drive out the intruders.

Here arose conditions where the great law of Nature, the "survival of the fittest," was to find its most difficult application and to meet its most perplexing trial. Pennsylvania, Virginia and North Carolina were all laid under tribute and forth from these three warlike colonies came these new men of the hour. Between these newcomers there was no pre-arrangement. The sublimest courage, completest patience, almost iron hearts and iron bodies were needed in this new experimental station of liberty, and the men and women who responded to the call "over the mountains" were simply heaven's agents sent to win "GOD'S COUNTRY."

Defiant of death, without fear in their hearts, they came as the best the new world could give for the greatest task ever imposed upon a like number of people. "He who, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps," chose his best agents for this most difficult work; and, the story of the Kentucky pioneer, radiantly bright, ever gleaming on the pages of the world's history,

tells us that God judged wisely in the men He sent to the canebrakes and forests of the "dark and bloody ground" to carve out a new State, the characteristics of whose people were to touch and stamp a nation's life and to create qualities and furnish examples which, in the conquest of the mighty West, were to exercise an incalculable and perpetual influence. Such people called to such a destiny were bound to create new forms of speech. The extraordinary duties devolving upon these hunting-shirted heroes were to arouse emotions hitherto unknown and, while dealing with problems hitherto unsolved, were to call for expressions, methods and forms of speech hitherto unspoken and yet unthought.

Under the shade of the mighty forests, alongside streams which, in magnitude and currents, added a new majesty to Nature's works; down by the log fort, consecrated by unsurpassed danger and heroism; by the graves of wives and children, an account of whose tragic and awful sacrifices were carved with the hunting knife in the bark of the friendly monarchs of the wood which stood in memorial of the dust of the beloved dead, Kentucky Eloquence had its birth, and from these sent its echoes into other lands.

Todd, Trigg, Boone, Harrod, McAfee, Blythe, Slaughter, Jouett, Henderson, Floyd were followed by a host of others like Clay, the Breckinridges, Menefee, Grundy, Daviess, Sharp, Allen, Crittenden, Combs, Shelby, Barry, Hardin, Bell, Magoffin, VanWinkle, Preston, Wickliffe, Hanson, Woolley, Letcher, Trabue, Clarke, Marshall, Robertson, Sanders, Davis, Wadsworth, Bright, Johnson, Blair, Corwin, Pope, Woodson and hundreds of others whose glowing and eloquent words have thrilled the souls of thousands of men and left a lasting impress upon the lives of millions of their fellow countrymen. No book of five hundred pages can contain a tithe of what these wonderful orators have said or written.

There will be absent from the pages of this volume names and thoughts for which Kentuckians will naturally look in such a work. Bascom, Kavanaugh, Spalding, J. F. Bell, Hise, Holley, John C. Young, Smith, Houston and many other names will spring instinctively into the mind, and the query will arise, Why were they not included in its pages? The answer is that the indifference of friends upon whom calls were made, the difficulty of finding their written or printed productions and the limited space of one volume, all served to make it impossible to include them.

Some will wonder why other speeches are inserted at all. Every prominent man in Kentucky who has won any fame as a speaker has been asked for a contribution, and many have declared that they were too busy to revise; others failed to forward manuscript, and many have confessed they had no record of their best efforts.

All the money in Kentucky could not buy a page in this book; offer after offer of money for space has been declined. Friendship here and there may have left its mark and secured space for articles of moderate

merit, but dollars could not buy a single line. This is the first effort to put into one volume the best things spoken or written by the men of Kentucky. If it shall incite new love for the Commonwealth, awaken higher purpose or nobler ambition in the hearts of her sons, or add one single jewel to the crown of her manhood or womanhood, or create a profounder devotion for her people and their history, or arouse a deeper and truer pride in the achievements of her offspring, no sacrifice or labor bestowed upon the work will ever cause a single regret.

Those who have been associated with me in this work have been generous and helpful, but upon Mr. Ben LaBree the chief labor has fallen. We all love Kentucky with a love that can glow in a Kentucky heart only; and it has been our dearest hope that these thoughts of the living and the dead will make those who follow better and nobler Kentuckians and more patriotic Americans.

The Romans of old placed in the familiar places about their homes the busts of those who had performed the greatest services to the republic, seeking to familiarize the young with the features and achievements of their national heroes. Those who have made this book seek through the eloquent, beautiful and well-chosen words of dead or living sons of Kentucky to give the grandest impulse and sublimest quickenings for the duties, responsibilities and obligations of those who may hereafter guide, govern and control the destinies of our beloved Commonwealth.

BENNETT H. YOUNG,
Editor-in-Chief.

Louisville, Ky., December 15, 1906.

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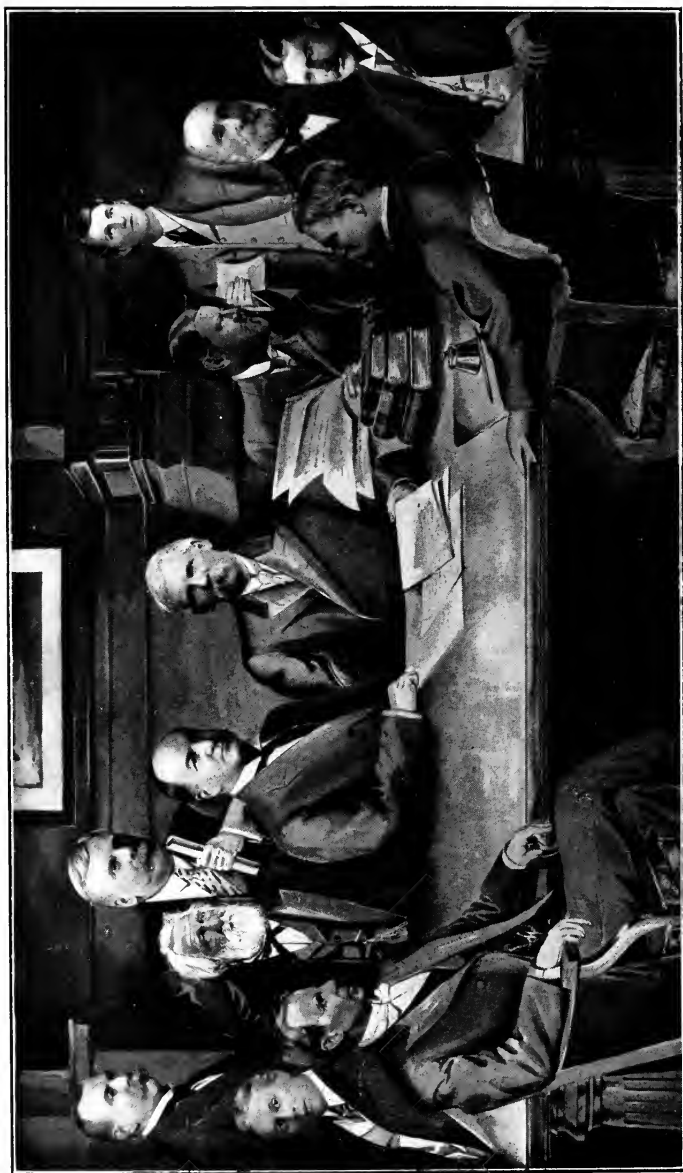
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Editors of "Kentucky Eloquence, Past and Present."

JOHN R. ALLEN.

[John R. Allen, Lawyer, Lexington, Ky., was born in Keokuk, Iowa, December 25, 1856, has held the following public offices: City Attorney, Lexington; County Attorney, Fayette county; Master Commissioner Fayette Circuit Court; now Commonwealth Attorney Twenty-second Kentucky Judicial District; Professor Constitutional Law and Law of Evidence Kentucky University Law College.]

A TRIBUTE TO COL. W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

A speech delivered at the Breckinridge memorial meeting of the Fayette county bar at Lexington, Ky., November 22, 1904.

The most eminent member of this bar, the most gifted man whom I have ever met, and one of the most brilliant in America, is dead. Either as a thinker, statesman, lawyer, writer or orator, he has had few equals in the history of our country; and as a combination of all these professions, he has no superior. The sum total of his mental endowments was marvelous. With a memory astonishing in its breadth, accuracy, depth and tenacity, he never forgot anything once acquired, and he absorbed everything that came within the circle of his mentality, with the rapidity and suction that the whirlpool draws in whatever floats in the current of the stream. What he read became on first reading his own possession; and he read deeply and widely in the history, government and literature of all countries, and particularly was he proficient and accurate in his knowledge of all the riches of wisdom and beauty in that wonderful compilation of Hebrew literature, the Bible. Not only did he gather in his mind the choicest fruits of learning and erudition, but "found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones"—everything in nature and in man was a source of knowledge to him which he never forgot. From the vast storehouse of these mental treasures he could draw at will for facts or thoughts to corroborate, strengthen, illustrate or prove whatever position he took or theory he advocated. Gifted with a glowing, fervid imagination that wove into the woof of every thought and expression a rich and gorgeous coloring, his theme, whether in spoken word or written sentence, was at once always elevated from the realm of commonplace and became imposing and magnificent.

But the strength of his memory, the sweep of his imagination, was not greater than the accuracy and good sense of his judgment, and the almost prophetic sureness of his foresight. Ordinarily we are not apt to associate power of memory and imaginative gift with depth of thought and logical and analytical qualities of the highest order, but in this man these varied qualities were united to an unusual degree, and, amid the flowery and brilliant word-pictures he painted could always be seen the substantial fabric of a close, cogent and logical argument that appeared to the reason as forcibly as the rich coloring and fervid eloquence did to the heart and imagination.

The sweep of his mind was broad, comprehensive and philosophic; on every subject he thought, spoke or wrote about, his mental vision

took in, and he found and showed its origin and history—its present meaning and force, and then, with the rapt eyes of the seer, he foresaw and proclaimed its tendency and to what it would lead in the future. So that whatever trifling event engaged his pen, on whatever occasion he spoke, whether in the halls of Congress, on the stump, at the bar, the banquet, funeral, school exercise or after-dinner, you could find no platitudes in his articles or speeches, but something forceful and virile, full of thought and philosophy. No matter when or where he gave utterance, no matter how many distinguished persons wrote on the same theme, or how many distinguished orators spoke on the same occasion, his speech was always the best. It stood out distinctive and different from the others, unique and potent in its originality. A common expression, which you all have heard in coming from any place where he and others spoke, was: "Well, old Billy laid it over all of them." With these rich and varied gifts, it is small wonder that as a writer he was unsurpassed. Perfect in composition and expression, clear and luminous in statement, thoughtful and philosophic in the treatment of every subject, his editorials were not only forcible and trenchant criticisms on current events, but masterpieces of English style. Composed amid the hurry and rush of a busy professional life, dictated at odd moments to a stenographer, or frequently written by himself on the typewriter, after a hard day's work in court or in his office, they have the finish of papers prepared with infinite care and patience, re-written and revised until perfection in diction and expression was attained.

In all, one will constantly find inestimable maxims of moral and political wisdom; grave, dignified discussion of public questions; tremendous invectives against fraud and corruption; appeals to the heart and conscience of the people for a loftier civilization and higher ideals; magnificent outbursts of scornful indignation against those whom he deemed unworthy in public life, or who, in his opinion, by insidious or corrupt practices, were undermining our national, State, county and city honor. In them he constantly appealed for free and fair elections; a pure, undefiled ballot; for civic honesty; for a broader and more liberal education of the people; for unrestricted and untrammelled commerce for the nation; for better roads in the country; cleaner streets, better sewerage, public play grounds and public parks in the city—in fact, in every movement for the betterment of the people, morally or physically, for the beautifying or development of the county or city, his editorials were a potent and inspiring force.

The vigor and brilliancy of his articles were not only recognized at home, but highly esteemed throughout the whole country; constantly quoted and frequently reproduced at length in the famous metropolitan papers. If he could have had charge of the editorial columns of one of these great journals and been free to exercise his great talents along these lines, what a tremendous power he would have exercised throughout the nation, and how soon his fame would have rivaled, if not eclipsed, that of Thurlow Weed, Henry J. Raymond, Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice or any of the great editors this country has produced.

As a lawyer, he was learned and profound, a consummate master of the elementary principles of the common law, and thoroughly familiar with the cases. As a "nisi-prius" practitioner, he had no superior in the State and hardly an equal. When he devoted himself, after the war, to the practice in this city, the bar of Lexington ranked higher and

contained in its lists of members more men of commanding talents and eminent ability than any bar in the South. Truly, "there were giants in those days." What a superb galaxy of great intellects—Madison C. Johnson, John B. Huston, Richard A. Rucker, James O. Harrison, James B. Beck, Frank Hunt, the two Kinkeads, John C. Breckinridge. In this distinguished company he quickly and easily took and maintained a commanding position. No one of them possessed a stronger intellect, more native resources, or a mental vision that saw quicker or more deeply into whatever was intricate. Notwithstanding the quickness of his intellect and his familiarity with legal principles and practice, he did not trust alone to those in the conduct of his cases, but patiently and thoroughly prepared himself in each one, and, when he went into trial, was armed cap-a-pie, both as to the law and facts. Quick, alert and resourceful, no matter into what aspect a case drifted during the trial, what unexpected phases developed, or what unfortunate turn the testimony or law took, he instantly adapted, with infinite skill and adroitness, his attack or defense to meet it. Like a cat, he would not be thrown and in every fall lit upon his feet ready for another conflict. He was never defeated in any cause until a court of last resort had finally decided against him. These qualities, combined with supreme tact, a winning personality and his magnetic eloquence and persuasiveness as an advocate, made him well nigh invincible in the court house.

But it was as an orator that his gifts and superb mental endowments were exhibited in their full luster. In this sphere he was incomparable. Either in impromptu speeches or prepared addresses, his thought and argument were logical and convincing, his diction chaste and perfect, his powers of statement clear and luminous, his illustrations copious and apt and all adorned with a splendor of imagery, fervor of feeling, and a music of rhetoric that was thrilling and entrancing. With his white flowing locks, his bright gleaming eyes, the clear, bell-like tones of his silvery voice, his few, but appropriate, gestures, Breckinridge was the incarnation of eloquence.

When Mr. Carlisle made his famous speech at the Opera House in Lexington on the money question, during the campaign of 1896, before a magnificent audience that crowded the house from pit to dome, for two solid hours he held the attention of his hearers by his forceful, unanswerable logic, his clear, cold analysis, the power of his statement, and his broad grasp of the great underlying principles of government and finance. At the close of his address, Colonel Breckinridge was called on, and, in a three-minute impromptu address of impassioned, glowing oratory, thrilled the hearts of the audience and fired it to wild pitch of enthusiasm. His speech in the Louisville convention, nominating his kinsman, Joseph Desha Pickett, for Superintendent of Public Instruction, was a striking illustration of the supreme power of a great orator over the hearts and feelings of men. As he closed, an electric thrill ran through the convention, men leaped to their feet, stood on the chairs, shouted and cried, and for ten minutes the proceedings of the convention were stayed, while the deafening applause of enraptured men beat the air.

His courage was equal to his mental endowments. Whatever position he took or principle he believed in was advocated and contended for with perfect fearlessness and absolute disregard for consequences. A firm believer in the doctrine that the Government had no constitutional power to levy taxes except for the purpose of raising revenue sufficient to meet

the necessary expenditures of the country, economically administered, he was a stern and unyielding foe to the unjust system of taxes that imposes burdens upon one man for the benefit of another, and enriches the few at the expense of the many. Both in public life and when a private citizen, his voice and his pen were constantly engaged in waging the battle for industrial freedom. Though the hemp men of Kentucky brought powerful pressure upon him to get him to modify his views as to protection so far as this staple product of the State, and particularly in this district, was concerned, he was unyielding and would not sacrifice his well-considered and matured views on the question to retain the good will or favor of this large and influential body of his constituency, believing his first duty as a national representative was to the whole country. When he first entered political life and was a candidate for Commonwealth's attorney of this district, he voluntarily and knowingly sacrificed his chance of securing the office by advocating boldly and with his usual vigor and brilliancy a change in the law so as to authorize the admission of negro testimony in trials by the courts of the State.

In the unfortunate controversy that arose over the nomination by his party of William Goebel as a candidate for Governor, he condemned in vehement and unmeasured terms the methods by which he was nominated and elected, which he believed to be destructive of the party, subversive of good government and ruinous to the State. In the campaign of 1896, his views on the financial question were at variance with those of his party, and, at the sacrifice of any future political advancement, with the certainty staring him in the face that his position meant for him political death, he fearlessly and publicly maintained his views and advocated the election of Palmer and Buckner, believing, as he said, that the doctrine advocated by our party was false and fallacious in theory, would lead the country to financial ruin, and that his duty to his country should be greater than his allegiance to his party. On every public question, after exhaustive research and wide reading and patient consideration, he reached firm conclusions and maintained and fought for them unflinchingly and with never-quailing courage.

One of the most marked characteristics of Colonel Breckinridge's nature was his optimism. He believed in the courage, honesty, good sense and virtue of the American people, in the future of his city, his State and his country. He was a young old man, as full of the fire and enthusiasm of youth as of the wisdom and conservatism of mature age. He put the past behind him and looked with brave and hopeful eyes into the future, convinced that God Almighty had mapped out in His divine plans a mighty and glorious destiny for this young republic, and confident that seeming dangers to the national life would be avoided by the intelligence, enlightenment and patriotism of the people, that darkling clouds might temporarily lose the way for the nation, but could not ultimately hide from it the land "flowing with milk and honey" and the sky of fair promises intended for it.

He loved his city, county and State with a passionate devotion—their people, their history and glorious traditions which he knew so well. Though frequently tempted by alluring offers from other States and communities of eminent positions, great emoluments and wider opportunities for wealth and fame, he put away all these as empty baubles and clung with ardent love and feeling to his native land. Their people were

his people, their God his God. He would rather be "a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of Kedar."

Colonel Breckinridge's capacity for labor was prodigious. He loved work for work's sake, and each day he got through easily and apparently without any excessive tax on his physical or mental constitution, a quantity that would have staggered any ordinary man and soon sapped his vital energies. Genius has been defined to be the "capacity for taking infinite pains." If this be true, he certainly possessed it, for to everything he had in hand he gave infinite pains and care. His ability to stand long protracted and continuous labor was largely due to his superb constitution and the rugged health he enjoyed until his first breakdown only a few weeks since. He cared nothing for and rarely took any vacation, but day in and day out, in winter and summer, he cheerfully and unremittingly applied himself to the laborious exactions of an unusually busy professional career and the duties of an editor of a newspaper, besides finding time for reading and study, and the preparation of the numerous addresses he was so frequently called on to deliver. He told me on one occasion that, whenever it was possible, he prepared himself thoroughly for every speech he had to make, no matter how small the occasion—not to the extent always of writing out what he intended to say, but by reading, study and thought, and by carefully mapping out in his own mind the line of his argument.

He was a kindly man, and surely in the Book of Life his name will stand high up in the list, for, like Abou-Ben Adhem, "he loved his fellow man." In the heat of legal battle and conflicts in the court room, he, like all lawyers, has sometimes lost his temper, and spoke harshly and in cutting, sarcastic terms to opposing counsel, but those occasions were infrequent and he was generally the most courteous in his treatment of brother lawyers and of all men. I do not mean to imply by terming him a kindly man that he could not or did not hate any one, for that would not be true. He heartily despised any man who, he considered, had done him a serious intentional injury or been false or treacherous to him and, like the Indian, he never forgot or forgave such a one. But to his friends he was always loving and sympathetic, and no man ever had more loyal, sincere or stronger friends. He was generous to lavishness, quite beyond the bounds of prudence, indulgent to his family and open-handed in his gifts to the needy.

That he had his faults, some of them grievous, we who knew and loved him realized and, like Caesar, "grievously hath he answered them." But he also had transcendent virtues. Humanity still has its feet on the ground if its heart and soul do aspire to the sky. If this great man had passions and emotions common to humanity since "man's first disobedience brought death into the world and all its woes," he likewise had shining qualities, great thoughts, high aspirations, deep religious convictions, that linked him to the Divine.

To me his death is a personal bereavement. He was one of my law professors when I was a student at the Law College of Kentucky University, and the one who was nearest and dearest to me. He took me into the bosom of his family, put me on terms of intimate association with the charming members of his family, and gave me, I am proud to believe, his confidence and affection to the day of his death. As a kindness to me, he gave a noble young brother-in-law of mine, who ere this has welcomed his benefactor on the other shore, the appointment to West Point. I

turned to him frequently and freely for advice and relied with implicit confidence upon the disinterestedness of his counsel and the wisdom of his judgment.

To paraphrase the language of another, "I am one among the hundreds who loved him and stand with the thousands who lament his death. I loved him in the promise of his glowing manhood when across my boyish vision he walked with winning grace from easy effort to success. I loved him in the flush of splendid maturity when a nation hung upon his words, and now, with the dress of human friendship smitten in my soul, I love him best of all as he lies yonder under the December skies with face as tranquil and smile as sweet as patrial ever wore.

"Oh, brilliant and incomparable Breckinridge! We lay for a season thy precious dust beneath the soil that bore and cherished thee, but we fling back against our brightening skies the thoughtless speech that calls thee dead. God reigns, and His purpose lives, and although these brave lips are silent here, the seeds sown in this incarnate eloquence will sprinkle patriots through the years to come, and perpetuate thy living in a race of nobler men."

EMMETT W. BAGBY.

[Emmett W. Bagby, Lawyer, Paducah, Ky., was born in Glasgow, Ky., June 7, 1845; was City Attorney of Paducah for twelve years.]

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

An address delivered at the Methodist Church in Paducah, Ky., on September 18, 1901, at the invitation of the governing body and citizens of Paducah.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Being absent from the city at the time it was determined by its governing body and the good citizens of Paducah that I address you on this sorrowful occasion, and having only a few hours in which to gather the thoughts requisite for proper discourse upon so important a subject, I shall undertake the sad office assigned me with many misgivings of my competency. Knowing the difficulty there will be in repressing my own emotions, I kindly beseech your pardon for any infirmity of utterance you may observe in the manner of my speech.

This is one of those rare occasions when the sympathy of a nation is close akin to those tenderer feelings generally confined alone to private life. Under any circumstances, the assassination of a country's ruler is a mournful catastrophe, but the life and character of the beloved form which lies in solemn state to-day in the city of Canton are conspicuous for virtues which appeal so strongly to the hearts of all the people that the pomp and ceremony which usually attend the funeral of one so exalted and renowned are obscured and forgotten in the agony of deep distress which bows the nation's heart at this sad hour, and each feels as if some one of his own dear household had forever departed.

My own feelings are so deeply affected by this overwhelming sorrow, which so grievously afflicts you all, that I must postpone to a more favorable time any extended discussion of the influences which have conspired to produce a life so eminent in virtues which distinguished this noble representative of his race. His resplendent career is not a pyramid which narrows toward the top, but a straight shaft of solid granite that towers in uniform strength and beauty from base to summit. There in all its majestic dignity it stands, illumined in the glory reflected by the sympathy of a grateful people, and as if some divine architect had moulded its harmonious proportions, while a mourning nation, with tearful eyes, upon his lifeless form looks and weeps and meanwhile seeks to learn the secret of so grand a life, a life which is the embodiment of the self-reliance, courage and hope of a great nation. For never has the spirit of confidence so generally prevailed throughout the country as during the administration of President McKinley; confidence not only in the country's material prosperity, but in all social relations; confidence that, no matter what betides, a wise and faithful ruler guides safely the destiny of his people. What is it that has inspired this confidence more surely than the high moral qualities exhibited in the sterling character and conduct of the President? Moral qualities which will be attributed by some to

his early religious training, by intimate friends to the sincere friendship for all his countrymen, but by the people at large to his truly enlightened judgment, his lion-hearted courage and great forbearance, while his noble patience and gentility will appear the most potent elements in the shaping of his admirable career. All of which signifies that he derived his strength from many sources. Could he come back now and tell us from whence his many manly virtues came, I doubt not he would point with loving pride to the teachings of her at whose side in days long gone he sat and listened and there obtained the inspiration which stimulated him to all his future greatness.

With what commendable modesty and simplicity he has fulfilled the duties of the high and responsible station to which he was called! Never did his exalted position seem to divest him of that sense of democratic equality and simplicity which placed him so gracefully as a man on a level in common with his fellowmen. What ruler in ancient or modern times has given to the world more striking lessons of gentleness and forbearance in moments of great public concern? Patience under stress and storm; patience in the face of fierce opposition; patience with the mistakes and follies of ignorance; this is a virtue which comes from discipline under long moral culture. It is the virtue which distinguishes civilization from barbarism.

There is nothing that reveals genuine character like the exercise of power. It is easy for the helpless and irresponsible to be gentle, and most persons bear adversity becomingly because they can not avoid it. But to ascertain the real measure of a man give him power. In every instance where this supreme test has been applied to the President, he has invariably filled every requirement. When the clamorous appeals of conflicting demands have invoked the application of his executive power, equanimity has uniformly accompanied promptness of action. Doubtless much of this quality in his nature was due to large toleration, inspired by his abundant confidence in men. This unsuspecting reliance upon those he was so faithfully serving made him unmindful of the common precautions required for his own protection, and in a moment when he least looked for any violent design upon his person, when in his simple, manly way he was manifesting his usual spirit of kindness, sympathy and trust toward the people he so fondly loved, he was basely betrayed unto his death by the dastardly wretch who killed him.

In its effort to account for this foul deed, the nation stands aghast in its perplexity and bewildered at the consequences. The great alarm is that the devilish teaching which provoked this most unnatural crime may impress its feeble-minded dupes with the deception that such a hellish deed will be rewarded with celestial favor or some sort of human approbation. Within the period of one generation, three of the country's greatest rulers have been the victims of assassination. Within that time, the people have by their ballots elected seven Presidents, three of whom have been assassinated. One was the victim of passions influenced by the heat of a great national and sectional conflict, but the act of the assassin was deplored by men both North and South. One was destroyed by a man whose reason had become unbalanced by partisan zeal, impelled by insane greed for office. The last was killed by one whose feeble intelligence had been corrupted by the venomous social doctrines originating in the scum centers of Europe. It is a murderous record the like of which is unsurpassed by the criminal annals of any modern State.

It is natural that the popular feeling should express itself with passionate emphasis in the determination to seek the cause of the evil and find the remedy for its suppression. After such a deplorable experience, it is a serious question whether the fundamental law of the nation, in one respect, is not too liberal. The Constitution of the United States provides that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech and of the press." And the courts, in order to shield society against the bad effects of a too liberal application of the declaration, have found it necessary to determine that in certain instances the broad privilege here granted may be abused. But the present temper of the American people will no longer leave to doubtful judicial construction the application of this liberal constitutional enactment, and they will immediately and vigorously demand such legislation as will give to the country a well-defined and clearly-expressed enactment, declaring that every hostile act upon the chief magistrate of the nation or of any State, and every utterance counseling the same, be visited with the most severe penalties. "One thing we need," said Mr. Jefferson, "to make us a free and prosperous people is a government which will restrain men from injuring one another. It is the sum of good government, and it is necessary to close the circle of our felicities." The minds of thinking men are now busy with the effort to learn the cause which has impelled to this cowardly deed, and to what extent such a law shall be made operative in order to reach the gigantic evil which has so sorely afflicted the American people.

The political conduct of the average man is largely the product of the prevailing opinion of the community in the locality where he resides, and this opinion is created and manifested through various avenues of expression to which the social organization gives rise, the most influential of which are the newspapers and the periodical press. It has been truthfully said that "newspapers make and unmake men." The thoughtful opinion daily expressed in the columns of the press is one of the most powerful auxiliaries of good government. Efficient administration of law is largely due to the attitude of an enlightened and courageous press. And it is just as powerful in the procreation of social evil. The political evils which the public press is so well capacitated to multiply are conspicuous during State and national elections, when excess of party feeling prompts to extreme bitterness of statement concerning the character and conduct of political opponents and exaggerated caricatures of opposing candidates, which a cooler and better estimate of the person opposed seldom justifies. Notwithstanding the evils from hasty and ill-considered utterances and statements in the press and from the platform, appearing at every recurring popular election, the fathers of the republic have deemed it wise to declare, through the highest expression of will and judgment, that the freedom of speech and of the press shall not be restrained. But the next national assembly should take care that exemplary penalties be affixed to abuses of this well-intended law and provide against a repetition of the deplorable spectacle over which the nation so deeply mourns at this sad hour.

It is a grave mistake to suppose that one bred and born in a foreign land, simply because he can read the Constitution and laws, can at once enter into a full realization of and sympathy with the spirit which underlies free institutions. Our Constitutions and laws are but formal declarations of ancient rules of liberty which have grown into a tradition of the race, which have sprung from ages of experience in the struggle for freedom,

which have come down to us along with the Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights and other monumental mile-stones in the progress of a free people from their earliest history. Not every man is made a liberty-loving American citizen in the twinkling of an eye or, as it were, by any providential interposition or dispensation.

A man can not be made a new born citizen by any marvelous process of regeneration. He is not endowed by any miraculous conceptions of citizenship because he can read the Constitution and the laws. People who are free and in love with the institutions of freedom are trained such in the school of liberty, imbibe its precious precepts from the days of prattling childhood at the hands of patriotic mothers, whose spirits have been nurtured in a land where the very atmosphere is filled with the divine ozone of liberty. The principles of civil liberty which underlie the social institutions of the American Commonwealth have been consecrated by the most memorable deeds recorded in the annals of the race. Deeds animated by impulses springing from an age antedating our colonial existence. It has been truthfully said "that the first Pilgrim who set his foot on Plymouth Rock stepped forth a living Constitution, armed at all points to defend and perpetuate the liberty to which he had devoted his whole being." We have foolishly, in our mad zeal for party success, abridged instead of lengthened the probationary period of residence required for citizenship. Our laws in this respect have been so heedlessly enacted, we have invited to our shores and thoughtlessly invested with the sacred rights of citizenship the red-handed Mafia of Southern Italy, the destructive Nihilist of Russia, the benighted Pole of Hungary and all the offscourings of Europe, which feed and fatten on the poisonous teachings of the most degraded communism and anarchy. We have sown the wild oats of our youth and from their excesses are reaping a harvest of evils.

Every man has his political ideals, which are the result of a certain civic evolution or development, acquired by the slow growth of experience. People come here from foreign countries with a fancied sort of equality of which Americans never dreamed. Equality before the law is all that any sane American citizen expects; equality of condition is impossible. There are in this country some benevolent-minded people who would make all equally rich, which would be much the same thing as to make all equally poor. But that fatal spirit of anarchy and communism, which strikes with violent and frenzied force at the heads of government and the long-established forms of civic order, is hardly less to be deplored than that over-weaning cupidity and selfishness of a grasping and heartless commercialism which stealthily undermines the perpetuity of the republic. Both are but different phases of a common evil and each an enemy of good government. Genuine American citizenship is born of elements and forces which have been at work on this continent for over two hundred years, yet, to be a good American citizen, it is not necessary that a man be born in this country. Many a foreign born citizen has emigrated to this free land that he might enjoy unmolested the privileges of a more enlightened liberty denied him by the institutions of his native land. Toward such a person the rights of American citizenship should be generously accorded.

From this phase of the discourse I turn again to him who is the moving theme of all I have to say. One of the most lamentable features in the tragic end of our beloved President is that he goes from us just at a time when he was prepared to realize the accomplishment of a policy

which promises so much for the prosperity of his country. One of his cherished projects was the isthmian connection of the two great oceans by way of the Nicaraguan canal, showing his cordial sympathy with a great central idea which has dominated the minds of American statesmen of all political creeds. "The idea," in the words of an illustrious historian, "that upon this continent there shall exist one republic, great and indivisible, which shall eclipse the grandeur of Rome in its brightest days, sovereign among the nations of the earth, so ruling in wisdom, in truth, in justice, yea, in force, if necessary, that every person, no matter how obscure and desolate he may be, shall find in it a refuge and a protector, and that every nation from the Atlantic ocean eastward to the Chinese seas, no matter how strong it may be, shall listen with attention to its suggestions."

By this sad spectacle "another great act in the drama of American national life is over. Let us not look lingeringly upon the past, for the past never returns. With our lofty aspirations, supported by our enormous military, naval and industrial resources, we are warned by the words of the dying President, that we should turn our faces to the future. "There is, indeed, a manifest destiny before us. There is a course through which, in the severe logic of events, we must go. Let us cast from our minds the untrue, the unworthy belief, that the will of man determines the events of this world." National life is shaped by a power far higher than that.

"For I doubt not through the ages an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

It is said that, during the Dark Ages, there were magical mirrors upon which one could look and behold revealed all the future events of his life. In the present world-wide movements, following close upon this marvelous era of expansion in our national life, there is reflected in the enchanting mirror of the times the growing image of America's greatness. The great problems of government which remain unsolved crowd thick and fast upon us. The good and wise President who would so ably and lovingly have guided us by his patriotic counsels in this momentous period of the country's history is now one of the three immortal martyrs whose virtues will forever adorn the pages of American history. I look aside here to behold the picture only of his mortal and perishable image, and we pause to gaze upon it lovingly once more. But I am reminded that he has left for us a far richer legacy in that image of his soul, which he has stamped in lines of imperishable memory upon the hearts of his countrymen. It needs no achievement of photographic art to invoke the best beloved aspect of his dear person, nor artist to paint upon perishable canvas a mimicry of his breathing life, for no artist can draw a likeness so perfect and admirable as that which his splendid career has impressed upon the mental vision of the world. He has carved his own statue, he has built his own monument, and over his prostrate form Fame fondly stoops and crowns him with the wreath of immortality.

HERSCHEL C. BAKER.

[Herschel C. Baker, Columbia, Ky., was born in Cumberland County, Ky., December 16, 1841. Graduate of Centre College, Class of 1862. Member of the Kentucky Legislature, 1873-74. Elected Judge of the Twenty-ninth Kentucky Judicial District in 1904.]

MASONRY.

An address delivered at the celebration of St. John's Day by Masonic Lodges of surrounding counties, at Russell Springs, Ky., June 23, 1904.

The fact that the Masonic Order has existed for so long a time and that it exists to-day in all the civilized governments of the earth, without let or hindrance—that its members can be found scattered over Christendom, the inhabitants of every clime and speaking almost every known language—is evidence that it possesses good qualities to recommend it to the favorable consideration of men. Especially is this true in view of the fact that it has had its detractors and that at times in the past it has been the victim of misrepresentation and persecutions.

Masonry can well boast of its ancient origin. Its tradition and history carry it back to the early age of the human race, and assign it no small part as a factor in the development of that civilization, so advanced and so enlightened which has been the wonder of modern times.

It witnessed the rise and fall of the great empires of antiquity; it saw and participated in the building of their temples, palaces and cities; temples, palaces and cities which for long ages have been buried under the accumulating sands of time and some of which, their location lost, live only in the history of them which has been transmitted to us; it saw their birth, their growth, their years of prosperity, some of them extending over centuries; their decay and final overthrow. It was present at the building of the first temple in Jerusalem, and, as we may believe, many of its members shared the captivity in Babylon; it saw that city in the height of its power, with its hundred gates, its hanging gardens, its great reservoirs, its palaces and temples; it saw it besieged by Cyrus and captured on that night when Belshazzar, feasting with his impious lords, read the doom of his kingdom in the handwriting on the palace wall; it heard the glad proclamation which permitted the Jews to return to rebuild the city and temple of God; it saw Greece in the zenith of its glorious civilization, and Rome when its legions were the invincibles of the earth; it saw the Goths and Vandals as they came from the North, overturning and treading under foot that ancient civilization; it saw the armies of the Crusaders as they marched to Palestine, and heard the war-cry of Saxon and Saracen as they crossed swords and did battle under the gates of the holy city; it saw the darkness which settled down on the earth during the Middle Ages; it witnessed the revival of letters and the dawn of the better day, which followed that long night of ignorance, and, surviving all changes, it stands to-day venerable with age, yet in the full strength and beauty of a youthful vigor.

In its early history Masonry was operative as distinguished from what

is now known as symbolic or speculative Masonry. Its members were designers or builders—engaged in the active, practical work of the order.

In Palestine and Egypt and Babylon and other countries far removed from each other are the evidences of their skill and industry—attesting their power to plan and execute great works which can not be surpassed even in these modern days of art and civilization.

In the temple of Baalbec are found stones more than sixty feet in length by nineteen broad and fourteen feet thick in the wall, twenty-five feet above the foundation.

In Egypt stand the Pyramids as they stood for more than forty centuries, the wonder of the world, mute though eloquent witnesses of the early civilization of the human race.

How were the great stones which compose the structure of these buildings cut out of the mountains? How were they transported? How were they chiseled to fit with such exactness? How and by what appliances were they put in position? These are the questions often asked, but never satisfactorily answered. Though unanswered, the fact remains.

Some scientists tell us that man, instead of being created in the image of his Maker, as Holy Writ says he was, is the lineal descendant of the monkey or some other lower animal. Those who can find any pleasure or comfort in such a relationship are at liberty to do so. We, as Masons, claim a higher and nobler lineage.

We claim as progenitors and patrons of our order the men who left these grand memorials of their lives—incentives to all the ages which have followed and are to follow in the time to come.

While no longer purely operative, Masonry is still a practical system and seeks to accomplish practical and positive results. Our ancient brethren built temples, dwellings and cities and engaged in other great enterprises for the material happiness and advancement of man.

We, as Masons to-day, seek to build up the individual man as a member of society; to shape and form his character, as a moral, social, intelligent and accountable being, owing duties to himself, to his fellowmen and to the God who created him. It does not claim to give him a religion, or a substitute for it. Let no one be deceived on this point. There can be no substitute for the religion of the Bible. While laying no claim to this, Masonry does claim to be a moral system, resting upon the two great principles or obligations of duty to God and duty to man.

Its symbols from the lowest to the highest degree are taken from the Bible, and its every principle inculcates and seeks to enforce the highest morality. Its foundations rest upon Divine relation. Its characters are Bible characters, the highest types of the race of the age in which they lived.

The Holy Bible is an indispensable part of the furniture of every Masonic lodge, and a belief in the God of the Universe is a tenet of Masonic faith. The sublime teachings of the Book of Books are the rule and guide of Masonic faith and practice in the conduct of life. Recognizing the Great Ruler of the Universe who controls the destinies of men as well as nations, it directs us to Him in whom we can trust and as the One to whom we can and should go for guidance in every undertaking.

The Mason who lives up to the standard of the order, who squares his conduct and circumscribes his passions and desires as he is enjoined to do must be honest in his dealings. An honest man is the noblest work

of God. He must be prudent and temperate in his habits, loyal to his country, obedient to law, full of charity and good works, recognizing and respecting the rights of his fellowmen and ever ready to give a helping hand to a brother in need. If thy brother is hungry, feed him; if he is naked, clothe him; if he is sick or wounded, minister to him, are Masonic as well as religious duties.

It makes no effort to reform or change governments or laws. It questions no man as to his religious or political opinions or affinities. Sec-tarian lines are never drawn within its temple and party discussions can have no place there. Theological questions are remitted to the theologians and party discussions to the politicians. When we meet around the Masonic altar, we meet as brethren and we meet to cultivate brotherly feelings. Antagonisms are laid aside and heartburnings cease, if we come in the spirit of our order. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Masonry has its secrets, its signs, pass-words and ceremonies. It has its tokens by which a brother can know a brother, whether he meets him all alone on the wide plains or upon the crowded streets of a city. It has a language by which a brother can make himself known to a brother although they belong to different nationalities and speak different languages. But, while this is true, it has no secret or selfish end to accomplish. Its principles are noble and ennobling and its purposes are as open as day to all the world. As to these it has no concealments. Friendship, relief and brotherly love are written upon its banner.

Under this sign it has marched in the past, and under this sign it will move on with the march of the ages to future conquests. Truth is its polar star, the goal to which and for which it ever strives—"light, more light," it seeks and will seek until that millennial day when in its meridian splendor all darkness and error shall be forever driven from the earth.

It recognizes that truth can never be out of harmony with Nature and Nature's God, and that every step in light and knowledge leads us nearer to the highest truth; that it is eternal, as light and love are eternal, and that it is destined in the good time coming to prevail over all the earth.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers—
But error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amidst its worshippers."

The question may be asked, What of Masonry as regards woman, and why is it that its doors are closed against her? I hope no woman entertains a feeling of unfriendliness to the order because she is not admitted to a knowledge of its secret mysteries. I am sure that she has no good cause to complain of this, for if there is an organization on the earth which holds woman in high esteem and would protect her good name and honor, it is the order of Free Masons.

In the early days of Masonry, the character of the work in which it engaged precluded women from membership, as it was entirely without their sphere. King Solomon was too wise a man, too chivalrous and just, to enroll them as apprentices and craftsmen and send them out to the snowy heights of Mount Lebanon or to the quarries of Jerusalem to do the work which their husbands and brothers ought to do.

Symbolizing the work of those days, it would be inappropriate and

would mar the symmetry of the Masonic system to change the ancient landmarks in this respect. To do so would be to falsify history.

The name of mother, wife, sister and daughter are sacred names to Masons, and have ever been so in the history of the order.

As a Mason is a brother, his wife is a brother's wife, his sister is a brother's sister, his daughter is a brother's daughter, and the duty to them is as high and sacred as are these holy relations, and every principle of honor and brotherly love urge the promotion of their happiness and their protection from want or harm.

"O woman in our hours of ease;
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

We know your worth and we appreciate your many virtues. We enshrine you in our hearts as the purest and best of all created beings. We may not wish to see you preside over lodges as Masons; we may not wish to see you contending in the political arena, or bearing musket or banner on the field of battle; we would not see you the hewer of wood and bearer of burdens, as is the case in uncivilized countries of the earth, but we hail you and crown you queen of home, that dearest spot of all the earth, and there, in an atmosphere of purity and love, we enthrone you, where, in the little kingdom over which you reign supreme, you can exercise an influence more potent for good than that of the soldier who commands armies, or the ruler who holds the helm of State.

Masonry is not ostentatious; it does not parade itself or indulge in self adulation or glorification. Its alms are not given to be known of men. The true Mason "hath a tear for pity and a hand open as day for melting charity," and the fruits of Masonry are to be found in deeds of charity and benevolence and brotherly love.

We are told that kind words and kind deeds can never die; that they live on in a never-ending influence through all the ages. The world may not hear them or know of them, for they are not intended for the world, yet they come like the bright sunshine after the darkness of night, or the gentle dews of morning, to the stricken and sorrowing one, giving hope for despair, joy and peace for sorrow.

The monuments of a charitable, loving life may not be as visible to the eye as those of marble and brass, but they are more enduring. The marble and brass will crumble to dust under the corroding hand of time, but the other will live on with a never-ending growth, widening and spreading as the centuries roll by. Is Masonry engaged in this good work? Is it scattering the seeds of kindness along the pathway of life? It has been said that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." If this be true, it may be said that it is the part of the work of Masonry to assist in undoing the wrong which the selfishness of man has inflicted upon his fellowmen and to mitigate the sorrow which seems to be a part of the inheritance of the race.

We pity the unfortunate poor of every condition, but, if there be one object which, above all others, moves our sympathy and appeals to the tenderest sensibilities of the heart, it is a homeless orphan child—a child

without the means of support; without the guardian care and love of parents; without the restraining and refining influence of home, out in the pitiless world, shifting for itself as best it can, with naked feet and bared head and tattered garments, facing the cold storms and fighting the cruel battles of life. Where will it be when the storm is over and the battle is ended, if left to itself? God knows; man can not tell.

To the good name of Masonry, to the honor of the fraternity in Kentucky, be it said, it seeks to shield the children of its unfortunate ones from such a fate. It has a home for its homeless widows and orphans. The generous and warm-hearted Masons of the State have erected in the city of Louisville a spacious building, surrounded by beautiful grounds, and dedicated it as a home for the homeless widows and orphans of its deceased members. The same generosity feeds and clothes and provides for them. Since that home was established, it has received and cared for 805 widows and children. It now has 107 boys, 122 girls and 22 widows under its care, with 10 more voted admissions but not arrived. The children are educated and trained under the best moral and religious influences and prepared for useful stations in life, and when they arrive at the proper age to go out and care for themselves, the influence of brethren of the order secures for them homes and places where they can earn an honest livelihood and begin life under the most favorable circumstances. Do you ask me what Masonry has done? I point you to this noble charity.

A Roman matron, when asked what jewels she possessed, with motherly love, pointing to her children, exclaimed: "These are my jewels." The Masons of Kentucky, with no less pride, pointing to the children of their Home, who have been gathered in from the abodes of want and sorrow, can say, "These are our crown jewels."

If Masonry had done and was doing nothing more than this, it would be enough to win the respect and gratitude of every philanthropic heart.

WILLIAM T. BARRY.

[William T. Barry, Jurist and United States Senator, was born in Lunenburg, Va., February 5, 1785. He went to Kentucky in 1796; graduated at William and Mary College in 1807; studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced at Lexington, Ky.; served in both branches of the Legislature; elected to Congress in December, 1810-11 and 1815-16; Aide to Governor Shelby, in the war of 1812, and was present at the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813; Judge of the Kentucky Supreme Court; Lieutenant-Governor, State Secretary and Chief Justice of the State. On March 9, 1829, he was appointed Postmaster-General by President Jackson; resigned April 10, 1835, to accept the appointment of Minister to Spain, and died on his way to that country, in Liverpool, England, August 30, 1835. Buried at Frankfort, Ky., November 8, 1854.]

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

A speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives on Monday, January 21, 1811, on a "Bill to re-charter the Bank of the United States."

Mr. Speaker:

The measure now under consideration is certainly important. It involves principles interesting both as they relate to the general and State governments. The solicitude manifested for the renewal of the charter; the deep concern that is felt in some of the States; the serious and solemn manner in which this subject has been considered and acted upon by their legislative councils; the general agitation it has occasioned in the public mind, has not failed to command my most serious attention. I should, nevertheless, have been content to have left it to the discussion of others abler and more experienced than myself, satisfied with giving such a vote as would comport with honest conviction of my understanding. But the debate has taken an unexpected course to-day. The remarks of my colleague (Mr. McKee) will not permit me longer to remain silent. As it is my lot to differ with him on this great question, I must claim the indulgence of the House for a few moments while I endeavor, in as concise a manner as possible, to state some of the reasons by which I am actuated.

The baneful effects to result from the dissolution of the bank, the ruin that is to follow in its train, have been portrayed in the most glowing colors in a manner calculated, as it was no doubt designed, to awaken and alarm our fears. I shall not now enter upon this branch of the subject.

It will be recollected that, early in the history of our Government, the country was divided into two great political parties, the one endeavoring to extend and increase the powers of the general Government, the other attached to the State authorities, and exceedingly jealous of their rights. Under this state of things, the Constitution of the United States was framed. Soon after the Government went into operation under it, these parties again displayed themselves in the rules they adopted for expounding the Constitution, the one contending for that kind of interpretation

which would possess Congress with the utmost, ample powers sufficient to do whatever political experiment might dictate in providing for the common defense and general welfare.

This latitude of construction was considered dangerous by the other party; that it would tend to consolidation; that in this way State rights would be encroached upon and their sovereignty impaired. They contended that the power of Congress was limited; that it must be confined to those powers expressly delegated to the "United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, or reserved to the States or to the people;" that to step beyond the boundaries thus fixed would be to enter upon a field of power no longer capable of being defined. Such has been my understanding of the views of the two parties, the one called Federal, the other Republican, or Democratic, if you please.

In the year 1791, when the bank charter was granted, we find the most distinguished politicians of that day, who were on the Republican side, opposing it; and they did it under the guidance of those sentiments that had originally given rise and character to the party. For, although they did not admit the utility of the banking system, yet the great ground of opposition—the strength of their argument—was directed against the power of Congress to pass such a law. It was, sir, upon that occasion that Mr. Madison, then a member of Congress, made that perspicuous and luminous argument that has been so justly celebrated as defining and marking out the proper limits of power assigned to the general Government. I have thought proper to make these preliminary remarks to show what was the understanding of this measure at the time of its adoption. That it was then protested against as unconstitutional. Two articles of the Constitution seem to be mostly relied upon by those who are in favor of the renewal: That which gives to Congress the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts and excises; to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States; or, in other words, the power by which Congress is to regulate the financial concerns of the nation, and that which gives the power to make all laws necessary and proper for carrying into execution the power vested by the Constitution in the Government of the United States.

It was further contended that the true exposition of a necessary mean was, that mean without which the end could not be produced. If this doctrine is correct, it puts the question at rest, as it has been clearly shown that a bank is not a necessary mean according to this exposition. I shall not dwell longer on this head, considering it as already exhausted by argument. The word "proper" is, in my mind, an important and an operative word in this clause of the Constitution. The incidental power to be exercised must not only be necessary, but proper; that is, it must be appropriate and confined to the end in view. If it goes beyond it, if it involves the exercise of a power that tends to create a distinct and substantive thing, which, in its important operations, is entirely distinct from and independent of the power to the execution of which it was designed as a mean, it would most certainly be improper. Such an exercise of power would, in truth, be usurpation and the end proposed become a mere pretense for the unwarrantable assumption of power.

To enable Congress to collect taxes, offices of deposits merely would be sufficient. But instead of confining the judicial power to be employed to the object it is designed to accomplish, you introduce a new system of policy that has no more connection with the management of the revenue

than it has with the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States, with the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations among the States, and with the Indian tribes, or than it has with the power to raise and support armies, or provide and maintain a navy. The power to establish a bank applies equally to an incident to all the above named powers and is not strictly appropriate to either, nor is it confined to all of them collectively. If, under such pretense, you can erect corporations, your power in this respect is unbounded.

By this act you form a society of individuals, invest them with extensive and exclusive privileges, who, instead of being employed as auxiliaries in the fiscal arrangements of the Government, set up themselves and go on upon a system of making. They issue notes that become a circulating medium and form a new species of capital. The institution carries with it a train of officers, influence and patronage. It gives rise to an act of sovereign power that no government should ever be permitted or can derive by just implication—that of punishing those who may counterfeit the notes of this bank. Thus introducing into our code of laws a system of criminal jurisprudence never contemplated by the Constitution.

It will be seen, as we progress in this inquiry, how this measure is calculated to affect the State rights and to infringe upon their sovereignty.

If it is good policy to establish banks, and I am inclined to think it tends, when properly regulated, to promote the interests of society, the States will surely have a right to claim the benefits that may result from it, because this right they have never parted from. The profits arising from discounts, the advantage to accrue from public and private deposits, and the many facilities this kind of institution affords to society, belong to the States and ought to be exclusively under their control. The objects of State policy are infinitely more numerous than those of the general Government and deserve equally to be promoted.

It is said that the States are at liberty, if they choose, to establish banks; this does not remove the objection; if the right is impaired, it is the same in principle as if it were denied. A branch bank of the United States will always have a predominant influence. They will have the benefit of large capital; but the great source of its influence results from its connections with the mother bank and a confederacy of branches co-extensive with the United States. They all move in concert, and, by combining their influence, would at any time be enabled to overwhelm and destroy the small State establishments. There can be no stronger evidence of the weakness and dependence of the State banks upon that of the United States than the alarm that some of them now feel at its expected dissolution. It is said that no danger of this sort is to be apprehended; that those who have had the direction of the United States' Bank have conducted it properly and with liberality. This affords no guarantee that they will continue to do so. Bank directors have the same passions and prejudices that other men have; the same feelings of jealousy and rivalry exist in corporate bodies as with individuals; the same struggle for power and disposition to oppress. State rights require the guardianship of the Constitution; they are not, I trust, to be left to the mercy of a bank directory.

It would, sir, be less objectionable if the Bank of the United States diffused its benefits equally throughout the different States. But, instead of this equal and just distribution, it will be found to be confined and partial in its operations; its benefits will be principally confined to the

seaports; it can only be made to operate indirectly upon the agriculturist and manufacturer. The direction of this institution will be entirely in the hands of commercial men; all its powers and influence will be lent to them. This, combined with the power their wealth naturally gives them, has heretofore and will continue to give them a decided ascendancy in the councils of this nation. It is believed that this kind of influence has had its effect in producing our existing embarrassments with foreign nations. Sir, the slightest attention to our public acts will show that there has been a great predilection for commerce; that it has met with almost exclusive protection and support, whilst little or nothing has been done for the internal industry of the country; large sums of money have been expended for the promotion of commerce, whilst our infant manufactures have been suffered to pine and languish. The enterprise embarked in this way, never having experienced any kind of encouragement from the general Government, it is time to remove the cause that gave rise to this partial influence.

The power of the States is affected by this measure in another important respect. By its means individuals, who are mostly foreigners, hold large estates in stock, without being in any way subject to the State government or paying any tax for its support. Is it just that such exclusive privileges should be conferred? Is it proper that these men, not the most meritorious, should be entirely exempt from the burden of taxation, whilst the true citizen is bound to yield his personal and pecuniary aid?

Another formidable objection that presents itself is the connection of this institution with the Government—a dangerous source of influence and power. When the people have to pay taxes for the support of the Government, they feel and understand what is going on. If they should be burthened with high taxes, unless a good reason can be assigned for it, they will remove their agents and appoint others who will act upon a better system of economy. But give to the Government a bank with a large capital and you afford a facility of borrowing and a source of supplies utterly incompatible with the genius of Republican institutions. Loans may be had to enable the Government to pursue their projects; expensive establishments may be created and kept up in this way that the people never would have tolerated, had they been directly called on for their contributions. The ease it would afford of getting money would be the cause of repeated applications to this source; and we may readily perceive how a debt thus created will be constantly accumulating. Upon this subject we have the light of experience to guide us. The English nation presents a sad example. It is true the proposed capital is too small to create much clamor at present, but renew this charter and it will be augmented as convenience shall dictate. The capital of the Bank of England was small at its first establishment, but it increased gradually as the exigencies of the Government required.

It is further contended that the law now attempted to be renewed has been sanctioned by the States and acquiesced in by the people. That, although it might not originally have been necessary, it has now become so. I can see strong reasons why this act granting a charter should not be repealed, although unconstitutional. The system had been introduced; a pledge was given to the stockholders; they invested their funds upon the faith of its continuance for twenty years; it was a contract for that period; to have violated the public faith would not perhaps have

been consistent with sound policy. There is a difference between repealing the law and suffering it to expire. The stockholders have not even the color of a claim upon us for a continuance of the charter after the expiration of twenty years. The contract has been fulfilled and completed. They are or should have been ready to close their business. Sir, if this doctrine of acquiescence is correct, many other obnoxious laws that have been the cause of much heat and ferment throughout the nation might in the same way be proven to be constitutional and might hereafter be received for the same reason. It is one of the first principles of a representative government that a subsequent Legislature have the power to change the measure of a preceding one; and it often is necessary they should do so. No State has ever sanctioned this law by a direct declaration to that effect. Their approbation has been inferred from their having passed laws to punish counterfeiters. Sir, the States can not repeal an act of Congress; they could not prevent the circulation of the notes of this bank. It was, therefore, essential to pass such laws in order to secure and protect their own citizens from fraud and imposition.

It seems clear to me that an act of Congress not originally constitutional can not be made so by any lapse of time. If in 1791 it was unconstitutional, it must be so now. The Constitution does not change with the times. A Republican administration should not be permitted to exercise a power that they would have denied to the other party. The love of power is natural; man is prone to abuse it. I confide much in those who are at present at the helm, but I will not trust them beyond the limits of the Constitution. "With unremitting vigilance, with undaunted virtue, should a free people watch against the encroachments of power, and remove every pretext for its extension."

The evils to result from the dissolution of the bank have, in my opinion, been greatly exaggerated; but, sir, this alarm, if real, impresses my mind differently from what it does that of some others. The deep interest excited, the feelings that have awakened, the memorials constantly flowing in upon us, show the important bearing of this institution and the great interest it has already created.

If we look forward to a period when this charter is to expire; if we ever intend to shake off this illegitimate offspring, now is the lucky moment; its embrace, though strong, is not deadly. Although some of its advocates threaten and endeavor to coerce us into the measure by the alarm they have excited, the stockholders yet approach in the respectful attitude of memorialists, we are yet at liberty to act freely; but, if this charter is renewed, depend upon it, we shall not be able to hereafter stop its progress. Pretenses will not be wanting to extend its limits and augment its capital. The poison already tasted would soon reach the vitals of the Government; our efforts hereafter for relief will be fruitless; they will only serve to irritate and inflame, until at length it will be found that we must tamely submit.

WILLIAM H. BARTHOLOMEW.

[William H. Bartholomew was born in the city of Louisville, Ky., July 26, 1840. Educated in the public and private schools of Louisville, ex-President Louisville Educational Association, ex-President Kentucky Educational Association, ex-Secretary and Treasurer of the Kentucky Educational Association, ex-President Kentucky Council of Education, ex-President Southern Educational Association, Member of the National Council of Education over eighteen years, Member of the State Board of Education for twenty years; Principal of the Louisville Girls' High School for nearly twenty-six years.

LOUISVILLE, KY., GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Address delivered at the Dedictory Exercises in the chapel of the new Girls' High School Building, after the keys of the building were turned over to him by Mr. Stephen Snodgrass, Chairman of the Building Committee, Saturday, January 7, 1899.

Mr. Chairman:

By this act I beg you to believe that I am deeply sensible of the duties and responsibilities which it carries with it. But I am prompted to say that, in view of the possibilities for good wrapped up in the six hundred or more girls of this school, there is no reasonable sacrifice which I am not ready to lay upon the altar of devotion to their interests.

Some one has said: "If you educate a boy, you educate a man, but if you educate a girl, you educate a family." It is the business of this institution to develop girls into women of pure minds, pure hearts and pure lives, so that they may adorn and dignify any position to which they may be called. Two generations have been trained in this school, and it is now not an uncommon thing to see mother and daughter sit side by side in the Alumnae Club.

It would seem superfluous in this presence to frame an argument to show the necessity of having in every home of our beloved country a queen of truly royal character to preside over and to direct its destinies. "Motherhood is the oldest of all professions for women; generally speaking, it is the least perfected." It may be safely said that many of the mothers of this city were trained here, and every day gives additional evidence of their unobtrusive yet faithful work in training their children in the right way of life.

A mother should never encourage the malevolent feelings of her child against the objects of the world. But if mothers would cultivate the sympathetic love-natures of their children, they would be fitting men and women to regenerate the world, as they never can do on earth in any other way.

At this time, and for many years in the past, the Girls' High School has furnished the greater number of faithful and conscientious teachers in the ward and high schools, and the faculty of this school includes in its list of instructors nine of its graduates.

Graduates of this school are filling with great credit to themselves and their Alma Mater positions ranging from the kindergarten school to

that of the university, in every portion of the country, and not a few have gone to foreign fields.

But, sir, nothing can take the place of the personality of the teacher. General Garfield well said: "If he was sitting on one end of a log and Mark Hopkins on the other, he would have a university."

A student, speaking of the president of a college which he attended and whom he classed with such men as Wayland, Nott, Woolsey and Mark Hopkins, uses these words: "These were men of heroic mold, raised up of God to lay educational foundations in a new country; men who by their weight and personality and power of sacrifice created an enthusiasm for enlightenment that has changed the face of our land. They were men whose character was their chief attainment, whose royal personality was greater than anything said or done; who, apart from buildings and endowment, were in themselves a university, and whose personal pressure on the life of youth was more than books or scrolls."

The curriculum was, as its name implies, a race course, where all the runners went in and came out at the same point. But those college presidents molded boys into men, cared more for students than for studies, were more eager for character than for technical knowledge.

The principle here disclosed is just as true to-day as it was then, and the teacher who desires the same results must work according to the same rule. His personality must be the embodiment of what he teaches. He must be a living epistle to be read and followed. He must incarnate kindness, justice, generosity, truthfulness, temperance, faithfulness and candor in himself, so that his pupils will be inspired by his gracious and rounded personality in the performance of their duties, let the dangers be ever so multiplied and onerous.

In fact, power is the only proper product of true teaching. Mental character is mental power to do mental work. Moral character is moral power to do moral work. The amount of moral character a man has is the power of resistance in the midst of temptation.

One of England's most respected statesmen said: "We admire a brilliant man, but we trust a man of character." Everything must be looked upon in the process of education as a means to an end. The pupil, the one supreme object of development, must be induced to act for himself. The rose, the pebble, the text-book, the laboratory, the teacher and even life itself are only means to a great end.

Dr. Channing thus expressed his views of the teacher's work: "There is no office higher than that of the teacher of youth, for there's nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul and character of the child. No office should be regarded with greater respect. The first minds in a community should be encouraged to assume it. Parents should do all but impoverish themselves to induce such to become the guardians of their children. They should never have the anxiety to accumulate property for their children, provided they can place them under influences which will awaken their faculties, inspire them with higher principles and fit them to bear a manly, useful and honorable part in the world. No language can express the folly of that economy which, to leave a fortune to a child, starves his intellect and impoverishes his heart."

It is said that when Jupiter offered the prize of immortality to him who was the most useful to mankind, the court of Olympus was crowded with competitors. The warrior boasted of his patriotism, but Jupiter thundered; the rich man boasted of his munificence and Jupiter showed

him a widow's mite; the pontiff held up the keys of heaven, and Jupiter pushed the doors wide open; the painter boasted of his power to give life to inanimate canvas, and Jupiter breathed aloud in derision; the orator boasted of his power to sway a nation with his voice, and Jupiter marshaled the hosts of heaven with a nod; the poet spoke of his power to move the gods by praise, and Jupiter blushed; the musician claimed to practice the only human science that had been transported to heaven, but Jupiter hesitated when, seeing a venerable man looking with intense interest upon the group of competitors, but presenting no claim, "What art thou?" said the benignant monarch. "Only a spectator," said the gray-haired sage; "all these were once my pupils." "Crown him! Crown him!" said Jupiter. "Crown the faithful teacher with immortality and make room for him at my right hand."

WILLIAM MORGAN BECKNER.

[William Morgan Beckner, Lawyer, Winchester, Ky., was born at Moorefield, Nicholas County, Kentucky, June 19, 1841. Was Police Judge, County Attorney, County Judge, Prison Commissioner, Railroad Commissioner, Member of the Legislature, Member of the Kentucky Constitutional Convention of 1890, Member of Congress, etc. Has been an agitator for popular education in Kentucky for more than thirty years, also agitated prison reform. Edited the Clark County "Democrat" for many years.]

POPULAR EDUCATION.

An address delivered in the Kentucky Constitutional Convention, March 9, 1891, when the report of the Committee on Education was being considered in Committee of the Whole.

It were better that this convention had never met, than that it should leave the educational situation in Kentucky worse than it found it. Its earnest and patriotic efforts to secure in a higher degree to the citizens of the State the enjoyments of the right of life, liberty and property, and of pursuing happiness, will have been in vain, if we shall, in the slightest degree, have abridged or weakened their power to provide for the education of their children. Speaking in all sincerity and truth, I do not believe that there has ever met on the continent a body of men more anxious than this to do whatever will best promote the welfare, or more surely provide for the highest good, not only of those by whom they were sent here, but of posterity as well. For God's sake, do not let us make a mistake in dealing with the most vital question that can come before us.

The ballot has been secured in a form that gives promise of purifying and correcting the evils that have grown up in connection with our popular elections. We have revolutionized our legislative department, so that it can no longer be used to promote private schemes, or to build up local interests, but must be the intelligent, responsible and representative agent of the whole State in all that it does.

We have bridled the corporations so that there need be no longer a dread that they will absorb all power and make the people their serfs and beasts of burden.

We have regulated office-holding and its compensation, until those who seek high places will be animated hereafter in a higher degree by a laudable ambition to worthily bear their honors, rather than by a mean, sordid desire merely to receive the fees or salary of their positions, and will, at the same time, know that they are servants of the sovereign people, and not members of an aristocratic class whose term of service may, by the tricks and wiles of politics, be indefinitely prolonged. We have laid the foundations for a more just and uniform system of taxation; have secured abundant facilities for the administration of justice and, in many ways, have increased the efficiency of the machinery of our State government, whilst substantially decreasing its expense.

If, however, after accomplishing so much good on these lines, whose importance I do not underestimate, we forget the children, and, in the

slightest degree, fail to appreciate the obligations of the State to provide sufficient facilities for training them to be good citizens, we will deserve and receive in the great Hereafter anathemas and not ascriptions of praise, and our work, however good in other respects, ought to, and will undoubtedly, be condemned. I dare not doubt, Mr. Chairman, that those who have so nobly met the requirements of the situation in dealing with these subjects of minor consequence will rise to the full height of their responsibility before God and man when they come to consider this weightiest matter of the organic law.

Instruction of the children under the auspices of the State has become the settled policy of our people. Andrew Carnegie, in his book on this country, pronounces it the most distinctively American of all our institutions and attributes to it much of the credit for our wonderful progress and for the astonishingly homogeneous character of our population, made up, as it is, of so many diverse elements. "The public school," he observes, "is the mill into whose hopper may be poured Germans, Irishmen, Italians, Englishmen, Scandinavians or the representatives of any other race, and yet may be relied on to turn out Americans, patriotic in purpose and intelligent in their devotion to our institutions." If it be true, as Buckle says, that "the changes in every civilized people are, in their aggregate, dependent solely on three things—first, on the amount of knowledge possessed by the ablest men; secondly, on the direction which that knowledge takes, that is to say, the sort of subjects to which it refers; thirdly, and above all, on the extent to which the knowledge is diffused, and the freedom with which it pervades all classes of society"—then how essential to the welfare of the State it is that the facilities for acquiring it shall be abundant and free, and under no influence that is not in harmony with the highest interests of the people for whose benefit they are furnished. England learned this long ago when she established her great universities at which her leading classes might acquire this precious knowledge, but refused, until forced to do so by public sentiment, to provide for the education of her masses, who, if enlightened, might not submit to the burdens of an established church and a corrupt, insolent aristocracy. In 1839, one year after we had founded our system of common schools, Parliament, by a vote of 275 to 273, granted thirty thousand pounds per year to be used in furnishing schools for the children of the poor. "Many of the upper and middle classes," says McKenzie, in his interesting *History of the Nineteenth Century*, "cherished and avowed a deeply-rooted dislike to the education of the poor, as tending to discontent and an overthrow of that orderly subordination, without which society can not exist."

"The principle was recognized as indisputable," wrote Lord Cockburn, "that the ignorance of the people was necessary to their obedience to law." This same sentiment has occasionally been expressed in America by ignorant wealth, which is too mean and selfish to pay the taxes needed to maintain the schools that furnish the intelligence by which its possessors are protected, or by what Locke calls "learned ignorance," which is the result of training in some narrow, bigoted institution, whose horizon is bounded by the lines of a class, or of some special interest. The State is bound to maintain a system of public instruction, because—

First. The education of the young is essential to the prosperity of a free people and can not be left to the uncertainties of private inclination or ability. Intelligence opens the door to employment, is an aid to usefulness, must be obtained before just ambition to serve the public

should be entertained, and is the indispensable furniture of every character properly prepared for the struggle of life. It lessens crime and is the most potent preventive of pauperism. It softens and soothes the human character and weakens the disposition, so prevalent with mankind as with the lower animals, to resort to brute force for the attainment of its desires.

Second. Private schools must, from their nature, be limited in number and attendance, whilst the education that the country needs should be universal and should embrace all the children. Those who teach for gain must receive those who pay, and reject those who can not. The rates charged must have in view the necessities or condition of the teacher, and usually exclude those most in need of an education.

Third. The State can not wisely leave the training of those, who are to be its masters, to the variable qualities of private agencies. Even knowledge may be viciously directed. It may be used to oppress, and not to bless. It has invented the thumb-screw, the rack and other instruments of torture. It has built ships and devised weapons to be used in robbing and destroying innocence and helplessness. It has been made the tool of tyranny and the aid of crime. The State can not afford to have it so colored that, when acquired, it will be a menace and a terror to society, when it can, by being properly directed, be made a blessing and a strength. Hence, the State is deeply interested in having supervision of the schools, and in seeing that they are conducted on lines that will develop patriotism, and give an understanding of the machinery of our Government.

Fourth. In this country, where our institutions guarantee the same freedom to all, it is important that we should have a population homogeneous in its feelings and desires. How can this be better secured than through an education of all classes in the same schools, where the rich may learn what the poor need, and the poor may find out how much the rich lack? Such an association brings kindly feeling and sweet sympathy; blends diverse elements into a harmonious citizenship and makes impossible the catastrophes that have destroyed governments and caused oceans of blood to flow in the Old World. Through the influence of the public school, bigotry is assuaged, sectarian bitterness is modified and political rage is calmed. Children that have been friends in the school room will not be enemies when grown; and, whatever irritations may arise in after life, the rich employer will not forget that the dependent laborer was his companion in more joyous days, nor will he who earns his bread by the sweat of his face look upon him with hate who, although more fortunate now, was once his loving, kindly playmate.

Education by the State is no longer an open question. It has become as much a part of our institutions as is free suffrage or representative government itself. I know that there are some who oppose it, but they dare not do so openly, and standing face to face with the people. It is mightier than all the politicians; it is stronger than cupidity; it is more powerful than selfishness; it defies bigotry; it is beyond the reach of sneering culture or scowling ignorance. Serene and secure in the impregnability of its position, it knows that there is, with reference to it, but one question open for discussion. How shall it be made more valuable and effective?

We must devise ways and means for maintaining schools during a longer period each year, for securing better houses in which they may be taught, and for paying higher salaries to teachers. These are only questions of zeal and self-denial. Shall we lay up treasures for an ignorant posterity,

or shall we have those who are to come after us so informed and educated that they may be better qualified than we have been to take care of themselves?

Our common school system is the creature of growth from small beginnings. The seminaries established under the act of February 10, 1798, can hardly be said to have been connected with it, although, no doubt, resulting in greater enlightenment on the part of at least a few, who afterwards made themselves potent in the broader, wider movement. The lands received by the counties under that act, and the acts of December 21, 1805, and January 27, 1808, were sold for a song, under the influence of that want of confidence in the future of our country which was not at all confined to that generation, but exhibits itself continuously even on this floor. The next step was to set apart, by act of December 18, 1821, one-half of the net profits of the Bank of the Commonwealth as a Literary Fund, to be distributed in just proportions to the counties of the State for the support of a general system of education, under legislative direction.

A commission, composed of William T. Barry, J. R. Witherspoon, D. R. Murray and John Pope, was appointed at the October session, 1821, of the General Assembly to collect information and digest a plan of schools for common education suited to the condition of this State and submit the same to the next Legislature. Most nobly did these men discharge their duty. The report made by them to the Senate, on the 30th day of November, 1822, is the greatest State paper that, after much reading, I have yet found among the archives of Kentucky.

Owing to the sparseness of population, the poverty of the people and the conditions growing out of slavery, the recommendations of Barry and his colleagues were not adopted. Later, the Rev. B. O. Peers, having been appointed a committee to investigate the same subject, made an enlightened and admirable report. The first great step towards a practical realization of the hopes of those who believed that the State should provide for the education of its children was the passage of the act, approved February 16, 1838, prepared and championed by W. F. Bullock, the jurist, philanthropist and patriot, now dead, but who lived to attend the semi-centennial of this notable event three years ago.

The Federal Government had recently distributed among the States a surplus of twenty-eight millions, resulting from taxation required to discharge the indebtedness incurred on account of the war of 1812. This was at the time termed a "deposit," and was to be used for purposes of education and internal improvement.

The act of 1837 had provided that what came to Kentucky from this fund—to-wit, \$850,000—should be set apart as the nucleus of a school fund. The State spent all this money in carrying out its wild schemes of internal improvement, entered upon a few years later, but executed its bond therefor to the Board of Education, on which interest was paid for the support of the meager system of popular instruction, to whose maintenance it had been dedicated. Before the Constitutional Convention of 1849 met, there had been voted in aid of common schools by the people of Kentucky, under the leadership of Dr. R. J. Breckinridge, a tax of two cents on each \$100 of taxable valuation. This was carried by an overwhelming majority. In the winter of 1850-1 occurred the fierce struggle over the proposition to destroy the bond of the State for the school fund, and thus get rid of this obligation, which those indifferent or hostile to popular education did not care longer to carry. The same great man led

this fight for the people and, as has occurred in every contest on such a question in these United States, the friends of light and knowledge triumphed. In the convention that framed our present Constitution, such men as Charles A. Wickliffe, T. J. Hood, Larkin J. Proctor, John D. Taylor and Ira Root stood up bravely for common schools and secured the adoption of the article on education. It was a great step forward, but was bitterly opposed by Hardin and other leaders in that illustrious assembly. The same arguments were used against it that are now relied on by men who oppose every effort to improve the intellectual condition of the people.

Before the war, the tax for common schools had been increased to five cents, and Kentucky had the proud prominence of being the only slave State that had an educational system which was not avowedly for the benefit of the few, but held out its blessings as common to all. With the close of the great struggle between the States, there was an increased interest in the cause of popular education.

In 1869, through the wise and zealous management of Hon. Z. F. Smith, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, fifteen cents per annum on each one hundred dollars of taxable valuation was added to the resources of the school fund, which was subsequently increased by two cents more, when, in the fullness of time, the people resolved to equalize the pro rata between the white and colored children. The system has grown and flourished and, although not what it should be, yet, considering the opposition and the indifference with which it has had to struggle and the conditions with which it has been hampered, it has reached such a degree of power and usefulness that no delegate can truthfully say here, as did Ben Hardin in the convention of 1849, that "the worst taught child in the world is he who is taught by a miserable country schoolmaster." Under the act of 1883-4, which was the result of agitation and the amendments since secured, great improvements have been made in schoolhouses and the grades of teachers have been materially advanced.

I beg the indulgence of the convention whilst I call its attention to the two reports with which it has to deal. Neither has the force of being the expression of the views of a majority of the committee, as was stated by the honorable chairman when he presented the one to which his name is attached. As they embrace several questions about which there were differences in the committee, it is proposed to let the convention act on them section by section, with the understanding that each is simply an expression of the views of its draftsman. I do not pretend to be a whit more patriotic than my esteemed friend, the chairman, nor would I dare profess to have a kindlier or more human heart. He and I have been reared in different atmospheres and look at the question from different standpoints. I know all the woes of the masses and have, for more than twenty years, made a special study of the educational situation in Kentucky. The leading passion of my life has been to do what I could to improve the quality of our common schools and to bring them within the reach of all. I do not look on them as a charity, but as a recognition of the obligation of the State to educate its citizens of every class. . . .

We lack yet that spirit of intelligent and earnest appreciation of the necessity for better schools, which would make us provide for local taxation, and, by payment of more reasonable salaries, secure higher grades of teachers. Great progress has been made within the past ten years, and the future will witness still more rapid improvement. Ben Hardin, in the last convention, by way of alarming the delegates with a statement of the

vastness of the system which they would saddle on the people by adopting article eleven, predicted that it would take at least forty-five hundred districts to provide sufficient schools to reach all the children of the Commonwealth. We have now nearly eight thousand, and these are by no means numerous enough to afford proper facilities in many regions of the State. With our limited vision, we can but imperfectly comprehend what will be the demands or development of the future. Do not let us, from any miserable consideration of a pecuniary character, refuse to posterity the fullest freedom with reference to this question, only providing that they shall take no backward step.

THOMAS J. BIGSTAFF.

[Thomas J. Bigstaff, Lawyer and Farmer, Mt. Sterling, Ky., was born in Bath County, Kentucky, December 11, 1862.]

HOW FAR SINCE THEN THE OCEAN STREAMS HAVE SWEEPED US FROM THE LAND OF DREAMS.

An address delivered at the Quinquennial Banquet of Georgetown College, June 4, 1901.

This beautiful quotation appears to be both subject and sentiment assigned to me. But how far since when? What ocean streams? And what about what land, whose dreams? What does a land-lubber know about ocean streams? I only know that there was a time when we dreamed that we were the "only pebbles on the beach." If I should tell our college dreams, I would be telling "tales out of school."

I am sure that, with the "first plunge" at such a subject, like "McGinty," I would "go to the bottom of the sea." Besides, it is like taking a crack at creation, at land and sea, at facts and dreams, at time and eternity.

To lessen my dilemma, I learn that Longfellow said this in his "Ultima Thule":

With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah! that was long ago.
How far since then the ocean streams
Have swept us from the land of dreams,
The land of fiction and of truth,
The lost Atlantis of our youth.

Then my subject, I gather, is "The Dreams of Youth," and the sentiment, I take it, is that "The world is like the sea," which I am expected to tell about in five to eight minutes, limited.

I must say in the outset that the fancies of youth are as real to the youth as facts are to the man. It is like the old conundrum of "Which would you rather be, a pauper and dream twelve of twenty-four hours that you are a prince, or be a prince and dream a lifetime that you are a pauper?"

And who can say that the love and friendship of youth is not strong and true and most sincere? We love to look back upon our youth and the pleasures that are past like a dream. And, without the dreams of youth, there would be no ambition, and we would not have had the courage to venture out upon the sea of life. And the sea, the restless sea, no fitter simile of life!

Did you ever go to the seashore and play, like children in the sand, and draw pictures with beautiful shells, and come within the siren spell of old Ocean? Do you remember the soothing and hypnotic effect of it all, and how the song of the sea attunes itself to every thought? How you laughed at the wild struggle of the waves to reach you, but they had

to recede, and, as you saw the whitecaps break helplessly at your feet, it was natural to dream that the world can not harm you.

Such are the dreams of childhood. The youth stands upon the shores of Time and looks out upon the sea through the mist and sees the promised land, and over all the rainbow of hope. He ventures into the surf and dreams that in such waters that buoy him up, with his unmeasured strength and the young blood tingling through his veins, that he could battle with the waves of life unaided and alone. But woe is he if he passes the danger line, where the water looks most calm; there is the undertow, and, where he can touch bottom, there is the quicksand. Then the sweet song of the siren Sea changes to the angry growl of old Ocean, and the waves that once kissed his hand are full of treachery to his feet and drag him down. Instead of pearls and treasures and golden sands, he finds the rock, the wreck, the skeleton.

What is the interpretation of these dreams? That we should not venture upon the sea of life unprepared. What is the quickest and best way to get that preparation? Get a college education. I mean academic rather than a professional or scientific training alone. Because at that age one does not know what business or profession he may choose, or what may choose him. So he had best be prepared for anything. The academic college is to landmen what Annapolis is to seamen; it teaches the dangerous depths, the rocks and reefs and shores, the kinds of craft to use and how to navigate with safety and success.

I have seen it stated by Mr. Schwab, the million-dollar-a-year steel king (I trust that it is spelled steel) that the successful men do not come from our colleges. That depends more upon what he means by success. If he means the mere power of making money—matter not by what means—then the machine that grinds out money in the mint is more successful than even Mr. Schwab, who, from his standpoint, was fortunate enough to get aboard Mr. Carnegie's ship, laden with pig iron and steel, where he could help himself.

The teacher attends to the morals as well as the minds of students, and the latter learn that it is as morally wrong to cheat as to steal, although the former may be done under the forms of law.

I do not believe that a student who has listened to the lectures of Dr. Dudley will be a pirate on the commercial seas. In other words, the college man should have his character builded as strong and firm as the light-house on the sea. But, after all the equipment at college, after all our help at home, we will shipwreck without consulting the charts and following the divine guidance of the One who holds the seas in the hollow of His hand.

In this golden commercial age, when men are money-mad, or dying with the fever for gain, let us rest from the race for money, place and power, and return from the quest of the golden fleece back to our Alma Mater.

"Ultima Thule; Utmost Isle;
Here in thy harbors for awhile
We lower our sails; awhile to rest
From the unending, endless quest."

JAMES D. BLACK.

[James D. Black, Lawyer, Barbourville, Ky., was born on Richland Creek, Knox County, Kentucky, September 24, 1849; attended free schools and Greenville and Tusculum College, Tennessee; taught school; studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1874. Member of the Legislature; School Commissioner of Knox County; Grand Master of Masons in 1889; Commissioner to World's Fair, Chicago, Ill., in 1893.]

BE TRUE TO SELF.—HAVE FAITH IN SELF.—HAPPINESS IS THE
ESSENCE OF SUCCESS.

An address delivered at the Annual Commencement of Greenville and Tusculum College, Tusculum, Tenn., by invitation of the faculty and students, May 27, 1904.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Somewhere I read that Bishop Wilberforce was asked if he could tell a plain man the plain way to heaven, and that this his answer was, "Surely, take to the right and go straight ahead." I confess that that simple formula impressed me. It has but few, if any, of the trappings or finesse with which some theology of which I have heard somewhat has invested the way. The standard of procedure it raises is apparently without adornment, yet its very simplicity gives it a sort of charming embellishment.

And assuming, as you do, that heaven is the only place of satisfying felicity, I realize concern about it. You and I may entertain different notions as to where heaven is, and I shall not raise that question. To do so would not be germane, anyhow, to what I have in mind to say to-day. But I am sure we are agreed in this, that he who reaches heaven achieves thereby the incomparable success.

The labor-burdened, worn and tired under the weight which life's duties and exactions impose, and groping wearily along these rough and troublous ways toward the sunset of the journey, must esteem heaven the chief goal. And our conceptions of it easily harmonize it to the basic facts of the happiness we know here. To him who is tired, heaven is a place of rest. To him who is racked and tortured with pain, it is a place into which pains do not enter. And to the one who is storm-tossed and storm-beaten, it is a shelter protecting him from the cold and withering blast. And so, when I stop to think, the rule laid down by Wilberforce has, to me, much to recommend it. It requires that, whatever may be the condition or circumstance which besets in the fretful turmoil of this life the light which the right reflects, should be unceasingly and undeviatingly followed. And we carry with us much good reason for the belief that the rule is quite a safe one. For we know there is a conscience which never forgets to blandish and ratify with its approval the performance of duty, or to lash us with the memory of sin. And, if we question it, we may know, with assured guaranty, our latitude and longitude as we journey this land of sorrow. For it attends and considers every act, and pronounces its inexorable judgment thereon. Its findings are based upon the whole law and evidence, and its decrees are subject to no revision. Its court is the tribunal of last

resort. And I believe there is no success here that is not the fruitage of that character of life and conduct whose final reward, for continued well-doing, is the heaven of the hereafter. That the difference between happiness in this world and happiness in the hereafter is not so much in kind as in degree. That truth is eternal. That no truth can be contradictory of any other truth, and that cause and effect are the everlasting facts in the administration of the world. That man, in this life, is on trial, and right and wrong are the factors and forces ever testing and taxing his strength. And I believe that for whatsoever for the right of an individual can trace to his hands, he shall, when called to settlement, have due credit. That the honest creditor of faithful memory never denies his debtor benefit of partial payment.

If, then, the attainment of heaven is the acme of existence, it is so in the fact that all is happiness in that transcendent region.

What, then, is success here? That is what I wish to know. And if we can reach an accurate answer, we may be able, by the same token, to determine, at least measurably, how to succeed.

Do you seek knowledge, wealth, fame? You do so because you fancy the object of the search will, when found, make you happy. In the deepest depths of desire, that which we call happiness is the object of the restless, eager chase of every mind. The soul, beleaguered here by darkness, sees the mirage in the distance and, with unabated effort, seeks its embrace.

And I know there exists a notion of well-nigh universal acceptance, as exemplified in the eager, frenzied, grasping lust for wealth and position in the turbulent arena of this world, that the truly great and successful are those who gather gold, or rise to giddy heights out of the maelstrom of the politics of the State.

And we are too often lured by the seductive witchery and charm of such insignia. But is he a success to whom the smell of money is so sweet, and its mocking leer so fascinating, that he pretends forgetfulness of the fraud which procured it? And is he a success who may chance to reach, in the lottery of partisan politics, the highest stake at the cost of his integrity? Many have thus acted, courted by the sorcery that the end will be satisfying, even though the means employed are of doubtful character. But the facts have never failed to uncover and expose their delusion. They have found, at the end of feverish experience, that happiness is not a commodity of the market. That its equivalent is not in the glitter or mere possession of gold, or in the glamor of temporary place or power. But along the trail that describes the journeyings of the ages may be seen how vain has been the effort to buy contentment, and as surely as the diamond responds to the light, does the end reflect the character of the means.

Then I would say, first, Be true to self. Make that the basic fact. Grant to the Almighty credit for being true to all always and under all conditions and circumstances. And we will therefore know that He, in His constancy to one, is unjust or faithless to none. That could not be, if there existed, of necessity, conflicts between the rights of two or the many. For right is God's prerogative and its bounds are circumscribed by no geography. It is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Its lines are straight and never interlink with wrong. And hence it must follow that no man can be right with himself and wrong with another. And, equally so, no individual can be true to himself and false to his rights. The peculiar gifts and genius of the human soul testify to these truths. The tenets of Nature, the throbbing pulse of the great world about us,

teaching the lesson of live and let live, embrace and amplify them. And that gleam of light which, ever and anon, streams inward upon us from the force-depths of our existence, and which is a very pole-star among the attributes of the human mind, asserts the truth and imprints it upon the secret and sacred chamber of every heart. And hence it is, you may find the disclosures of the moral influences and affections everywhere. Set bounds to space, and then the principle may be confined within limits. The savage mother whose home is in the unbroken wilds about her loves her child with all the tender devotion of a mother heart. She thinks of her babe with every heart throb of her life. Its laugh is rich and sweet to her ears and its health, the surest healing to her own wasting strength. The "lyric patter" of its feet attracts her whether in wigwam or palace, and its cry of pain or alarm brings to its side her ready, willing, helping arm, whether that arm be shrouded in the richest apparel or burned by the glare of the unstayed sun.

Even this old earth, rocking in its way, when touched by the returning springtime, starts that mysterious life-force into the roots and up into the gray and grizzly trunks of trees and out into every branch and fiber to the very tips of the tiniest twig, calls grass and flower from their winter hiding, and enamels mountain and valley with a profusion of life and beauty surpassing the cunning touches and creations of all other painters and creators, and which, in their gorgeous, graceful prodigality, outclass the dream-fabrics of the mind. And herein it gives the human heart its best lessons in the higher love of charity. These blessings are the instincts of the earth and the property of the human race.

And then I would say, Have faith in self. For, be assured, the greatest achievements of this world have been won in faith. I should be an ingrate and coward were I, in my humble sphere, to deny faith in myself to do some good. It may be we have not the deft hands of some who have so nobly and dexterously wrought for the world's betterment, but that signifies naught but difference in quantity, not in kind, for good. But there does not, after all, exist that inequality of capacity which we sometimes imagine. Confession of inability is often the logic for idleness, and fear of failure the persuasion of cowardice. We all know "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and many of us are prone to discount that in ourselves which we magnify and laud in others. But truth, justice, beauty and love, the eternal of God, are richly and copiously diffused everywhere. And the child, if companioned with these, has, although his only shelter is the cabin, and his raiment rags, the possibilities of marvelous achievement. Have you not seen the young man or young woman struggling with poverty, grappling and fighting adverse and untoward winds, rise like a star above the storm? Have you not seen penury whip the disaster that would scourge at laudable effort? Have you not seen determined endeavor take the sting from poverty?

Oh, it is indeed comforting and inspiring to see honest, persistent, faithful effort win its standing without the aid of pedigree or pocket-book. And have you not, in the fearful nightmare of the dream of life, fancied a thousand foes in the mimicries you pictured in the rolling, despairing clouds which seemed to be settling upon you? And then have you not, as the lightnings cut the darkness around you, and the heartless thunders shook you, stopped, in an appeal to God and your better self, and discovered a gleam of light bursting in upon the troubled deeps of the soul, then watched

the angry winds meekly sink to rest, and found yourself standing on some crag safe above the storm-ridden and rain-drenched valley beneath?

When Black Hawk said, "I am a man and you are another," he touched the keynote of the human race. What made Abraham Lincoln great? Undoubtedly, his simple, undaunted, trustful faith in God and in himself. He kept constantly near the great and affectionate bosom of Nature, and confidently drew his nourishment thence. His were those sterling, simple tastes and qualities which attract and delight the race. These were the mainsprings of his great life.

Why the marked advancement to which the arts in Greece attained during the time of the Democracy? Because the genius of the age appealed to the plain tastes and sentiment of the common mind. And why should the decadence follow so surely the succeeding reign of sensuality, and why was broken the harp that made the witchery of Grecian music? Because a false standard had been set up. The effort became the gratification of an unnatural patron, and the consequent abandonment of the tests and models of Nature. Nature makes no mistake. It is when men ignore her warnings and set up for her models their own distortions that mistakes occur. Who has not, when best himself, felt a mystic hand sounding at his depths to tell him the work for which he is best suited? And truer than is the needle to the pole, is the fact that the work that best suits you is that for which you are best suited. There would have been fewer failures, if the silent promptings from the voice of Nature had been heeded. The man who starts out in life seeking pleasure as an end, without regard to the means, is sure to drift among the breakers and be engulfed. The big-hearted farmer in love with his calling does not find his sweetest moments when looking upon his well-filled barns, but these come to him while the grass grows, the flowers bloom, the corn unfolds and joyous, bounding Nature makes merry with his intelligent toil. The physician whose chief desire is the collection of his fee never makes progress. But when, bending over the racking couch, he discovers how to disarm and undo the mystery of pain, his sympathetic heart finds its greatest ecstasy. The lawyer whose highest ambition is to win his cause, right or wrong, prostitutes a profession whose glory is the maintenance of the right.

As sure as existence is a fact, as that life is not a myth, and as intelligence is more than a dream, every act has a consequence. Right is always brave, but crime is ever a coward. Justice deals in the open, but fraud plies its trade with stealthy mien. As the fruit is after the kind of the parent stock, so is evil and only evil the legitimate effect of wrong. Emerson said, "Cause and effect are the two sides of every fact." What is that which causes the recipient of a kindness scarcely more pleasure than him who bestows the favor? And what is that that depresses and humiliates me at the remembrance of injustice or wrong to my neighbor? What did Whittier mean when he wrote:

"Back to thee is a measured well
All thou has given,
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven."

It is that something, a sort of wireless telegraphy, which God has thrown out to draw us back to him, making you and me to know that when we wrong another, we wrong ourselves. Teaching us the corollary that making another happy makes happiness for self.

Oh, the tangled lottery of life! Bryant, at the age of nineteen, wrote "Thanatopsis," but Andrew Johnson at that age could not read. And yet the latter succeeded to the Presidency of the greatest Government of the world. For some great purpose it pleased the Almighty to place us here in a land of alternating light and darkness, of calm and storm. And we must take our places amid the marshalled armies. These armies are forces of wrestling antagonisms—the one to save the world, the other to destroy it. We can not escape the conflict they wage. But if we would live, we must fight. No one could long survive as a listless spectator of the fierce struggle about him. But the contest has its charms as well as its tragedies, and, happily, its triumphs as well as its defeats. We are so constituted that when reverse crowds upon reverse and what may seem our best effort appears barren of good results, hope yet urges another trial, and arms for another test. In such hope lies the charm of life. It is the bow set in the firmament, promising exemption from disaster. Like the subtle force which permeates the world of vegetable life, hope unfurls its colors and looks its bewitching glances, in the restless light above the landscape. It is the star that never sets, but dazzles on and on until destiny affixes the seal.

"Ah well for us all some sweet hope lies
 Deeply buried from human eyes,
 But in the hereafter angels may
 Roll the stone from the grave away."

Ours is an age of wondrous activity and development. It seems the hitherto locked storehouses of Nature have, in our time, opened to the magic touch of some wizard hand. Achievement has followed achievement with such startling rapidity and of such surpassing moment that we stand in amazement at the pageant. And we have come to realize that that which was yesterday sublime has to-day become somewhat trivial in the light of a newer and yet more towering discovery. I should be a recreant should I fear or hesitate to take a place, humble though it be, among the workers of this amazing day. What should it matter that my place is obscure and my life so uneventful that no one shall precede to herald my coming, if I may yet know I have wrought well in the shop wherein is forged the world's redemption. Then I insist if we will paint a picture of life, we should look on the brightest side. We should possess ourselves of that sort of disposition which Lowell described as "sloping to the southern side." So that we may glean at least a modicum of the fragrance the flowers scatter at our feet, of the exhilaration of the calm sunshine and refreshing breeze and read some music in the stars. If we shall hear in the heavings of society sounds that remind of the groanings of the tortured sea, let us betake ourselves to garden and field for a lesson. There we shall find the rose true to itself. The cruel storm may lash the earth, but the rose waits in faith for the sun, and eagerly snatches the first ray of light that comes its way.

Then, with all my heart, I believe that God is good and Satan is mean. That the order of the One is to save to the uttermost, while the order of the other is to destroy irretrievably. And I believe that around the standards of love and hate the world's forces were early marshalled and that these have been ever since tugging at her destiny. Out of the one have come the blessings of home, of society and of State, while to the record of the other belong the wrecks and deviltry that have marred the ages.

Let me remember that labor, like virtue, pays always a better price and in better currency for what it wants than does idleness or vice. My progress may be slow and so is the growth of the oak. The palm with its single shaft on which rests the fronded head may have attractions, but the stalwart oak as it slowly rises, pushing upward its arms and downward its fangs of support, fights the storm and is not uprooted.

I believe I do no violence to the truth of history when I assert that the most stupendous and far-reaching event of the world since the birth of the Saviour was the establishment of the American Union. Before the advent of the steam railroad, or of the electric telegraph, our chart of liberties was framed. It was a startling departure, the beginning of a voyage of an unknown and untried sea. But, under its benign influences, the world took an upward spiral, and has kept the sail thus turned ever since. The elements which make the Declaration of Independence immortal were harvested, little by little, in the station houses along the way of the ages. Some of them were garnered at Runnymede. They were preserved by Him, who, on the mountain in the wilderness, wrote the decalogue. And, although barricaded by justice, consoled by the comforts of a free religion and sanctified by blood, our Government has seen the travail of the soul. It has paid the penalty of the failure of full agreement and understanding of those who made and stood by its cradle. For out of the varying schools of constructionists you saw come that tragic convulsion which, forty and more years ago, brought millions of your countrymen to the bloody fields of glory, putting to the test the highest type of that day's wonderful manhood. You saw an alien race elevated from the low estate of a chattel to a position among the builders of the State. That ordeal you passed, and to-day, looking back upon its awful picture of sorrow and blood, you doubt not the sincerity of the actors, whether garmented in blue or in gray. You are glad the Union was preserved, for, by that preservation, ours is the best Government within the circle of the sun. For it you love to live; for it you would, if need be, die. But there are, in my judgment, dangers still lurking about its foundations. To save it from these it must now, as was so ever before, look to the common people. Destroy the independence of the common man, and the fabric stands on a pillar of sand; preserve his rights and the house rests on a rock, and neither internal nor external storms will prevail against it. To my thinking, the excessive grandeur due to great wealth in the comparative few, the meanness of machine politics and the conflict now on between organized capital and organized labor constitute the present menace to the stability and perpetuity of our institutions. Why, the inordinate desire for money is so intense and absorbing that men do not take time to die, but just sink down anywhere when the fickle spark goes out. To some money, as money, is everything and for it and its getting the noblest attributes and aspirations of the human soul are often sacrificed. It is the same token that brought ruin to the servile herd of Rome. The savage Attila who had learned, in the wilds of Asia, to esteem the immortality of mind, and the rights of the commonest man to the equal protection of the law, demanded of the degenerate Romans to give up their gold and set free their slaves.

It becomes therefore of supreme importance that the great middle class of our people and who, at last, make the bone and sinew of the State, should rise, without delay, to weed out the grafters who infest the present day politics. You are, no doubt, proud of your State, and justly so. I

am proud of Kentucky, proud of her glorious past, proud of her virtues, but ashamed of the guilt of her recent vices. But, may be, enough of this, for I might be told that these women gathered here to-day from their homes in this beautiful Southland beneath these lovely skies have no interest in politics. But I can not believe that, for their mothers had much to do with freedom. Did they take no stock or interest in the weal of the community? Are not our institutions of their handiwork? Yes, yes. There is not a church house or a school house in all this land whose building the women did not help. They do not study statecraft as a profession, nor seek office for the sake of office, and yet there is not a humane statute in our legal literature which does not bear the finer touches of woman's delicate hand and purifying heart. No sword was ever drawn against the bulwarks of vice, or plan inaugurated for the uplift of the human kind that was not inspired by the aiding spirits of the women of the world.

"We live in deeds, not in years, in thoughts, not in breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life's but a means unto the end, that end
Beginning, mean, and end of all things—God."

Then I conclude that happiness is the essence of success. That it is the law of the mind and its seat is the human soul.

What a miracle is man! Triune in composition. Passionate in his search for knowledge. In the obscure conditions about him, feeling his way in his gropings towards the light. Fit subject for the sleepless and deathless solicitude of two worlds. Greater than the Cross. Worthy price for the spilled blood of a God. Nature is the same as when the world sprang from the womb of eternity. The earth, the sun and the seasons perform their tasks as did they when the stars first sang together. But man's touch has set to music the lyre of the universe. He bids unseen worlds stand out in the far-off azures of the sky and take their places within the sweep of his expanded and expanding vision. Of him and in him are all books and all science. In his soul religion, otherwise dead, finds the renewal of its life. Sprung from, and a part of, the one great Source of Life, he has withstood the ravages and decay of the inveterate ages. To him alone belong the development of learning and the bringing to use and account the wonders and blessings of the mysterious universe about him. Unique in gathering increased force and strength with every taxation of his power. Love, justice, mercy, memory and hope are his attributes. These yonder, they will not forsake him. For him a Pleader pleads beyond the stars. Such a being is man. I shall not berate him. In his alleged total depravity, I take no stock.

"There is an eye through blackest night
A vigil ever keeps,
A vision of unerring light
O'er lowly vale, o'er giddy height—
The eye that never sleeps."

Thirty and two years have joined the past since ended my school days of old Tusculum. They seem to have been borne away on wings of fleetest speed. And, although they have been to me years of stress and

toil, they have been unable to tear away from memory the things that attend my apprenticeship here. My words are too poor to tell you how sincerely I have wished to again visit these scenes. And, now here, I can see that marvelous Nature has woven again, as of yore, the beautiful carpets of green on these hills and meadows. The outstretched landscape yet throbs with life and perfume. Yonder rugged, eternal mountain still stands, giant-like, ready and willing, as ever, to measure arms with the raging storms. Over us caressingly bends the same blue sky which never daunts, but ever corroborates the holy aspirations of immortal mind. But I am deeply reminded that change has stamped its imperious impress around here. And it is, with some respects, with a sorrowing heart I stand here renewing the past. Only a few of those I left here when I went away are now here, and memory can but rekindle into life the viewless forms of the dead, renew the scenes where once they moved, and recall the happy, frolicsome hours of love and friendship. The history which those blessed old masters here wrote was not written in blood, but in kindly deeds, on the hearts and in the lives of the young men who drank at this fountain of learning. And you will excuse my seeming weakness when I say I am glad to have been spared the fate depicted in Tennyson's Farewell wherein he said:

“Flow down cold rivulet to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver;
No more by thee my step shall be
Forever and forever.
A thousand suns will stream on thee
A thousand moons will quiver,
But not by thee my step shall be,
Forever and forever.”

JOSEPH C. S. BLACKBURN.

[Joseph Clay Styles Blackburn, Lawyer, United States Senator, Versailles, Ky., was born in Woodford County, Kentucky, October 1, 1838; graduate of Centre College, Danville, Ky., 1857 (LL. D.); admitted to bar, 1859; practiced in Chicago until Civil War broke out; served in the Confederate Army; after war, practiced law in Kentucky; Member Kentucky Legislature, 1871-75; Member Congress, 1875-85; United States Senator, 1885-97; again elected to United States Senate, January, 1901, term expiring in 1907.]

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

An address delivered at Lexington, Ky., November 16, 1887, at the unveiling of the statue of John C. Breckinridge.

Fellow Citizens of Kentucky:

With doubt I come to the discharge of a service that belonged to another. Near four hundred years ago the French knight died. When the life of the Chevalier Bayard went out, it was said there was none left among the living to pronounce his eulogy. Kentucky was more fortunate when this, her modern Bayard, died, for she then numbered among her living sons one thoroughly equipped and fitted for the task that has fallen to me. Whether as soldier, upholding upon foreign soil the flag of his country that he loved so faithfully and served so well, or in the council chambers of the republic, or in that later, darker, bloodier period of that country's history, the illustrious names, the towering figures of Breckinridge and Preston are so indissolubly linked that fame will claim them as a common heritage. Had Preston's honored life been spared until this hour, this monument would have been dedicated with an oration that would have endured in the memory of men as long as yonder bronze will defy the touch of time.

When a great man dies, the living seek to perpetuate his memory. For this monuments are builded, mausoleums founded and statues erected. This is not done to appease the dead, nor to render their sleep more peaceful or profound, but rather to inspire the living to nobler and better lives. No monuments that we may build, no honors that we may render, no eulogies that we may utter, can reach into that far-off, mysterious realm to which the spirit of the mighty dead has gone, but the living may be taught by great example and ambition may be stirred in those who are to follow us by study of the lives of those who were truly great. Kentucky has selected a model to offer to her coming generations. She, the great Commonwealth, comes to-day with uncovered head to consecrate a statue that she has builded with loving hands to the illustrious son whom "she wisely nursed for fame."

John Cabell Breckinridge was born in this city on the 16th day of January, 1821. He came of a family that for generations had been distinguished for illustrious services rendered to the State and country. His father, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, died at thirty-five, after having ranged himself among the leaders of his day and State. His grandfather, John Breckinridge, died at the early age of forty-five, but into that short life

he crowded the honors that are scarcely ever gathered in a century. As the law officer of the Government in the cabinet of Mr. Jefferson, as an expounder of the principles of constitutional government set forth in his immortal resolutions of 1798, defining the limitations fixed by the Constitution upon federal power, he placed himself in front rank of American statesmen and became, as it were, the second father of a political system that stood in its grand and well-balanced proportions the wonder and glory of the world. His maternal grandfather, Samuel Stanhope Smith, was president of Princeton College and reckoned among the foremost men of letters of his generation, whilst his great grandfather upon his mother's side, John Witherspoon, a direct descendant of John Knox, was distinguished as a member of the convention of sages, statesmen, patriots and heroes who framed and issued to the world the immortal Declaration of Independence.

Born of such an ancestry, bearing upon his youthful shoulders the responsibilities inseparable from such an illustrious lineage, much was expected of the young Kentuckian when, with couched lance and visor down, he entered the fiercely-heated arena of political strife, destined to still fiercer, whiter heat, in which to prove his title to the name he bore, around which clustered so much of hereditary glory. But, high as was the standard of expectation, Breckinridge met and went far beyond its severest demands.

Is it to be wondered a man bred like this, upon whom Nature, with lavish hand, had bestowed more than a liberal share of intellectual power, of magnetism, of eloquence and courage, should play a conspicuous part in the most turbulent and perilous period of his country's history? Is it to be wondered that he became the nucleus around which centered all the elements that sought to establish those principles which had been so stoutly asserted and steadfastly maintained by all the ancestry that lay behind him? Born and reared, having lived and died among you, it is not needed that I should trace in detail his development from boyhood to manhood, nor need I deal with those years that lie behind his entrance into public life.

Having been graduated at Centre College, he studied law at Princeton, was admitted to the bar and located in the then sparsely settled State of Iowa. His love for his own State predominated and he soon returned to this, his native place, and began, with bright promise, the practice of his profession. From its peaceful paths he was soon called to enter the military service of his country.

As major of the Third Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, he served with gallantry and distinction through the Mexican war, and was with that portion of the army which terminated the contest by the occupation of the Mexican capital. Returning to his home, he was starting anew upon his professional life when called upon to take his place in the arena of active politics. The conditions under which he made that appearance were peculiar, if not anomalous. Breckinridge had inherited the creed of Democracy. His study of our system of Government had but strengthened and deepened his convictions of the soundness of that party's principles. His State, his congressional district and his native county were all Whig by overwhelming majorities. All had felt the influence and been permeated by the magnetic power of the great Whig leader. This was the home of the Great Commoner, then and for many years the central figure in American politics.

Mr. Clay, in the ripened fullness of his great powers, stood the acknowl-

edged leader of the Federal Senate. To attempt to wrench either county, district or State from the close grasp of the great captain required the exercise of sublimest faith; but, defying conditions, with unfaltering faith in the creed that he cherished, Breckinridge entered the contest and, in 1849, as the Democratic representative from Fayette county, appeared in the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature. The part that he bore in the legislation and debates of that body soon marked him as a man reserved for no ordinary destiny. In 1851, he was nominated for Congress in this, the Ashland district, whose loyalty to the Whig party had always been so constant and devoted. That it was not thought possible that it could be loosened from its moorings; but, through abundant caution, the opposition determined that Mr. Clay's own district should not be surrendered, and selected as their candidate the scarred and honored veteran of the War of 1812. General Leslie Combs was immensely popular—one of the most captivating, humorous and inimitable campaigners that ever appeared upon the Kentucky hustings. The campaign was active, hot and sharp. Breckinridge won by a majority that surprised his supporters and staggered his opponents. Not overestimating, but conscious of his own great powers, he now felt that the future was his own. He had laid broad and deep the foundations of his strength at home.

The power of the Whig party was waning in Kentucky; its organization had crumbled under its own ponderous blows; its citadel had been stormed and carried; its mighty leader, in many respects the grandest that this continent has ever furnished, wasted by labors of half a century, broken in health and bent with age, was rapidly passing to his honored and consecrated grave. Clay once gone, there would be none to take his place. His often-beaten but ever-faithful legions were to be left headless, as were the Highland hosts when Roderick's bugle was no longer heard. The future opened before Breckinridge the grandest vista down which mortal vision ever swept to scan its assured possessions. With the sacrifice of modest dignity, Breckinridge moved promptly to the front rank in the council chamber of his country and stood at last the peer of any who sat about him. Renominated in 1853, the Whig party made a last desperate rally to compass his defeat, selecting as its candidate ex-Governor Letcher, known as the invincible apostle of its faith when commissioned to preach to the populace. The contest was even fiercer than the one preceding, but at its close Breckinridge emerged from the smoke and turmoil of the fray with a shield brighter than before, upon which was recorded another triumph splendidly achieved.

Of his brilliant service for four years in the national House of Representatives, the imperishable records of the country furnish the best and most complete testimony. The Whig party in the Southern States drifted into what was soon known as the Know-nothing organization, whilst in the North they affiliated with the Republican party, till then too weak to be considered as a rival in the great struggle for national supremacy, whilst many of its most devoted adherents, unwilling or unable to adapt themselves to new and changed conditions, still held together and strove to preserve their old and honored form.

The Democracy seemed united and solid. It looked as though it held an unlimited lease on Federal power. Breckinridge, with a national reputation established, was now accepted as the ablest, most available and promising young leader of this vast, compact and dominant party. Here was threatened a break in his political career. Pressed by lack of fortune,

like his predecessor, Mr. Clay, he voluntarily retired from Congress to devote himself to the prosecution of his profession; but the country had already fixed its measure upon his value as a political leader.

In 1856, the National Democratic Convention met in Cincinnati. After a sharp contest between Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, and Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, the latter was nominated for the Presidency. This was a recognition of the older class of leaders who were rapidly passing away: Recognizing the necessity for such action, the convention turned to the accepted leader of the more active and younger elements of the party and against his urgent protest and amid scenes of the wildest enthusiasm, the gifted young Kentuckian was given the second place upon the ticket. His nomination electrified the Democracy of the country and the ticket was elected by an overwhelming majority. For four years he presided over the Senate with conspicuous ability and fairness. Evidences of discord now appeared in the ranks of the Democracy; Breckinridge stood without a rival for the Presidential nomination, except in the person of Douglas.

The Charleston convention of 1860 went to pieces without making a nomination, Breckinridge refusing to allow his name to go before it. Breckinridge received the nomination of the Baltimore convention, representing one section of the party; Douglas became the candidate of the other. The organization was hopelessly divided and defeat was inevitable. Breckinridge received seventy-two electoral votes, Douglas twelve, demonstrating the former's strong hold upon his party. In 1859, Breckinridge had been elected to the United States Senate for six years, beginning March 4, 1861, to succeed the Hon. John J. Crittenden. He had scarcely passed the constitutional age, when he became a member of the Kentucky Legislature. At thirty-five, he was elected to the second highest office in the gift of the American people; while at forty, he was Senator-elect from Kentucky and the candidate of the majority wing of his party for the Presidency of the United States. This record stands without a parallel in American history.

On the fourth of March, 1861, Mr. Lincoln was elected President. Fanatics in the North, elated over the first triumphs of a sectional issue, were deaf to every suggestion of a peaceful solution of the situation, whilst Southern leaders, taking hasty counsel of the chagrin brought by defeat, pushed the dread issue to a precipitate decision. Passion had thrust reason from her throne. State after State had seceded from the Union. War, with all its attendant horrors, confronted us.

The United States Senate was convened in extraordinary session in March, 1861. Breckinridge then assumed for the first time his great and grave responsibilities of a senator. His position was trying in the extreme. With his inherited principles and well-matured convictions, he could hold no sympathy with the policy adopted by the Federal administration. He did not believe the power existed in the Federal Government to coerce a sovereign State by force of arms. He did believe that the essential and fundamental principles of States' rights and local self-government were being ruthlessly violated and the constitutional limitations upon the Federal power were being trampled under foot. He knew that his heart and the hearts of his people were with the South and yet he loved the Union with an unfaltering and a deathless devotion. Holding to the right of secession, he did not regard it as a wise or prudent remedy for existing conditions. Never were patriotism, conscience and courage subjected to severer test. His love for and devotion to the union of States still burned

as brightly as when he painted it in his own matchless eloquence in his memorable eulogy upon Mr. Clay and his never-to-be-forgotten oration upon the removal of the Senate from the old to the new chamber.

In further proof of my assertion as to the persistence of the great Kentuckian's patriotism, I give the following extract from a speech delivered in the Senate after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, March 20, 1861: "I inherited, and all my life have cherished, a habitual and cordial attachment to my constitutional Union and now would be willing any day to die for it. But while I believe that, administered according to the true principles of the Constitution, it is the best Government on earth, I also believe that, administered without the lines of the Constitution, by the simple power of a sectional majority, it becomes the worst on earth; and for myself, neither in public nor private life, will I consent to sacrifice the principles of constitutional, of municipal, liberty, and of State equality, to the naked idea of Federal unity."

War had come. The Southern senators had gone. Deserted and abandoned, solitary and alone, treading in the footsteps of the immortal Clay, pleading for a rational adjustment and honorable peace, he will pass into history all the grander because he stood alone.

Suspected and mistrusted upon his entrance into the Senate, he patiently braved and bore it all. The battle of Manassas was fought, a beaten and broken army sought refuge in the capital, but this triumph of the South extorted no exultation from the grave and anxious senator. His allegiance was still due to the Government he was seeking to serve. His efforts were futile; his mission was ended. Amid the ruin that surrounded, in the same chamber over which he had so long presided, sadly surveying the wreck had come both to the Union and himself, he sat like Caius Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. All was lost but honor.

None who knew him doubted the decision he would make. Faithfully and fearlessly he had striven to avert war and save the union of the States. Nothing remained but to take his place where conscience pointed and meet the inevitable with lofty courage. On the 8th of October, 1861, he published from Bowling Green to the people of Kentucky an address to the people of Kentucky, returned to them the great trust they had given, resigned his seat in the Senate, drew that sword that was never sheathed until the last army had melted from the earth and the flag that he followed had gone down at last amid tears of blood.

The fields of Shiloh, Stone River, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Chica-mauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Monocacy, New Market, Cold Harbor and Saltville bear ample testimony to his great ability as a commander. After his transfer from the Western Army to Virginia, he came under the eye of the great commander. Lee here had the opportunity of measuring the man; so had the authorities at Richmond. As the result, he was called to the head of the War Department. It was too late. The resources of the Government were exhausted, the Confederacy was already tottering to its fall; its doom was sealed, its hour about to strike. His last official act was an attempt to negotiate a peace, securing terms that were alike liberal to the vanquished and creditable to the victor. The eruptions of that war period had flung into the Federal Senate a member who offered a resolution, which the Senate in its mad frenzy adopted, declaring that Breckinridge, the traitor, be expelled from that chamber. No trial was had, no confession received, no testimony taken.

Here to-day in the presence of the world, in the sight of Almighty God,

Kentucky files her imperishable answer to that libel. States do not build monuments to traitors. Breckinridge had already, by his own act, ceased to be a senator.

Who will paint his emotions as he stood upon the shore, looking out upon the sea in search of a sail that would carry him he knew not whither? His hopes were blighted, his ambitions were buried, his career was ended, his work done and his life lay behind him. In an open boat he crossed to the Cuban shore. He remained abroad until bitterness and passion had subsided to permit him to return to spend what little of life was left him and to die among those who loved him so fondly, but destined to wear into his grave the clanking shackles that a narrow, unwise and unmanly policy had riveted upon his limbs. He never asked and never received the right of citizenship. He came back with the consent of the Government to live and die an exile in the home of his fathers, to obey the laws that had been made and to respect the authorities that had been established. Faithfully he observed the Constitution. Never obtruding himself upon public notice, taking no part in the controversies pending, in the quiet of home and friendship's circles, he patiently awaited the end that was so near. On the 17th day of May, 1875, the irrevocable mandate came. Conscious to the last, fully advised of the inevitable, calm and unmoved, he faced for the last time the grim destroyer that he had so often confronted on the field of battle.

It is not to the soldier, but to the honored son, that Kentucky dedicates this statue. In the Legislature that decreed him this honor there were true and manly men, united, who held no sympathy with his views and bitterly opposed the cause for which he fought. Despite political differences, they united in doing honor to the memory of one who stood the embodiment of our civilization, representing all that was chivalrous, manly and true. Remembering this, I would not stir the bitterness and passions of the past. The war lies behind us. Would to God it had carried with it its own sad, bitter memories. A majority of those who witnessed its coming are no longer on earth. Most of its great chieftains have crossed the shadowy line. Grant and Lee, Johnston and Thomas, Jackson, MacPherson, Breckinridge and others have long since met upon the other side, we hope, in fraternity and eternal good will.

A country united not only in name, but in purpose, in hope and in destiny, will cherish the memory of all its worthy sons and teach posterity to hold it as a precious legacy. May the youth of our State and country learn from a study of his life, whom to-day we honor, the lofty patriotism, the dignity, the fidelity and courage that constitute the worthy citizen.

Recalling the past and measuring her responsibilities to the future, in the presence of her sons and daughters, in the sight of Omnipotent God, Kentucky dedicates this monument to her broad-brained, great-hearted idol son. Orator, statesman, soldier, patriot, to thy immortal name and to thy deathless fame, Kentucky consecrates this statue and tenders it to posterity as proof of the love she bore thee.

WILLIAM O. BRADLEY.

[William O'Connell Bradley, Louisville, Ky., Governor of Kentucky, 1895-99; born in Garrard County, Kentucky, March 18, 1847; admitted to bar in 1865; in 1870 elected Prosecuting Attorney; in 1872, Presidential Elector and candidate for Congress, and again candidate for Congress, 1876, Republican ticket, defeated; Delegate-at-Large Republican National Convention, 1880, 1884, 1888, 1892, 1900, 1904. In 1888, received 106 votes for Vice-President in Republican National Convention; four times nominated for United States Senator; appointed Minister to Corea in 1889 and declined; first and only Republican Governor of Kentucky, 1895.]

"AS WE ARE UNITED IN LIFE AND THEY ARE UNITED IN DEATH, LET ONE MONUMENT PERPETUATE THEIR DEEDS, AND ONE PEOPLE, FORGETFUL OF ALL ASPERITIES, FOREVER HOLD IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE ALL THE GLORIES OF THAT TERRIBLE CONFLICT WHICH MADE ALL MEN FREE AND RETAINED EVERY STAR ON THE NATION'S FLAG."—FROM GOVERNOR BRADLEY'S MESSAGE, 1898.

An address delivered at the Dedication of Kentucky's Monument to the Union and Confederate dead, on the Chicamauga battlefield, Georgia, May 3, 1899.

The State of Kentucky thanks you, and each member of the commission, for the promptness, economy, efficiency and ability with which you and they have discharged every duty connected with this good work.

Standing within the shadow of Missionary Ridge, whose crest and sides but little more than a third of a century ago were lighted with glistening bayonets and the fire which flashed from musketry and cannon; of Lookout Mountain, where contending armies mingled the colors of their uniforms with those of the clouds that hung about them; surrounded by hills and valleys, across which swept armed legions to victory or defeat; within sight of the spots hallowed by the blood of Croxton and Helm—a rush of glorious memories comes over us, causing each heart to throb more rapidly and each bosom to expand with patriotic emotion. Here and there are beautiful monuments erected by the various States in honor of their gallant sons and to-day Kentucky comes, with gentle and loving hand, to unveil a tribute to her noble brave, placing upon the graves of the dead a wreath of immortelles, and crowning alike with laurels the brows of all who survived that terrible conflict.

Every land has its traditions, poetry and song. In each some monument which, with mute eloquence, proclaims, "Stop, traveler, thou treadest on a hero." History, indeed, is but the epitome of patriotism, and the whole earth its monument.

But to be enabled, as our people, to point to numerous battlefields, where opposing armies of embittered enemies met in the shock of battle, which startled the world, and, in a third of a century thereafter, to behold the remnants of those armies and their descendants congregating upon this historic spot in one common brotherhood, under one flag, each striving to do it most honor, is without a parallel in the annals of time, and its

like will never be seen again. This is the grandest of all monuments. A monument composed of love of country and complete reconciliation, whose base is as broad as our national domain and from whose summit angels of love and peace soar heavenward with each rising sun.

Many monuments have been erected upon battlefields of this republic, but it has remained for Kentucky to be the first of all the States, with tender and motherly devotion, to erect a blended monument to all her sons, a monument that carries with it and upon it complete reconciliation of all contending passions.

This shaft is dedicated, not alone to those who died on this and surrounding fields, but to the gallant survivors who, when the frowning clouds of war were dispelled by the bright sunshine of peace, returned to their homes to repair broken fortunes and are to-day numbered among the best and most distinguished citizens of the Commonwealth.

Kentucky has evinced no partiality in this evidence of loving remembrance. It carries with it no heart-burning, no jealousy, no invidious distinction. It is not an emblem of honor to the victor and reproach to the vanquished, but an equal tribute to the worth of all. In future, the descendants of chivalrous Confederates may proudly gaze upon it, realizing that the State has honored their ancestors and that, although their cause was lost, their heroism is revered and their memories perpetuated. And the sons of the brave men who fought on the other side may look upon it with equal pride, feeling that it fitly commemorates the gallant deeds of their illustrious ancestors, who preserved the nation from destruction. May it endure forever, standing guard over victor and vanquished, with the statue that surmounts it, in one hand holding the torch of liberty shedding abroad its benign rays, in the other grasping the sword, emblematic of the strength of one people, ready and anxious at all times to uphold the integrity of one country, and to drive, wounded and bleeding, from its shores any insolent foe that shall ever dare invade them.

The heroism of Buckner, Breckinridge, Helm, Preston and Lewis is the inheritance of every man who wore the blue; the gallantry of Rousseau, Crittenden, Whittaker, Croxton and Price, the inheritance of every man who wore the gray. They were all Americans, each, from his standpoint, contending for what he believed to be right; and now that we are one people in mind and heart, their common glory is our common heritage.

The conflict of 1861 was inevitable. For years preceding that period we had two civilizations; one founded on the justice of slavery and the sovereignty of each State, espoused by a brave and impetuous people; the other founded on the declaration that all men were created equal, and the sovereignty of the nation espoused by a conservative and chivalrous people. For years antagonisms and bitterness increased between the sections until the dispute, by force of circumstances, was submitted to the arbitrament of the sword.

The struggle was inaugurated by the South, not so much to dissolve the Union—though that was its natural sequence—as to preserve property rights and vindicate the doctrine of State sovereignty. It was met with the purpose of preserving the Union, establishing the supreme power of the nation, even though slavery should die, and later for the direct purpose of making all men free.

The statesmen of that day compare favorably with those of any period of the nation's history. The soldiers were as superb as any who ever darkened the sun with their banners or shook the earth with their martial

tread. Grant and Lee, Johnson and Sherman, Sheridan and Jackson, Longstreet and Thomas, rank with the great captains of ancient or modern times. Battles were fought which, in point of fatality and numbers engaged, surpassed all which preceded or followed them.

And now, after the mists of prejudice have been torn from our eyes, and we are enabled to see the bright stars of truth and reason which shine beyond, all can plainly divine the sentiments which inspired the actors in that bloody drama. That the Union should have been preserved and slavery abolished, all are ready to concede. That the victors won in honorable fight, no one will dispute. But while this is manifest, it is equally true that those who were fortunately defeated were inspired by sincere devotion to principles conscientiously believed to be just; that they fought with valor, equaled alone by those who opposed them, but never surpassed, and their heroic suffering and bravery entitle them to the admiration of all mankind.

There could be no more convincing evidence of the righteous termination of that great struggle than the present grandeur and power of the republic to-day, the richest nation on earth, the workshop and granary of the globe.

No sane man would revive the institution of slavery, for the heroic blood of our negro troops has obliterated every lingering regret of the master and proclaimed, in unmistakable language, that the liberty of 1899 is better than the slavery of 1861.

A famous poem represents an imaginary midnight review of Napoleon's army. The skeleton of a drummer boy arises from the grave and, with bony fingers, beats a long, loud reveille. At the sound the legions of the dead emperor come from their graves from every quarter where they fell. From Paris, from Toulon, from Rivoli, from Lodi, from Hohenlinden, from Wagram, from Austerlitz, from the cloud-capped summits of the Alps, from the shadows of the pyramids, from the snows of Moscow, from Waterloo, they gather in one vast array, with Ney, McDonald, Massena, Duroc, Kleber, Murat, Soult and other marshals in command. Forming, they silently pass in melancholy procession before the emperor, and are dispersed with France as the password and St. Helena as the challenge.

Imagine the resurrection of the two great armies of the Civil War. We see them arising from Gettysburg, from the Wilderness, from Shiloh, from Missionary Ridge, from Stone River, from Chicamauga—yea, from an hundred fields—and passing, with their great commanders, in review before our martyred president. In their faces there is no disappointment, no sorrow, no anguish, but they beam with light and hope and joy. With them there is no St. Helena, no exile, and they are dispersed with Union as the challenge and Reconciliation as the password.

The monument dedicated to-day may, in the rush of years, crumble and fall into dust, but around the summits of Lookout and Missionary Ridge, like gathering mists, shall remain forever the memories of these historic fields, and in every heart shall be a monument of love and strength and patriotism which will perpetuate through all coming time the glories of that great conflict.

Looking into the future, may not the fond hope be indulged that in the end our country may, in all things, be deliberate, just and wise; that our flag may wave in triumph, feared by tyrants, in every land and on every sea; that beneath its folds shall gather the oppressed of every clime,

and the slave, struggling beneath the rod of oppression, feel his chains grow lighter, his heart leap with joy, and hail its colors as a deliverance; that nations which have been bitten by the serpent of rapacity and conquest shall look upon its folds and be healed, as those who, with faith, looked upon the brazen serpent that was lifted up in the wilderness. God grant that ours shall be the victory of enlightenment and liberty, the triumph of right over might, of justice over injustice, of humanity over cruelty and oppression, until empires shall have passed away and the nations of earth become one.

And now, sir, after thanking you for your uniform kindness and courtesy, I deliver into your worthy hands, as president of the Chicamauga Park Commission (with the full assurance that it will be properly cared for), this heartfelt tribute of Kentucky to her valiant sons.

JOHN BRECKINRIDGE.

[John Breckinridge, United States Senator, was born in Augusta County, Virginia, December 2, 1760; died in Lexington, Ky., December 14, 1806. Educated at William and Mary College, Virginia; at the age of nineteen Member of Virginia House of Delegates; studied law and admitted to the bar in 1785, and practiced at Charlottesville; elected to the Third Congress, but did not take his seat; removed to Lexington, Ky., in December, 1793, and opened law office; appointed Attorney-General of Kentucky December 19, 1795; Member of Kentucky Legislature, 1797, and served as Speaker in 1800; framed the famous Kentucky Resolutions of 1798 and they were carried through Legislature by only one dissenting vote on November 10, 1798; served in the United States Senate from December 7, 1801 till December 25, 1805; appointed Attorney-General under Thomas Jefferson, December 25, 1805.]

THE LOUISIANA TREATY.

Speech delivered in the United States Senate, October 29, 1803, in favor of "An act to enable the President of the United States to take possession of the territories ceded by France to the United States by the treaty concluded at Paris on the 30th of April last, and for the temporary government thereof."

Mr. President:

No gentleman has yet ventured to deny that it is incumbent on the United States to secure to the citizens of the Western waters the uninterrupted use of the Mississippi. Under this impression of duty, what has been the conduct of the general Government, and particularly of the gentlemen now in the opposition, for the last eight months? When the right of deposit was violated by a Spanish officer without authority from his government, these gentlemen considered our national honor so deeply implicated and the rights of the Western people so wantonly violated, that no atonement or redress was admissible, except through the medium of the bayonet. Negotiation was scouted at. It was deemed pusillanimous and was said to exhibit a want of fellow feeling for the Western people, and a disregard to their essential rights. Fortunately for their country, the counsel of these gentlemen was rejected and their war measures negatived. The so much scouted process of negotiation was, however, persisted in and, instead of restoring the right of deposit and securing more effectually for the future our right to navigate the Mississippi, the Mississippi itself was acquired and everything which appertained to it. I did suppose that those gentlemen, who at the last session so strongly urged war measures for the attainment of this object, upon an avowal that it was too important to trust to the tardy and less effectual process of negotiation, would have stood foremost in carrying the treaty into effect, and that the peaceful mode by which it was acquired would not lessen with them the importance of the acquisition. But it seems to me, sir, that the opinions of a certain portion of the United States with respect to this ill-fated Mississippi have varied according to the fashions. But I trust these opinions, schemes and projects will forever be silenced and crushed by the vote which we are this evening about to pass.

Unfortunately for the gentlemen, no two of them can agree on the same set of objections; and, what is more unfortunate, I believe there is no two of them concurring in any one objection. In only one thing they seem to agree, and that is vote against the bill. An honorable gentleman from Delaware (Mr. White) considered the price to be enormous. An honorable gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. Tracy), who has just sat down, says he has no objection whatever to the price; it is, he supposes, not too much. An honorable gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Pickering) says that France acquired no title from Spain, and therefore our title is bad. The same gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. Tracy) says he has no objection to the title of France; he thinks it is a good one. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Pickering) contends that the United States can not, under the Constitution, acquire foreign territory. The gentleman from Connecticut is of a different opinion and has no doubt that the United States can acquire and hold foreign territory, but that Congress alone have the power of incorporating that territory into the Union. Of what weight, therefore, ought all their lesser objections be entitled to, when they are at war amongst themselves on the greater one?

As to the enormity of price, I would ask that gentleman would his mode of acquiring it through fifty thousand men has cost nothing? Is he so confident of this as to be able to pronounce positively that the price is enormous? Does he make no calculation on the hazard attending this conflict? Is he sure the God of Battles has enlisted on his side? Were France and Spain, under the auspices of Bonaparte, contemptible adversaries? Good as the cause was and great as my confidence is in the courage of my countrymen, sure I am that I shall never regret, as the gentleman seems to do, that the experiment was not made. I am not in the habit, Mr. President, on this floor, of panegyriizing those who administer the Government of this country. Their good works are their panegyrists, and of these my fellow citizens are as competent to judge as I am; but if my opinion were of any consequence, I should be free to declare that this transaction, from its commencement to its close, not only as to the mode in which it was pursued, but as to the object achieved, is one of the most splendid which the annals of any nation can produce. To acquire an empire of perhaps half the extent of the one we possessed, from the most powerful and warlike nation on earth, without bloodshed, without the oppression of a single individual, without the least embarrassing the ordinary operations of your finances, and all this through the peaceful forms of negotiation, and in despite, too, of the opposition of a considerable portion of the community, is an achievement of which the archives of the predecessors, at least, of those now in office, can not furnish a parallel.

The same gentleman has told us that this acquisition will, from its extent, soon prove destructive to the Confederacy. This is an old and hackneyed doctrine; that a republic ought not to be too extensive. But the gentleman has assumed two facts and then reasoned from them. First, that the extent is too great; and, secondly, that the country will soon be populated. I would ask, sir, What is his standard extent of a republic? How does he come at that standard? Our boundary is already extensive. Would this standard extent be violated by including the island of Orleans and the Floridas? I presume not, as all parties seem to think their acquisition, in part or in whole, essential. Why not, then, acquire territory on the west as well as on the east side of the Mississippi? Is the Goddess of Liberty restrained by the water course? Is she governed by geograph-

ical limits? Is her dominion on the continent confined to the east side of the Mississippi? So far from believing in the doctrine that a republic ought to be confined within narrow limits, I believe, on the contrary, that the more extensive its dominion, the more safe and more durable it will be. In proportion to the number of hands you intrust the precious blessings of free government to, in the same proportion do you multiply the chances for their preservation. I entertain, therefore, no fears for the Confederacy on account of its extent. The American people know too well the art of governing and being governed to become the victims of party factions or domestic tyranny. They not only understand the true theory of a free government, but as well understand a much rarer thing, the true art of practicing it. Had a great nation beyond the Atlantic, so often alluded to by some gentlemen on the floor, understood the practice but half as well as she did the theory, a very different result would have been produced by her revolution. I believe, sir, there are a set of general causes which operate in every Government and either exalt and support it, or involve it in ruin. If any particular cause has destroyed the Government of a country, some general cause has existed and produced the ruin. Whenever that general cause shall exist, it matters little whether the extent of the republic be great or small, for its destruction is equally inevitable. But nothing so remote is more clear to me than this acquisition will tend to strengthen the Confederacy. It is evident, as this country has passed out of the hands of Spain, that, whether it remained with France or should be acquired by England, its population would have been attempted. Such is the policy of all nations but Spain. From whence would that population come? Certainly not from Europe. It would come almost exclusively from the United States. The question, then, would simply be, "Is the Confederacy more in danger from Louisiana, when colonized by the American people under American jurisdiction, than when populated by Americans under the control of some foreign, powerful and rival nation?" Or, in other words, whether it would be safer for the United States to populate this country when and how she pleased, or permit some foreign nation to do it at her expense?

Is it said that there is something mysterious in the very face of the treaty, for no consideration is stated to be given for the territory. The gentleman has certainly not examined these instruments with attention, and I shall merely refer him to the ninth article of the treaty. That article expressly refers to the conventions and declares them to be a part of it. Those conventions, which are to be ratified jointly and at the same time with the treaty, state the consideration.

The gentleman from Connecticut (Mr. Tracy) asks, If the United States have power to acquire and add new States to the Union, can they not also cede States? Can they not, for example, cede Connecticut to France? I answer they can not; but for none of the reasons assigned by him. The Government of the United States can not cede Connecticut, because, first, it would be annihilating part of the sovereignty of the nation which is whole and entire and upon which the Government of the United States is dependent for its existence; and, secondly, because the fourth section of the fourth article of the Constitution forbids it. But how does it follow a consequence that, because the United States can not cede an existing State, they can not acquire a new State? The same gentleman, in reply to the observations which fell from the gentleman from South Carolina as to the admission of States, observes that, although Congress

may admit new States, the president and Senate who are a component part can not. Apply this doctrine to the case before us. How could Congress by any mode of legislation admit this country into the Union until it was acquired? And how can this acquisition be made except through the treaty-making power? Could the gentleman arise in his place and move for leave to bring in a bill for the purchase of Louisiana and its admission into the Union? I take it that no transaction of this or any other kind with a foreign power can take place except through the executive departments and that in the form of a treaty, agreement or convention. When the acquisition is made, Congress can then make such disposition of it as may be expedient.

As to the other question which is founded on a doubt whether the president will take complete possession or not, it really exhibits the most unconstitutional distrust of the executive department which I have ever witnessed. If he can not be trusted, who are to be the judges whether this delivery of possession be complete or not? Does the gentleman from Connecticut intend that the two Houses of Congress shall take upon themselves the management of this business? But greater trusts have been confided to former presidents. Have gentlemen forgotten the law of 1798 or 1799, which enabled the then president not only to raise an army, but go to war, if, in his opinion, exigencies require it? Have they forgotten a more recent event—the resolution proposed by themselves at the last session, authorizing the president to raise an army of 50,000 men and take possession of this country by force? The confidence of gentlemen in the president was then abundant, indeed, but now he can not be trusted to receive peaceable possession of that which, but a few months ago, they were anxious to authorize him to take by conquest from both France and Spain.

Is not the national honor pledged to procure this right? What course do the gentlemen mean to pursue to attain it? Or do they mean to abandon near a million of your Western citizens to ruin and despair? If you really reject this treaty, with what face can you open another negotiation? What president would venture another mission, or what minister could be prevailed on to be made the instrument of another negotiation? You adopt the treaty, direct possession to be taken of the country and refuse to pay it! What palliation can we offer to our Western citizens for a conduct like this? Will they be content with the refined and metaphysical reasonings and constructions upon which gentlemen have bottomed their opposition to-day? Will it be satisfactory to them to be told that the title is good, the price low, the finances competent and the authority, at least to purchase, constitutional; but that the admission of these people to all privileges we ourselves enjoy is not permitted by the Constitution? It will not, sir.

Without disparagement, Mr. President, to any portion of America, I hesitate not to declare that I believe the people of the Western States are as sincerely attached to the Confederacy and to the true principles of the Constitution as any other quarter of the Union. A great portion of them have emigrated from the Atlantic States, and are attached to them by all the ties which so strongly bind societies together. The present generation may therefore possibly be disposed to endure much. But can you hope that these attachments or dispositions to acquiesce in wrong will descend to our sons? Let no such calculations, I pray you, be made either upon us or on those who are to succeed us. They will prove fallacious. There

is a point of endurance beyond which even the advocates for passive obedience and non-resistance can not expect men to pass. That point is at once reached the moment you solemnly declare, by your vote, that a part of your citizens shall not enjoy those natural rights and advantages of which they are justly deprived and which you have not the complete power to restore to them. Then it is that gentlemen may talk of danger to the Union; then it is I shall tremble for my country; and then it is, and not till then, I shall agree with the gentlemen that the Confederacy is in danger.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

[John C. Breckinridge, Vice-President of the United States, was born near Lexington, Ky., January 21, 1821; died near Lexington, May 17, 1875; educated at Center College and studied law at Transylvania University; Major, Kentucky Volunteers in Mexican war; elected to Congress in 1851 and 1853; elected Vice-President of the United States in 1856; United States Senator in 1860; expelled from United States Senate December 4, 1861; Major-General Confederate Army; Secretary of War in President Davis' Cabinet, January, 1865, to close of war.]

REMOVAL OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

A speech delivered in 1858; the occasion was the last gathering of the United States Senate in the old Senate chamber.

On the sixth day of December, 1819, we assembled for the first time in this chamber, which has been the theater of their deliberations for more than thirty-nine years.

And now the strife and uncertainties of the past are finished. We see around us on every side the proofs of stability and improvement. The capitol is worthy of the republic. No public buildings meet the view on every hand. Treasures of science and the arts begin to accumulate. As this flourishing city enlarges, it testifies to the wisdom and forecast that dictated the plan of it. Future generation will not be disturbed with questions concerning the center of population, or of territory, since the steamboat, the railroad and the telegraph have made communication almost instantaneous. The spot is sacred by a thousand memories, which are so many pledges that the city of Washington, founded by him and bearing his revered name, with its beautiful site, bounded by picturesque eminences and the broad Potomac, and lying within view of his home and tomb, shall remain forever the political capital of the United States.

It would be interesting to note the gradual changes which have occurred in the practical working of the Government since the adoption of the Constitution, and it may be appropriate on this occasion to remark one of the most striking of them.

At the origin of the Government, the Senate seemed to be regarded chiefly as an executive council. The President often visited the chamber and conferred personally with this body; most of the business was transacted with closed doors and took comparatively little part in the legislative debates. The rising and vigorous intellects of the country sought the arena of the House of Representatives as the appropriate theater for the display of their powers. Mr. Madison observed, on some occasion, that, being a young man and desiring to increase his reputation, he could not afford to enter the Senate; and it will be remembered that so late as 1812 the great debates which preceded the war and aroused the country to the assertion of its rights took place in the other branch of Congress. To such an extent was the idea of seclusion carried that when this chamber was completed, no seats were prepared for the accommodation of the public, and it was not until many years afterwards that the semi-circular gallery

was erected which admits the people to be witnesses of your proceedings. But now the Senate, besides its peculiar relations to the executive department of the Government, assumes its full share of duty as a co-equal branch of the Legislature; indeed, from the limited number of its members and for other obvious reasons, the most important questions, especially of foreign policy, are apt to pass first under discussion in this body, and to be a member of it is justly regarded as one of the highest honors which can be conferred on an American statesman.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the causes of this change or to say that it is a concession both to the importance and to the individuality of the States and to the free and open character of the Government.

In connection with this easy but thorough transition, it is worthy of remark that it has been effected without a charge from any quarter that the Senate has transcended its constitutional sphere—a tribute at once to the moderation of the Senate and another proof to the thoughtful men of the comprehensive wisdom with which framers of the Constitution secured essential principles without inconveniently embarrassing the action of the Government.

The progress of this popular movement in one aspect of it has been steady and marked. At the origin of the Government, no arrangements in the Senate were made for spectators; in this chamber about one-third of the space is allotted to the public; and in the new apartment the galleries cover two-thirds of its area. In all free countries the admission of the people to witness legislative proceedings is an essential element of public confidence, and it is not to be anticipated that this wholesome principle will ever be abused by the substitution of partial and interested demonstrations for the expression of a matured and enlightened public opinion. Yet it should never be forgotten that not France, but the turbulent spectators within the hall, awed and controlled the French Assembly. With this lesson and its consequences before us, the time will never come when the deliberations of the Senate shall be swayed by the blandishments or the thunders of the galleries.

It is impossible to disconnect from an occasion like this a crowd of reflections on our past history and of speculations on the future. The most meager account of the Senate involves a summary of the progress of our country. From year to year you have seen your representation enlarge; again and again you have proudly welcomed a new sister into the Confederacy; and the occurrences of this day are a material and impressive proof of the growth and prosperity of the United States. Three periods in the history of the Senate in striking contrast, three epochs in the history of the Union.

On the third of March, 1789, when the Government was organized under the Constitution, the Senate was composed of the representatives of eleven States, containing three millions of people.

On the sixth of December, 1819, when the Senate met for the first time in this room, it was composed of the representatives of twenty-one States, containing nine millions of people.

To-day it is composed of the representatives of thirty-two States, containing more than twenty-eight millions of people, prosperous, happy and still devoted to constitutional liberty. Let these great facts speak for themselves to all the world.

The career of the United States can not be measured by that of any other people of whom history gives account, and the mind is almost

appalled at the contemplation of the prodigious force which has marked their progress. Sixty-nine years ago, thirteen States, containing three millions of inhabitants, burdened with debt and exhausted by the long war of independence, established for their common good a free Constitution on principles new to mankind and began their experiment with the good wishes of a few doubtful friends and the derision of the world. Look at the result to-day: Twenty-eight millions of people in every way happier than an equal number in any other part of the globe, the center of population and political power, descending the western slopes of the Alleghany mountains, and the original thirteen States forming but the eastern margin on the map of our vast possessions.

See, besides, Christianity, civilization and the arts given to a continent; the despised colonies grown into a power of the first class, representing and protecting ideas that involve the progress of the human race; a commerce greater than that of any other nation; free interchange between States; every variety of climate, soil and production to make a people power and happy; in a word, behold present greatness and in the future an empire to which the ancient mistress of the world in the height of her glory could not be compared. Such is our country, aye, and more, far more than my mind could conceive or my tongue could utter. Is there an American who regrets the past? Is there one who will deride his country's laws, pervert her Constitution or alienate her people? If there be such a man, let his memory descend to posterity laden with the execrations of all mankind.

So happy is the political and social condition of the United States, and so accustomed are we to secure enjoyment of a freedom elsewhere unknown, that we are apt to undervalue the treasures we possess and to lose in some degree the sense of obligation to our forefathers. But when the strifes of faction shake the Government, and even threaten it, we may pause with advantage long enough to remember that we are reaping the reward of other men's labors. This liberty we inherit; this admirable Constitution, which has survived peace and war, prosperity and adversity; this double scheme of government, State and Federal, so peculiar and so little understood by other powers, yet which protects the earnings of industry and makes the largest freedom compatible with public order—these great results were not achieved without wisdom and toil and blood; the heroic and touching record is before the world. But to all this we were born and, like heirs upon whom has been cast a great inheritance, have only the high duty to preserve, to extend and to adorn it. The grand productions of the era in which the foundations of this Government were laid reveal the deep sense its founders had of their obligations to the whole family of man. Let us never forget that the responsibilities imposed on this generation are by so much greater than those which rested on our Revolutionary ancestors as the population, extent and power of our country surpass the dawning promise of its origin.

It would be a pleasing task to pursue many trains of thought, not wholly foreign to this occasion, but the temptation to enter the wide field must be rigorously curbed; yet I may be pardoned, perhaps, for one or two additional reflections.

The Senate is assembled for the last time in this chamber. Henceforth it will be converted to other uses; yet it must remain forever connected with great events, and sacred to the memories of the departed orators and statesmen who here engaged in high debates and shaped the policy of their

country. Hereafter the American and the stranger as they wander through the capitol will turn with instinctive reverence to view the spot on which so many and great materials have accumulated for history. They will recall the images of the great and good, whose renown is the common property of the Union; and chiefly, perhaps, they will linger around the seats once occupied by the mighty three whose names and fame, associated in life, death has not been able to sever; illustrious men who, in their generation, sometimes divided, sometimes led, and sometimes resisted public opinion, for they were of that higher class of statesmen who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, the senator, inflexible, austere, oppressed, but not overwhelmed by his deep sense of the importance of his public functions, seeking the truth, then fearlessly following it—a man whose unsparing intellect compelled all his notions to harmonize with deductions of his rigorous logic and whose noble countenance habitually wore the expression of one engaged in the performance of high public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was every inch a senator. Conscious of his own vast powers, he reposed with confidence on himself, and, scorning the contrivances of smaller men, he stood among his peers all the greater for the simple dignity of his sensational demeanor. Type of his Northern home, he rises before the imagination, in the grand and granite outline of his form and intellect, like a great New England rock, repelling a New England wave. As a senatorial orator, his great efforts are historically associated with this chamber, whose very air seems to vibrate beneath the strokes of his deep tones and his weighty words.

On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with his impetuous and ardent nature untamed by age and exhibiting in the Senate the same vehement patriotism and passionate eloquence that of yore electrified the House of Representatives and the country. His extraordinary personal endowments, his courage, all his noble qualities, invested him with an individuality and a charm of character which in any age would have made him a favorite of history. He loved his country above all earthly objects. He loved liberty in all countries. Illustrious man! Orator, patriot, philanthropist, whose light, at its meridian, was seen and felt in the remotest parts of the civilized world, and whose declining sun, as it hastened down the west, threw back its level beams in hues of mellowed splendor to illuminate and to cheer the land he loved and served so well.

And now, senators, we leave this memorable chamber, bearing with us unimpaired the Constitution we received from our forefathers. Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledgments to the Divine power who controls the destinies of empires and whose goodness we adore. The structures reared by men yield to the corroding tooth of time. These marble walls must molder into ruin, but the principles of constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger chamber this Constitution, vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations of the representatives of American States still united, prosperous and free.

WILLIAM C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

[William C. P. Breckinridge, Lawyer, Congressman, was born in Baltimore, Md., August 28, 1837; died in Lexington, Ky., November 19, 1904; graduated from Centre College, Danville, Ky., in 1853; Captain and Colonel in the Confederate Army; Member of Congress from the Ashland, Kentucky, District, 1885-95; Member Lexington, Ky., bar from 1857 to 1904.]

WHO WERE THE CONFEDERATE DEAD?

An extract from a speech delivered by Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, at the unvelving ceremonies of the Confederate Monument at Hopkinsville, Ky., May 19, 1887.

My Countrymen:

Who were these men over whom this stately memorial, with its admiring inscriptions and loving praise, has been erected? Here lie one hundred and one dead, of whom this silent but imposing witness testifies that in their graves "is buried all of heroism that can die;" concerning whom it is engraved on granite "that while martyrs for conscience' sake are respected, their valor and devotion will be admired by the good and the brave," whose very dust is averred in enduring stone as "sacred dust," and yet they are "unknown" men. As we study these inscriptions in our endeavor to understand why this monument was erected and this vast crowd has assembled to do honor to these "unknown" dead, we read, "Confederate dead, belonging to the 1st Mississippi Regiment, 3d Mississippi Regiment, 7th Texas, 8th Kentucky, Forrest's Cavalry, Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry, Green's Kentucky Battery," and that this monument is erected at the place of his birth by a surviving comrade "to commemorate the virtue of the Confederate dead."

This, then, is the cause and this the defense of this monument and of this ceremonial; a Confederate whom God has prospered thinks it an honor to his native town to make it the perpetual witness to the honor of the Confederate dead, and this great crowd of freemen, gathered from so many sections, these reverend and distinguished guests, these venerable fathers and this throng of fair women by their presence approve the generous act. And is it so that on the bosom of this beloved Commonwealth, in one of the fairest sections of this imperial republic, fathers and mothers approvingly testify to that new and splendid generation which is pushing us off our seats of power that it is a praiseworthy deed to do honor to the memory of the Confederate dead? Let us not this day disguise this question to our hearts or consciences; we must answer it at the bar of "posterity" and submit to the verdict that the august tribunal of its enlightened public opinion will then render. When this generation has finally passed away, and its deeds are weighed by those who will be our judges, be assured that we will receive some judgment for this scene and its evident meaning.

Those judges will repeat my question, Who were the Confederate dead that to them such honor should be paid?

How joyously can these queries be partly answered—they were soldiers and heroes!

A peaceful and pastoral people, suddenly called to war, found themselves without arms, without ships, without factories where any part of a warlike arm or its ammunition could be made, without an army, without a treasury, and without a Government. They were five millions of free whites with a black slave population of four millions in their midst. Confronted by twenty millions of the most warlike people in the world, bone of their bone, rich in every material, with the trained nucleus of a superb army, with unlimited credit and unparalleled resources, an equipped navy and an old Government; this pastoral people organized an army larger in the aggregate than the whole number of its adult free males, captured in the main its arms and military supplies, improvised a Government, and for four years faced armies which in number, equipment, resources and facilities the world has never seen equaled.

During these four years, in this terrific and unequal strife, these dead had fallen. They had come from the plow and the desk, the plane and the office, the beautiful valley farm and the outstretching plantation, of every age and rank and vocation, and given their lives, all they had, to this unparalleled struggle. Heroes, indeed, were they who fell where Sidney Johnson died, who crowned Jackson with immortality, followed Lee with intelligent faith, made Chicamauga run red with fraternal blood, rode with Morgan, shared in the victories of Forrest, died on the picket post, or went to God from prison bunk or scaffold.

With scant rations and scantier clothing, with inferior numbers, always relatively decreasing, with the circle of ever-increasing foes narrowing upon them, homes lost to many, their lands devastated by the severest rigors of internecine war, with wondrous victories bearing no fruit, with loved ones homeless and dependent on the straitened for daily bread, with a future all dark and uncertain, these men never faltered—they died. And to those distant queries we can proudly answer, These men were heroes.

But is this all the answer we can make at that illustrious bar? Who were these Confederates? They were American citizens of the Southern States of the American republic.

That great Teutonic race which sets limits to the growth of the Roman Empire had worked out a noble development in the British Isles. There is a fixed, though obscure, relation between a people and its institutions and a certain, though often imperceptible, progress in the development of each and they mutually affect each other. Noble races unconsciously develop noble institutions, noble institutions produce noble races, and this upward growth must be difficult, slow, and, alas! has always been bloody, and out of these conflicts emerge a better people and wider institutions.

And for seven centuries this race from which we sprang had grown from soil the richest under the stars with the blood of martyrs and heroes. The luminous track of British history shines resplendent with the reddest blood and the most precious mile-stones which indicate the progress of our ancestors are the scaffolds where the martyrs died or the poles on which the severed heads of the traitors were lifted up.

And so, from age to age, every age having its own "Lost Cause" and meeting apparently its fatal repulse, the ceaseless struggle went on with constant success. The conquering Norman gradually became Englishmen,

the Parliament became free, even though the dead Cromwell hang in chains and "Charles came to his own." The colonist brought here with him certain rights, but much more he was a Briton freeman. He was as much the product of these ages and these struggles as the institutions of which he was inheritor. And so here the development continued. These colonies were British, not French nor Spaniard, and this one fact, this controlling fact, determined the line of development.

These colonists brought with them inherent, inalienable rights as men; immemorial and constitutional rights as Britons; chartered rights as new colonists under royal grants or charters, and they grew with their new life into larger desires; the colonies became States, the colonists American citizens. Thus came into being American institutions. Thus, free and law-loving, these colonists were separated into thirteen independent States when the problem of forming their government was by destiny presented to them.

Society organized into government can make law—that is, legislate; declare what the law is, adjudicate; enforce the law, execute. Once all these functions were exercised by one body of magistracy, often by a single person; gradually the magistracies became separate, the law-making department becoming a parliament, the law-declaring an independent judiciary, the law-executing the executive. This was the form in the main in which our Colonial Governments were when we won our independence. And as all powers exercised by either of these departments are delegated powers, delegated in thought by the people constituting that organism we call a "State," and as the officers required to discharge the duties thus imposed by the State are representatives of the sovereign power residing in the body of the people, some mode of defining, prescribing and limiting these powers and of selecting these public servants had to be agreed upon. But, in the main, this had also been the growth of years; legislative bodies chosen by suffrage; executives directly or indirectly so chosen; judges selected by the executives and confirmed by some selected representative body. So the task of adapting a government of the State to the new and freer order was not very difficult, and the mistakes were easily remedied and were not fatal. And in every constitution was inserted the fundamental conception that those powers were granted powers; that this government found its only warrant in the consent of the governed, and the power of alteration was expressly reserved.

These written constitutions were a new contribution by America to political science and to the muniments of freedom. They have been confounded with such acts as the Magna Charta, as royal charters by king or emperor, as the Bill of Rights by Parliament. They are generically and radically different.

The Magna Charta is a solemn claim by English barons of what were English liberties and a solemn acknowledgment by king that the claim was well founded and should be respected. Royal charters and grants were gracious privileges or franchises or gifts from a sovereign of his own will to subjects. Bills of Rights by Parliament were legislative declarations of the existing political rights. But these American constitutions are the solemn act of the sovereign people establishing a form of government, delegating to its officers the prescribed powers, limiting the modes of their exercise, ordering the mode of selection and tenure of office, and placing on itself the agreed limitations. They were without precedent in history and without parallel.

There were certain purposes that our fathers had concerning which there can be no doubt. The first was to preserve the liberty of the citizens; this is the very cause of the formation of all governments by the free. Then to preserve the integrity and independence of the States. To accomplish these purposes, it was necessary that there should be strength, power, wealth; and, to secure these, there must be union, such union as secured to each the power of all and freed each from danger of offense by any American State. So that the problem was, How can these thirteen States of one people be so united as to preserve the liberty of the citizen and the integrity of the State, secure the country from foreign foe and each State from attack from ambitious American States, and guarantee the quickest and most solid growth in power and wealth? The Federal Constitution is the answer our fathers gave to that problem, and an immortal answer they made. It was a compromise and must be construed as a compromise. There were numerous incidental but grave questions. It was an immense territory for which they were legislating.

On an evil day, a cargo of Africans were sold into slavery, then universally recognized as legal and humane, for the individual slavery of the black was held to be a distinct conception from the political freedom of the citizen and the national independence of a country. Other cargoes came. The prolific and docile race increased rapidly in number and more rapidly in value. In a new country labor is most valuable. When new land is to be reduced to tillage, and its value is enormously increased by the mere act of preparing it for home and tillage, disciplined and controlled labor is extremely valuable. For climatic and economical reasons these slaves were generally concentrated within the Southern States by purchase, and that purchase mainly from the citizens of the Northern States. These slaves were black, and there is no people with such race prejudices as this English-speaking race. They hold tenaciously to the belief that man is of one race, but they have held their own blood pure from all intermixture with the colored races. There has been revealed no stronger nor more intense passion than this passion for race purity by this colonizing and dominating people. Neither in Asia, nor Africa, nor America has it consented to either marital intermixture or political partnership with any other than a white race. But while this was true, it was also true that slavery became one of the institutions of these Southern States. Slavery did represent so much money, but it represented very much more. It became interwoven into the social fabric of the State in a way now hard to explain. It undoubtedly influenced the civilization and development of those States. It dignified color so that to be a white man was a tie that every other white man recognized. It made race and color, not condition and wealth, the distinction. It gave habits of domination and caused a form of pastoral life that was peculiar and influential. If the slave had been white, the problem had been easy of solution; had the number been small, there could have been found an easy remedy; had the number actually in America been evenly distributed through all the States, there would have been no danger; however, it had to be managed as it was, and one of the compromises of the Constitution was concerning this institution. When the Constitution went into effect, and the first Congress thereunder organized, the experiment of American liberty was fairly commenced.

With equal strides the North and the South grew. The "South," comprising the fifteen States of Delaware, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky,

Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Texas, had increased absolutely with immense strides, but relatively they had not kept pace with the North and the Northwest; and it had been found that the institution of slavery could be confined within the limits of those States. That institution was protected by the provisions of the Constitution and by the sovereignty of each State, if that sovereignty was recognized and could be maintained. Those States were in the main agricultural; in religion, believing; in life, simple; in manners, cordial.

In these States were born, from these people sprang, under these institutions were fostered, amid such scenes grew up these Confederate dead. They were the descendants of the men who made England a Commonwealth, preserved the freedom of Scotland, ceaselessly protested against the servitude of Ireland; their sires had colonized America, conquered the French at Quebec, driven the Indian inward; their grandfathers sat in the Continental Congress, served with Washington, conquered at King's Mountain; their fathers were with Perry at Erie or with Jackson at New Orleans; their elder brothers fell at Buena Vista, or received the surrender at Mexico.

The Confederate armies were equal to their ancestors; with equal courage, and perhaps greater skill, they faced more tremendous odds and had a sadder fortune. Who can adequately represent in language that host and the four years of its struggles and sacrifices?

In the long and glorious procession of armies which have been used by the subtle forces which raise and move armies in the development of man, none need be ashamed of the companionship of these defeated and surrendered men. We can with proud confidence leave their glory to history and trust their deeds to fame; and as the story of those years is more accurately told, as the cost of their defeat more fully understood, and their achievements better known, all who love heroic virtues and are inspired with lofty purposes will revere the memories of that immortal array.

These one hundred and one unknown dead constituted a part of that illustrious army and bore their full share in its labors and dangers. Obscure, perhaps, and in the simple vocations of peaceful life, they followed where duty led and died where honor ordered and reverently, but proudly, we dedicate this memorial to these heroes who lie here, and to all their comrades wherever they rest waiting for the resurrection morning; and then we lift up our faces with inexpressible pride and claim these men as our comrades and challenge that questioning posterity in its days of peril and disaster to match them.

These dead were not from the same State; this monument reveals that they were from Texas, Mississippi, Tennessee (for Forrest's Cavalry was a Tennessee battalion originally, and Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry had Tennessee companies in it) and Kentucky.

My comrades, we gave the services of our young manhood to that cause in violation of the command of our mother—Kentucky. Our Kentucky, beloved mistress of our hearts, refused to secede from the Union, and yet we turned our steps southward, and drew our arms to follow where Lee or other leaders ordered. Kentucky did not call us by the voice of a sovereign convention, or the order of her Governor, or the act of her Legislature, to enter that service. Nay! for our service her Legislature

expatriated us, declaring by solemn act that we were no more worthy to be her sons; her grand juries indicted us for treason, and warrants of arrest were issued for our apprehension, as if we had been felons. Were Breckinridge and Buckner, and Preston, Hanson and Morgan and Helm, indeed, without excuse in thus entering the Confederate service and tempting the ingenuous youth who had followed them to form battalions, regiments and brigades, on whose tattered banners glory abided, whose charge gave victory, whose presence forbade panic? We loved Kentucky; she was worthy of our love. The physical gifts which make her beautiful among the daughters of the nations were not equal to the heroic actions of her sons and the exquisite graces of her daughters. Fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely was she to our young and bounding love. Historic memories clustered about here, and every valley and mountain side held the graves of heroes, while from every brook and crystal stream ascended melodious anthems to the brave and good whose lives had sanctified their banks. We, too, loved that old Union of the States of which we proudly claimed Kentucky was the heart. At home and abroad our fathers had made it famous. For it Kentuckians had won the mighty Mississippi and secured the outreaching empire westward to the Rocky Mountains; for it Kentuckians fell at the River Raisin, drove Tecumseh to his death at the Thames, and charged at the plain of Chalmette; for it McKee and Clay died at Buena Vista, and their kinsmen from Vera Cruz to Mexico; for it Clay taught America the subtle power of compromise, the potent influence of concession; and for it the love of all who love mankind and the prayers of all who loved God went out in sweet and pious accord.

We did not fight to defend our homes and our hearthstones. Mothers and wives and children were not behind us as we stood facing the foe. We were not ramparts of fire between an advancing enemy and the swelling plains and busy towns of our people. No inspiring crowds, no beating drum and piercing fife, no patriotic sweetheart, no overwhelming pressure of public opinion forced us to recruit. In squads, by twos or fours or alone, in the night time, by by-ways and through the woods, leaving all that was dearest behind, we found our way to where we could be mustered into the Confederate service. As a rule, each man rode his own horse or paid his own way and provided his own arms and outfit.

It is one of the most striking and picturesque of the many attractive studies of the late war, the formation of the Kentucky regiments of the Confederate army. Where the 1st Kentucky in Virginia met and organized, Camp Boone in Tennessee, Camp Charity where Morgan rested, the rendezvous where Marshall and Williams gathered their soldiers, here and there a church or cross-roads where a company organized or the neighbor boys met and rode out together, these will never cease to be "hallowed ground," for here "majestic men whose deeds have dazzled faith" entered on a heroic struggle for true constitutional liberty, for that liberty which no other basis for a Government than the consent of the governed, and is convinced that the conquest of any one State of a Federal Union involves the right to destroy all the States.

We were not fighting a personal fight; we were not moved by the spirit of spite or anger or revenge. It was with unfeigned sadness, with a sorrow too deep for expression, that we entered into the war, and only because we could not keep a good conscience otherwise; and we were,

as we believed, fighting the battle of the North as of the South, the battle of the free of all nations and ages.

The war resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the "South"—its complete conquest. It was fought out to the end, and at that end the "South" was prostrate, and the institution of slavery destroyed; and to the thoughtful it was also certain that liberation would be followed by enfranchisement.

The poverty of the Southern States at the close of the war was appalling; the desolation beyond description. Every form of accumulated capital had been swept away; every corporate institution hopelessly bankrupt; every State deeply in debt, and the amount of private indebtedness beyond all hope of payment.

A beggared people indeed were they. Fences all gone, work stock nearly so, fields in briars, many houses burnt, no money, no credit, no provisions, no implements of industry, not even seed for harvest. The negro free; the white adult a paroled soldier or an aged man, frequently a disabled and wounded man; and in many families only widows, orphan maidens and fatherless children; without political privileges, and with the prospect of a chaotic and harsh period of unstable and doubtful rule; the States without recognized governments, and the relations of the races, of the citizens and of the States to the Federal Government in grave dispute and doubt. It was, indeed, a sad and desolate picture!

But all was not lost; far from it. God, the future and manhood remained, and these contain all the possibilities of success.

There was no alternative left to that people but a stern and resolute struggle for bread, and then for the recovery of political liberty. The war had legislated; it had in a new sense made one the United States; the destiny of the nation was involved, the destiny of every section and all citizens; one country, one flag, one destiny was the fiat of this tribunal, and the future of the South was indissolubly interwoven with that of the Union. In that Union, under that Government, however modified by the events of those years, must these Southern States work out their restoration. Within the limitations imposed by that Government, and by their actual condition, must they make their recovery. Without repining, with no unmanly cringing, no pretense of repentance or remorse, aye, proud of their dead comrades and conscious of their own rectitude and heroism, they turned their faces to the future, put their trust anew in God and went to work. It was a pathetic but glorious spectacle, that conquered and beggared people, amid the ruins of their States and the destruction of their hopes, surrounded by the graves of their beloved slain, and in the depths of poverty, intensely at work for daily bread, and resolutely set on doing the best possible under the circumstances encompassing them.

It was ordained that the experiment of American liberty should be tried under one Union, without slavery and with the enfranchised negro; and with one heart the "South" went to work to perform with absolute fidelity her part of this mighty enterprise. And her people in their desolation never despaired. It was not what they yearned for, but it was worth every labor and all sacrifices. The land was infinitely more precious for the very blood, shed as if in vain. The spots new hallowed were dearer than all the land had been before. The precious landscapes, where new graves sanctified fields with new but now immortal names, were more exquisite to their hearts than any had ever been in days of yore.

There were never better soldiers, never so good armies as the American

armies of that unhappy war, and this all soldiers of either army accord with admiration to the soldiers of the other army. Here, at least, there was cause for universal commendation. As Americans all could be proud of the American soldier. Lee might be a traitor, but he was a great captain and a pure gentleman; Jackson a rebel, but he was also a Christian soldier of superb gifts and stainless life, and his "foot cavalry" was never surpassed in march or charge or retreat, and in their hearts every Northern soldier was proud that his Southern brethren were of such stuff. Indeed, every monument erected to a Federal soldier is also a monument to commemorate the skill, the courage, the heroism of the Confederate, for it is because of triumph over such soldiers that these monuments are erected.

So, too, we have given without scant measure our meed of praise to those who withstood the charge of serried array, or who broke in irresistible might over our trenches; to those who held the heights of Gettysburg against Lee and Longstreet, and drove Pickett backward from his wondrous charge; who held Franklin in spite of Hood and Cleburne; to Thomas who stood so firm at Chicamauga; and Sherman who marched from Dalton to the sea; to the silent and placable Grant, who compelled Donelson, Vicksburg and Richmond to acknowledge his power, and who gave generous terms to Lee, and, with proud honesty, demanded that the terms be respected. Honor alike to his prowess as a soldier and his honor as a conqueror.

And year by year this will grow. Long ago, in this same beautiful month of May, standing by the Confederate graves in that dear cemetery which lies adjacent to my own beloved city, in the presence of those who loved those dead, and were there to honor their memory by strewing the first flowers of spring over their graves, I said:

"In the presence of this sad assemblage, in the presence of the dead, in the sight of God, I feel that it would be sacrilege to utter one word that is not in every sense true. With this solemn thought pressing upon me, I believe that I utter the sentiment of those who hear me when I say that we trust the day may come when such peace will bless our land that all the living will lovingly do honor to all the dead. We are all Americans, we are citizens of a common country in whose destinies are involved the destinies of our children. Around us in this cemetery lie buried the dead of all. On that resurrection morn all will rise, side by side, to meet Him who died for all. Religion, patriotism, the love we bear our children, alike appeal with eloquent earnestness for the return of good feeling and brotherly love."

At the foot of this stately monument of granite, this stone hewn from the mountains of Maine, now planted in the heart of Kentucky in honor of soldiers from States so distant as Texas, we pray God to grant that in that ceaseless contest our children may be as heroic, as enduring, as pure as these unknown dead, ready to live for the right, willing, if need be, to die for the right, as God gives it to them to see the right.

I crave pardon for a single personal allusion. Some of these dead were of "Woodward's Kentucky Cavalry," with which battalion I served in the same brigade from September, 1863, until the end of the war, and which, from October, 1864, until May, 1865, served under my command.

Its commanders, Colonel Woodward and Major Lewis, its officers and men, were therefore well known to me. It can not add to their reputation that I should praise them, but it is to me a sincere gratification to have opportunity to testify to my appreciation of all soldiery qualities by de-

claring my love for and admiration of them. It was, indeed, a superb body of men, with a proud and glorious record. Trusted by Forrest, that Wizard of the Saddle, they were worthy of him and his confidence. I bow my uncovered head in reverent honor to the heroic dead of that beloved command and with gratitude and friendship, undimmed by the lapse of twenty-two years, I hail with proud comradeship its no less heroic living.

On this monument these heroes are called "unknown," and is this so? In the twenty-five years since they were buried here, the evidence of their names has been lost and to-day we know not by what names they were known. In that sense they are unknown; but their names are not lost. On the muster-rolls of their commands their honored names remain; on the hearts of those who loved them and mourned for them their precious names are engraven, on God's roll on high their names are radiant. We can not repeat their names; we can honor their memories; we can reverence their deeds; we can emulate their virtues; we can commemorate their deaths.

On this gentle ascent stand, thou silent witness, and testify to all who come to this sacred place—here in the awful presence of the buried dead, in the tearful sight of the recurring visitations on the sad errand of burial, in the august presence of an everliving God—that to lofty virtues, sanctified by death, and to noble hopes, purified by sorrows and sacrifice, there is an immortality of bliss.

CHARLES J. BRONSTON.

[Charles J. Bronston, Lawyer, Lexington, Ky., was born in Richmond, Ky., July 29, 1848; graduate of Kentucky University, 1869; studied law at the University of Virginia; elected Commonwealth Attorney in 1879 and several times since; Member of the Kentucky Constitutional Convention of 1890; ex-Member of the Kentucky House of Representatives and Senate.]

THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE TO VOTE ON THE QUESTION OF STATE CAPITOL LOCATION.

A speech delivered in the Kentucky Constitutional Convention at Frankfort, Ky., Wednesday, April 8, 1891, in favor of giving the people of the Commonwealth of Kentucky the right to decide where the Capitol shall be located.

Mr. President:

Seven long months have I been with you; seven long months has my time, labor and energy been yours; seven long months I have wearied you with my persistency; seven long months have I stood here and dared, in the face of vituperation and cavi, and even slander, to advocate the rights of the people of Kentucky.

I may have often been wrong, but at the close of these labors I can say that I have never shirked a responsibility, nor have I skulked in the face of duty. I have gone down in the face of a majority, but to arise again on the morrow and try still harder to preserve the rights of the great people of Kentucky. Now, at its close, I am put in the attitude of wishing to drag Kentucky's fair name into the dust of shame. I am put in the attitude of advocating that Kentucky should break her plighted faith. I congratulate the delegates on this floor that whilst, for seven months, many of you, like myself, young and inexperienced, have grappled with our child-hands, as it were, the great constitutional questions, begging for light, begging for aid, some who have been in the lobbies, on the streets and through the public press, hurling at us contempt and scorn, are now lifting their voices in eloquent tones and damning us as traitors to the plighted faith of Kentucky. I say here, if I believed that one laurel was to be plucked from the crown of the fair Commonwealth, I would be the first to strike down the hand that stretched out to do it. But there is a great principle underlying this. It has found lodgment in my young heart, Mr. President, and as I would strike down the man who would reach out his hand to pluck the laurels from the crown of Kentucky, so will I strike down the man who, from personal motives or otherwise, dares to strike at the foundation of my Government, which is this: It belongs to the people, and it must be ruled by the people, and by nobody else, because we come, and, as it were, on bended knees, ask what? Have we asked that you take the capital and place it at Louisville or Lexington? Have we asked you to remove it from Frankfort? God forbid that I should stand upon this floor and seek to draw a contrast between either of these fair cities. We have simply asked you, sent by your people to this convention to formulate the great fundamental principles of government, that

you have the manhood to say that the people may determine this question for themselves; and yet the distinguished delegate from Marion, awakened, as it were, from his Van Winkle sleep, with tears upon his cheeks, stands upon the floor and, pointing his finger, says: "Young men of Kentucky, who have the future before you, who desire political honor and political fame, you must not dare to plant yourselves on the principle that the people of Kentucky have a right to vote on matters concerning their welfare." I say we should, and hence you have the issue squarely before you now. Shall the people vote? Shall they express their will, or will you stifle their voice?

When you go home to your constituency, when one of your hard-handed farmers comes into your office and you catch him by the hand and he asks you the question: "Did you deny me the right to vote? Did you say that I did not have honor enough and courage enough and intelligence enough to determine this question for myself?" what will be your answer? You, the delegate from Daviess, who strutted like a puppet before the footlights on yesterday, reminding me more of Punch and Judy than anything I have ever seen in actual life, when some one behind the scenes touched a spring beneath, Punch would jump to the front and his mouth fly open, and the ventriloquist would speak for him, when you go back to your constituents and stand in the midst of that proud people and they put to you the question, Why did you not let me vote on the question of capital location, will you draw your proud form to its fullest height and, throwing back your head, say: "Your faith was plighted and I could not vote to allow you the opportunity of violating your conscientious obligation?" Whose obligation is it? Is it yours, or is it your people's? Is it a question that addresses itself to you, or does it address itself to the six or eight thousand honest men you represent? What is the question?

The delegate from Hart said yesterday that it was plighted faith. Why, said he, in 1792, when the first convention met to form a Constitution, the capital had been temporarily located at Lexington. They desired to make some arrangement as to the location of the capital, and when the convention assembled they made this provision: That twenty-one members should be selected by lot, and that the delegates from the counties of Fayette and Mercer should alternately strike off delegates until there were five left, and those five had authority to make arrangements for the location of the capital and might receive bids. Then it was further provided, said he, that if, in the future, the Legislature, by a two-thirds vote, expressed the desire to change the seat of government, it should be done. Now, what was done by this committee? When Frankfort was a mere hamlet, when Franklin county had not been formed into a separate part of this government, these gentlemen, five in number, met and received propositions from Holmes and others, and that proposition was, "We will give you so much land, reserving alternate lots." For what? If you will locate the capital. It was done, and how was it done? The delegate from Simpson, who interjected that eloquent speech to-day, overlooked the fact that when that committee first met, it stood three for Lexington and two for Frankfort.

By some mysterious means, I know not what, the delegate from Bourbon was absent when the time came to vote, and, in his absence, the member from Fayette arose and said: "Lest somebody in the future might charge that I had cast a vote to advance my town landed interest and the value thereof, I will vote to locate the capital at Frankfort." Upon a vote cast that way, you say the sovereign people of this Commonwealth bound

their hands so that never, it matters not if Frankfort had ceased to be, it matters not if by some opening of the earth it had sunk out of existence, shall the capital be changed; and yet the same Constitution at the close provided that the great people of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, whenever they saw proper, might call another constitutional convention, and not simply change one provision in the Constitution, but every provision; they could even change the form of government itself. This question of capital removal is not a new question. It has been decided in many courts, the question of removing county seats or capitals, and the uniform rule has been that it is a governmental question which no delegated authority can bind the Government on; that the people have always a right to change. Gentlemen say that this provision was ratified in 1799 and again in 1849. How ratified? Ratified as you are trying to make them ratify it now.

Do you say, if we put this in the convention, that the permanent seat of government shall be in Frankfort? That that is conclusive and that the people have no right to reject it? I dare you, yes, I even dare the delegate from Daviess to say that this Constitution, which we form here, should be made the law of Kentucky without the approval of the people, or the expression of the popular will. You belie your own position; you destroy your own fabric; you contradict yourself because you do submit the question to the people, whether they will keep faith or not by submitting to them the proposition that this shall be the permanent seat of government unless removed by two-thirds of both Houses of the Legislature. Do not the people have to vote on that? And do they not have a chance to vote it down? Can they not reject it? You insist, and that is the only question at issue, that it shall be voted on in connection with the great Constitution which we have adopted. We ask a separation of the two. If you desire to put it as a separate proposition, that two-thirds of the people of Kentucky shall approve it, all right; put it in that way. If you desire to put it in the alternative as to whether it shall be located at Frankfort, until two-thirds of the Legislature votes for its removal, or that the people themselves shall select the place, well and good.

Mr. President, there has never been an issue more completely and thoroughly obscured by sophistry than the one under consideration. It has been said that it will cost the people something. As the delegate from Marion put it, with scorn upon his face, "You propose to compensate Kentucky by paying back to her the money she has expended," and yet, in the next breath, you hear some skilled logician use the argument that it is a simple question of economy; if you move the capital, you will have to build a much finer one at Louisville or Lexington. Is that kind of argument fair? Put it in the most consistent way you choose, and test it simply as a matter of economy, and we say the Commonwealth of Kentucky shall not lose one dollar.

Why and how? This proposition to submit contains the provision that, although the vote may be in favor of removal, before it shall be moved a commission of three shall be appointed by the Governor (the man who does not represent the locality, but the whole State), who shall come to Frankfort and fix the value of the property of the State. If it be five hundred thousand dollars or a million, it must be paid by the city to which you propose to move it before the capital can be removed. Now, where does the additional cost come in? You say the State will be satisfied with this building. If the commissioners should estimate these buildings as worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, as claimed by the com-

mittee, could you not take seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars and build just as good a building in Louisville or Lexington? The provision in this Constitution which authorizes the Legislature to appropriate money to improve the capitol, or erect a new one, was stricken out, and the only way that one dollar can be appropriated for the erection of a new, or the improvement of the old, is by a vote of the people. Now, suppose you leave it at Frankfort, what will you do? Will you improve this building, or do as the committee appointed by Frankfort recommend, tear down these old buildings and let these lot-owners suffer here, and put the buildings up on the hill? It makes no difference to them, just so it stays.

Suppose you accept that phase of their proposition and tear down the buildings and erect others on the hill-top, will it cost less than it will on the site of Transylvania College at Lexington, or in the park at Louisville? You say Louisville will want a finer building. Louisville can not get a finer building unless your people authorize it by their votes, nor can Lexington. So away with this talk about ten or twenty millions and this argument about economy. I understand delegates have been button-holed and dragged around corners, and told that it cost eight or ten millions if the capital was removed. They overlooked entirely the fact that any expenditure must be authorized by a fair and honest vote of the people.

For seven long months have you been entertained at the firesides of the Frankfort people. For seven long months have you looked into their faces and heard their voices, and it was beautifully said by the delegate from Marion that, in your health and prosperity, you have always met a responsive smile from the fair womanhood of Frankfort, and, in your sickness and despair, their kindly hands have been extended to your aid. Can you then settle this question in this presence;? Dare you undertake to do it? Go home to your people and stand in their midst and recall this fact. God grant that I may never forget it, for, while I would not open my mouth in condemnation of the fair city of Frankfort, I remember back yonder, at my home, in the blacksmith shop, on the farm, at the bench of the mechanic, are men whose consciences I am undertaking to judge of to-day. Can you, and will you do it? Do you not strike down the very fundamental principle of government? I do not mean to reflect on any gentleman here, but if I can not trust my people, if the time should come in Kentucky that I shall be heard to lift my voice and say that the people of Kentucky can not guard their own conscience and honor, but that it must be guarded by delegated agents, God grant that then my tongue shall be stilled and no other word shall be permitted to pass my lips.

Why are the people of Frankfort afraid of this question? Could not the delegate from Marion go out amongst the people of Kentucky and use his eloquence? Could not the delegate from Hart and the delegate from Daviess and the delegate from Scott go amongst their own people and, in their presence, recall the facts and ask them to keep the faith, and would it not be better that they should be permitted to go to the polls and record upon that book whether or not they believe that the faith of Kentucky was pledged to Andrew Holmes and others? That is all we ask. I am not here to give reasons why it should be removed from Frankfort to Louisville or Lexington. The delegate from Union yesterday threw off the mask and said that this was not a popular government, but a representative government. I have learned too bitterly to know that the gentleman believes it is not a popular government. I learned to know that

when I and others stood upon this floor and said that the people should be allowed at the polls to select the men who should stand between them and the mammoth corporations of this Commonwealth, that they were driving the wheels of commerce over their very necks, but he and others upon this floor said no, the people are not competent to make the selection for themselves.

Let me, in conclusion, thank you not only for the patient attention you have given me on this occasion—no, from the bottom of my heart, seared by misfortune, touched by the vile tongue of slander, burnt by a life of toil, because, from the time I stepped upon the threshold of manhood to this day, it has been nothing but toil of labor, shadow and darkness, yet to the hundred men who have assembled here, when we go to our homes, and when time has effaced the many pleasant memories—bear testimony to this, that your courtesy to me, the kindly attention you have always given my youthful babblings have lifted the burden and opened to me a new phase of life, and, God helping me, those smiles will encourage me to renewed efforts in the future.

Then, hear me on bended knees these words: I ask you not to strike Frankfort down; not to honor Louisville; not to honor Lexington; but I ask you to crown the work of seven months, to crown that work which has been assailed by the gentlemen of the press who sit at the bench, who, for seven months, by misrepresentation, by villification, aye, and one of them by deliberate, cool and malicious lying, have sought to defeat it, but who, at last, have awakened to an interest in your work, and have asked you to locate the capital in Frankfort, in order that they may, in their issue of to-morrow, say that you have thrown the last lump into the old sinking ship and she is now sunk beyond all hope of recovery. Heed not advice that comes from such quarters. Whenever the voice of the people is stifled, the people have then the right to turn on the man who dares to stifle it and say you are unworthy of the position you hold. It is just like the servant sent out by his master to do his master's bidding who, when he gathers a little courage by reason of the fact that he is from beneath his master's look or his master's hand, turns and says, Although months ago I begged you to delegate me authority and, after seven months of time, I find that I am a bigger man than you, and I find that your faith has been pledged, and I was afraid you did not have intelligence enough to understand it, or courage enough to resist temptation, therefore, I cast my vote for you. Will you do it, gentlemen of the convention? If you do, I shall be the last to murmur at that verdict.

WILBUR F. BROWDER.

[Wilbur F. Browder, Lawyer, Russellville, Ky., was born in Clarksville, Tenn., December 12, 1848.]

HAPPY IS THE NATION WHOSE KINGS ARE PHILOSOPHERS,
AND WHOSE PHILOSOPHERS ARE KINGS.

An address delivered before the Literary Societies of Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., Wednesday evening, June 13, 1883.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When the invitation to deliver the annual address upon this occasion was received, a few weeks ago, it was accepted with an undisguised satisfaction, albeit not without many misgivings, for, to my mind, no task is pleasanter, while at the same time few responsibilities are graver than that involved in the undertaking assigned me by the generous partiality of the students of Bethel College. The young manhood of a country is its richest, its rarest possession, and the proper development and direction of that manhood is the loftiest duty of the State.

In a land like ours, whose great destiny is confided to "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," where absolute equality is the chief cornerstone of civilization, of liberty and of law; where the scientific dogma of the survival of the fittest is the inexorable rule of social and civil and political life; where all power is lodged in the people, who alone are sovereign; in this magnificent brotherhood of men dedicated to the service of humanity by the sisterhood of States, where none are born great, where few have greatness thrust upon them, but where crownless thousands achieve greatness by the stalwart arm of high resolve and without the invocation of prophet, priest or king, it is peculiarly important that the youth, the vanguard of each incoming generation, should early see and be prepared to grapple with the great problems which await their entrance upon the stage of action.

Plato said, more than two thousand years ago, in an age which the colossal vanity of modern times is wont to stigmatize as an era of pagan darkness—

"Happy is the nation whose kings are philosophers,
And whose philosophers are kings."

And no phrase has been coined in the mint of modern thought which so aptly and so eloquently expresses the profound truth, that universal knowledge and universal virtue are the essential conditions of every nation's happiness, prosperity and power; that in the domain of learning, the ruler and the ruled, while differing in degree by reason of irremediable natural disabilities, should never differ in kind by reason of the neglect of the one or the apathy of the other.

It is not my purpose, young gentlemen, to exhaust your patience by exhorting you to expend your energies and talents in the doubtful struggle for literary fame, but it seems to me that, under the circumstances sur-

rounding us to-night, in view of the object of this celebration, public sympathy with which has attracted thither this brilliant array of loveliness and beauty, that a brief discussion of the idea suggested by the illustrious Athenian just quoted will not be inappropriate.

The unprejudiced student of history, the man who has the courage and capacity to divest himself of all preconceptions and to enter into its vast Pantheon inspired by that humility of spirit born only of veneration for truth; who has the intellectual audacity to review the past life of the world for the sole purpose of ascertaining the facts, for the sake of the facts themselves, and without reference to the bearing these facts may have upon some peculiar theory of his own, derived, perchance, by inheritance from his father, or from the idiosyncrasies of his education, or imbibed from some creed-monger or system-builder, will willingly concede that the leading characteristic, the most conspicuous feature of the historical development of the race, is the gradual but sure encroachment of the intellectual upon the emotional man, and that the sum of human happiness and the sum of human power are augmented in exact proportion to the extent of this encroachment, to the growth of this ascendancy. Mark you, I do not decry the spiritual side of man's nature. Far from it. Out of the religious instincts of humanity have sprung some of the lordliest creations of thought, some of the noblest adornments of character. But the principle mentioned is incontestable. The fact stated is the central fact of history, the central sun around which and in the blaze of whose light all other facts revolve, as the lesser planets revolve about the central glory of the solar system. It pervades the annals of time like a river threading its devious way over the plains, gathering volume and vigor as it nears the ocean. It is discernible, in the long record of the race, with as much distinctness, with as much clearness, as the wanderings of the gulf stream are traceable in the geography of the seas, or the path of the comet in the topography of the skies. It is significant of the supremacy of mind over feeling. It signalizes the triumph of intellect over the senses and is prophetic of the coming of that day which shall witness the coronation of Intellect, as the sceptred monarch of universal empire, whose divine majesty, no longer cowering before the Nihilism of bigotry or the Commune of creed, will assert and maintain, in the fear of God, dominion over the aspirations of a world emancipated from the serfdom of superstition, disentangled, disenchanted, disenthralled from the spell and bondage of mere belief, and marching onward and upward, with the mighty stride of a giant, to the achievement of that sublime destiny whose radiant glories no mind can conceive, whose unimagined beauty no fancy can portray.

The acquisition of knowledge has been, from the very foundation of society, the ambition of every exalted mind, but at no period of the world's history was the love of learning so widespread and omnipresent, so potent as factors in the formation of individual and national character, so lavish in the dispensation of its charms and blessings, as that which chronicled the growth and maturity of the Athenian and Roman literatures, "par nobile fratrum" of antiquity.

I have sometimes imagined, in the contemplation of these exhaustless reservoirs of human thought, where, for centuries and centuries, the grateful nations of the earth have slaked their thirst, that the chief reason for awarding the palm of superiority to the Hellenic over the Roman intellect was not so much on account of any radical difference in the structure or subtility of the two as on account of the unsurpassed brilliancy

of the language in which the former robed its creations. It was Cicero, I believe, who said that if the gods of Olympus would condescend to commit their divine conceptions to human speech, they would converse in Greek. Certain it is that the Greek of the Platonic era is the perfection of language, and Grecian literature is immortal scarcely more by reason of the marvelous genius of its founders than by reason of the radiant beauty of the forms through which it has been articulated to modern times; a language superbly equipped for the royal decoration of thought, richly jewelled with gorgeous imagery, unrivalled in technology, burning with passion, melting with pathos, aglow with the scintillations of reason, glittering with the frost-work of fancy, teeming with every variety of invective, blooming with every flower of rhetoric and vocal with melody, chaste and graceful, flexible and flowing, exquisitely fashioned and adapted to the needs of poetry and philosophy, of science and oratory, a fit sarcophagus for the mighty thoughts of dead centuries, a glorious mausoleum, wherein have been embalmed, with more than Egyptian art or Artemesian cunning, the splendid achievements of that vanished age!

We boast of our superior civilization, the chief glory of which is invention, whose two-fold mission seems to be the ceaseless creation of artificial wants and the infinite production of the means of their gratification. But in all the loftier elements of life, in the realm of intellectual being, in all those subtle constituents that go to make up the majesty of manhood, the stateliness of character, the glory of the ancients shines out like a luminous star in the light of the past, whose corruscations are undimmed even by the electric splendors of to-day.

In architecture, in sculpture, in poetry, in painting, in eloquence, in military genius, in statescraft, in all the speculative and in many of the practical sciences, these people were our masters. What oratory of the last nineteen centuries has equaled that marvelous mesmerism of action, that wondrous witchery of words, which burst like a storm upon the sea of upturned faces in the shadow of the Acropolis—

“Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne.”

That voice whose sublime music fell upon the enraptured ear like the intonations of fate; that eye before whose God-like gaze bewildered multitudes quailed as though smitten by a glance of destiny! What poet has scaled the heights of Helicon and torn the crown from Homer’s brow—that mighty monarch of the epic verse, whose reign began eight centuries before the dawn of the Christian era, and, with no heir presumptive or apparent to his throne, has survived the mutations of time, the downfall of States, the wreck of systems, the fierce rivalry of ages, and seems destined to mock for all the coming years the vain power of chance and change and death?

What engineering skill can construct the Egyptian Pyramids, who duplicate the Egyptian Sphynx—those majestic monuments of antique art in whose awe-inspiring presence even the recondite scholarship of to-day is mute, baffled in its vain endeavors to extort from the unresponding stone the story of their birth, the meaning of their existence, wandering hopelessly and helplessly through the mazes of conjecture, guessing whether they were built as astronomical observatories or as memorials of a universal system of weights and measures, or as illustrative of the geometrical and

mathematical systems of ancient Egypt, or as the sepulchre of kings. Of what service were they to the toiling millions whose labor and treasure were exhausted in their erection? What good was accomplished by their construction? I know not, nor do I know why Nature gave the world its cataract of Niagara or its Norwegian solitudes. There they stand, the imperishable relics of a once highly civilized race, bearing the same relation to the power of man, to the mastery of mind, as the Himalaya Mountains bear to the power of Nature, to the mastery of God.

Where is our Phidias, our Praxiteles, beneath the stroke of whose deft chisel the conscious marble sprang to life as if beneath the touch of an enchanter's wand? But why multiply examples? The great truth stares us in the face wherever we may turn; Caesar had no Waterloo, Alexander no Sedan. The statesmanship of Pericles, of Solon, of many of the ancient consuls and emperors, was founded upon popular education as the safeguard of national greatness, as the palladium of national liberty, as the stronghold of national existence. Whence came the civilization of that day? What were its sources? What necromancy reared from out the chaos of that dark age this gilded temple for the delight of the Old World, for the wonder and admiration of the new? The answer comes back in two simple words—Intellectual freedom! The right to think was the right divine. It was the supreme law of the land. This was their *Magna Charta*; this was their Bill of Rights; this was their table of stone. No man was measured by what he believed, but by what he knew. No man was judged by what he thought, but by what he did. No man was condemned for his opinions, but for his conduct. The sanctity of private judgment was inviolate as the chastity of their vestal virgins was sacred, and every man was the sole custodian of his own conscience. There was no inquisition to enforce belief by torture, no Vatican to stifle inquiry by artifice, and, better than all this, there was no proscriptive and censorious public sentiment, that most powerful and cruel of all human tyrants, to sit in solemn judgment upon the opinions and views of the individual. Happy people, whose kings were indeed philosophers, and whose philosophers indeed were kings!

With what shame and humiliation do we turn from the contemplation of this bright picture to cast a hurried glance at the mental and social condition of Europe in the Middle Ages; that period of time embracing one thousand years, beginning with the conquest of France by Clovis, in the year 500, and ending with the invasion of Naples by Charles VIII. in the sixteenth century—that dreamless, starless night, through which humanity groped its way by the dim light of the memory of the past, by the faint gleam of hope for the future, that saddest of all sad ages, when commerce died upon the seas and perished on the shores, when art was banished, when science slept, when eloquence was hushed, when poetry hung her harp upon the willows and wept far bitterer tears than ever soiled the cheek of Babylonian captive, when statesmanship sank into intrigue, when war was organized murder, when diplomacy was deceit, when love was lust—that inglorious, ignominious age of fanaticism, falsehood and crime, that shameless era of ignorance, vice and penury, standing out in bold relief upon the blackened page of universal history as the foul repository of human wretchedness, of human hopelessness, of human despair.

To characterize it fitly would stagger the intellect and sicken the imagination. "Let him take who hath the power, let him keep who can,"

was the only law to which appeal was made. Every man was a monk, a bandit or a beggar. The days of chivalry over which the distempered fancy of contemporaneous romancists has flung a weird fascination are notable chiefly as the possible inspiration of DeQuincey's unique essay on "Murder as one of the fine arts." The domination of ignorance was complete, embracing in its boundless sweep the palace and the hovel, the prince and peasant. Wars were prosecuted, not for the extension of empire, not for the vindication of national rights, not for the redress of national grievances, not for the establishment of civil liberty, not for the dissemination of knowledge, not for the advancement of governmental science, not even for the glory of conquest, but to decide which of two illiterate and brutal despots should despoil the still more illiterate and brutal people, to enforce the nefarious decrees of Roman pontiffs, to execute the bloody mandates of papal bulls, to rescue the empty and dismantled tomb of Joseph from the grasp of the Arabs, to destroy the indestructible right of free thought, to extinguish the inextinguishable right of free speech, to enslave the reason and to annihilate all that is noble and God-like in manhood.

The Greek was purely intellectual; the European purely emotional. The one was a philosopher, the other a priest. The one labored, the other hoped. The one reasoned, the other prayed. Both are dead and vanished from the earth, but their works do live after them. Behold the products of the two! The civilization of reason and the civilization of creed! The one the pride and glory of the Caucasian race, the other a blot and stain upon the Caucasian character. The one rising before the rapt vision "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," like a new-born Venus springing from the ocean's foam; like a new-born Pallas leaping from the brain of the god; a stately marble shaft, of more than Corinthian shapeliness and snow, lifting its graceful form to the kissing clouds; upon whose broad base the baffled billows of the seas shall forever break, upon whose proud summit the sunlight of eternal ages shall forever play.

The other flitting before the affrighted gaze like the gaunt specter of famine, like the dread demon of despair, the typical embodiment of the genius of pestilence, poverty and plague, floating up before the mind's eye like the noxious exhalations of the Dead Sea, dispensing poison, disease and death. A sky without a star, a desert without a fountain, a wild waste without forest, field or flood!

But, finally, the revulsion came, came in obedience to the principle announced in the outset, came with an earthquake shock that startled the recumbent giant of humanity from his long sleep of a thousand years, came in the form of that historical phenomenon of the sixteenth century, called the Reformation, of which Wycklif and Walden, Luther and Melancthon were the apostles, and Shakespeare and Bacon, Locke and Milton were the oracles. The chains of intellectual slavery were relaxed, and the servitude of reason saw upon the distant horizon the dawn of its emancipation day. The magnificent libraries of the monasteries and the Vatican, which for centuries had been mouldering in the dust, artfully locked from the world by the craftiest and cruelest priesthood that ever bartered the promises of heaven for the promises of gold, were flung open to the hungry and thirsting populace. Learning was revived; the broken altars were re-established; the pillaged shrines were re-hallowed; books were printed, circulated, read; schools, colleges and universities were founded; the spreading wings of transfigured commerce whitened the seas; the hum of

awakened industry gladdened the shores; art came back from its long exile and gave its brush to Raphael, its chisel to Cellini and both to Michael Angelo; eloquence returned to grace the forensic triumphs of Somers, and to glorify the parliamentary victories of Hampden; science arose from its hibernal slumber and the bleak winter of its discontent was made glorious summer by the genius of Bacon, and Milton's inspired fancy foretold, in deathless song, the second coming of the crucified muse. People began to think, began to speak, began to live. The genius of labor began its conquest of the genius of creed, and, under the dauntless leadership of reason and of right, instinct with the irresistible principle of human development, whose operations I have attempted to illustrate, its triumphant march has been signalized by a succession of victories whose trophies are the monuments and muniments of the civilization of to-day. In this country these hard-won blessings are secured to us and our posterity by the constitutional guarantees of the separation of church and State, of freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of life, and as far as the machinery of the Government can avail, freedom of thought. The Constitution of the United States and the Constitutions of the thirty-eight States composing the Union are significantly silent upon all questions of casuistry, and the plea I make to-night is that the organic law of the States and the nation may become in this respect the organic law of society, and the people the organic law of the hearth and home, the organic law of man's commerce with man. Archimedes once said that he could make a lever of sufficient power to hurl the physical world from its axis, if he only had a fulcrum to support it; and what he bewailed in mechanics is the great desideratum of modern civilization. Intellect is the lever that moves the world and liberty of thought the fulcrum without which it is as powerless as was the device of the ancient mechanician.

I believe in the principles of justice, I believe in the ministry of mercy, I believe in the gospel of charity, I believe in the nobility of virtue, I believe in temperance, in honesty and in labor, but, beyond all these, above all these, over all these, I believe in the supreme right of the human mind to think and to reason upon all questions in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, under all conditions. I protest in the name of the great principle of human progress to which I have spoken, against all dogmas, doctrines and systems which deny or abridge or in any way curtail this divinely-endowed right, against that spirit of intolerance which has always baptized the first creations of science in the blood of martyrdom, which sent Galileo to the dungeon because he interpreted the heavens according to the will of the Creator and not according to the astronomy of Joshua and the ancient church. Intolerance is the monumental crime of the ages, the gigantic curse of the centuries, the Pontius Pilate of to-day, consenting to the demands of the unreasoning mob for the crucifixion of the God of Enlightenment who has come to redeem the world from ignorance and vice.

The mission of civilization, the mission of education is to rescue the intellect from the grasp of this giant. The spread of learning is the death of bigotry. Then let thought be free. Let it come and go where it listeth. Give it the wings of the morning that it may fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and, returning, bring back the olive branch of universal knowledge, of universal peace, of universal happiness. Let it sweep the glittering dome above us and unravel the mysteries of new forms of life that mingle with the midnight wandering of the stars. Let it descend into the earth

beneath us and read the history of creation in the apocalypse of rock and rill. We have done much, but much remains to be done. We have transformed tradition into history. We have dignified the vagaries of astrology into the science of astronomy. We have advanced the pretensions of alchemy to the science of chemistry. We have subjugated electricity into the service of man by which his thoughts are flashed over the world with the speed of a comet and his habitation is illuminated with a splendor that rivals the glory of the sun. We have encircled the continent with bands of steel over which rush the revolving wheels of commerce distributing the enormous wealth of nations wherever the tramp of the iron horse is heard or the smoke of his nostrils is seen. We have conquered the winds and the waves, the storms and the tides, the land and the sea, but we have not conquered our prejudices!

This, young gentlemen, is one of the problems appealing for solution to the courage and scholarship of the age. It is worthy the ambition of the loftiest mind, worthy the aspiration of the broadest philanthropy. Out of its partial solving has sprung into being the splendid fabric of American civilization, the world-wide celebrity of American citizenship, the stately structure of American government, and its triumphant mastery will perpetuate the ever-expanding glory of the republic, will seal the immortality of the union of the States and make them the refuge and abiding place for all coming time of a mighty people, whose kings shall be philosophers, and whose philosophers shall be kings.

JOHN YOUNG BROWN.

[John Young Brown, Governor of Kentucky, 1891-95; born in Hardin County, Kentucky, June 28, 1835; died in Henderson, Ky., January 11, 1904; graduate of Centre College, 1855; elected to Congress in 1859; again elected in 1868, but was refused seat because of political disabilities; Member of Congress, 1873-77; elected Governor, 1891.]

ANDREW JACKSON.—CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE TARIFF.

A speech delivered in Louisville, on January 8, 1890, at the celebration of the battle of New Orleans, La.

On this day, seventy-five years ago, the battle of New Orleans was fought. It was a most important event in American history, and that victory was achieved by one of the most remarkable men of this or any other age. Years have not dimmed the glory of that day or abated the admiration of men for its hero. It speaks well for the cause of American liberty that the anniversary should yet be observed. It gives hope of its preservation that thousands throughout the land should this day meet to do honor to the character and deeds of Andrew Jackson—that immortal exemplar of American democracy. His name is the synonym of honesty, courage, patriotism. No act of his life was selfish. He never encountered the opposition of men, savage or civilized, in war or peace, before which his heroic soul was awed, or his firm purpose for one instant faltered. He was loyal to his friends, but, above everything, with a supreme, self-sacrificing and uncompromising passion—he loved his country. From the prison pen at Camden to his grave at the Hermitage, “constant as the Northern star,” without condition, question or doubt on his part, his whole heart was ever devoted to his country. He loved justice, hated oppression, was the advocate of equal rights to all and exclusive privileges to none, and in every sentiment and principle of his nature was an ideal Democrat. The bloody imprint of battle was placed upon him, and, before he recovered from wounds received, his mother and two brothers were dead—one of the latter killed on the field and the other there fatally wounded—and then not a drop of his blood flowed in any living creature. Strangely, but wisely, the destinies of men are masked. The demure young Corsican was fated to seize the eagles of France, to uplift them in victory in many battles, to give away the thrones of kings, and then die in exile. Jackson, left in pitiful loneliness, under accumulated misfortunes, a moneyless and friendless orphan, was all unconscious of the splendid possibilities of his nature, but, with high resolve to do his duty, he began his life's work, and, through sickness, poverty, calumny, hate and blood, moved, without a doubt or halt, onward and upward, to the achievement of an imperishable fame and an enduring place in the grateful affection of his countrymen.

From the battle of Hanging Rock to the day of his death, he never turned his back on any danger, but through all of the circling years of trials and sufferings his undaunted step was always forward in the per-

formance of what he believed to be his duty. He was thoroughly imbued with the true cardinal principles of our Government. He believed it was established by and for the people and should be administered for their benefit. His sympathies were always with them, his strength came from them and his supporters idolized him. He favored equality of burdens and benefits. Of privileged classes, partial laws and monopolies of every form, he was the sworn enemy. He had none of the classical training of schools. He was self-educated, and hence self-reliant. He doubted that the world was round, but Jefferson said that the dignity and polish of his manners would have graced any royal court of Europe. His natural endowments were wonderful, and thoroughly grounded as he was in the fundamental principles of our Constitution, he was the very incarnation of the genuine faith of the American Democracy.

“O, good gray head, which all men knew;
O, iron nerve, to true occasion true;
O, fallen at length, that tower of strength,
Which stood four-square to every wind that blew.”

Our Constitutional Government was not fifty years old when he became president. It was an experiment. It was here, for the first time in human history, that a written Constitution, resting upon the right of all men to be free, was established as organic law. It recognized that sovereignty was in the people. It was a union of States, with reserved rights, and national authority was measured by the written Constitution, unaided by prescription and precedent. It was as certain as it was supreme. The legislative, executive and judicial departments were made co-ordinate and co-equal, each with defined powers. The States were independent sovereignties, saving the powers granted to the general Government. There were checks and balances in the system and, although involved, it was so adjusted as to work harmoniously as a whole. It has some wonderful features. The judicial department has power to pass on the constitutionality of laws. Before it was so decided here, there was no such precedent, in ancient or modern judicial history, warranting the assertion of such a principle. It was a startling proposition to the minds of the British statesmen and lawyers that a mere court should assume the prerogative to hold as void a law passed by the Legislature and approved by the chief executive. There is not to-day in Europe a court with power to pass upon the constitutionality of a national statute.

This great power which our court possesses has proven not to be dangerous. Properly exercised, it is an insuperable barrier against the aggressive passions of political assemblies. But it can be invoked, as has been decided, only in a litigated case in determining the rights of parties to that case, and until a case has been presented for judicial determination, it can not be exercised at all. And, in this connection, it has been decided that when no Federal question is involved, the decisions of State courts upon the validity of State statutes are final; also that political questions, or such as, under our Constitution and laws are of legislative discretion, are not within the jurisdiction of courts for review. What was said by Chief Justice John Marshall ought to be, and, almost without one exception, has been, true of our judiciary, that “the judicial department has no will in any case. Judicial power is never exercised to give effect to the will of the judge; always for the purpose of giving effect to the will of the law.”

In Great Britain Parliament is supreme. It can prolong its own existence and even change the descent of the crown. England has no written Constitution, but what is so regarded has been decided as "merely a map of law, consisting partly of statutes and partly of decided cases and accepted usages, in conformity with which the Government is carried on from day to day, but which is being constantly modified by fresh statutes and cases."

From 1801, for more than sixty years, our supreme court had but two chief justices—Marshall and Taney. They were eminently fitted to perform their great tasks by the purity of their character and amplitude of their mental powers. They were patriotic, able and just. Their opinions rendered during that period form the great body of our Constitutional law. In these opinions, as on a map, they drew, in lines of living light, the true limits of the powers granted by the Constitution.

During the stretch of these years, although the times were not always tranquil, and clouds and tempests came and went, yet the Government erected by our fathers remained serene in its majestic strength, a marvel of wisdom and an unspeakable beneficence to mankind. May the monument of constitutional law, builded by these masters, block by block, of granite principles, stand revered until covered with the hoar of ages, a guide to unnumbered generations of men and crowned always with the divine light of liberty.

When a man becomes a judge, it by no means makes him infallible, and this court, in the just judgment of men, has not always kept within the true limits of its authority, but such instances are rare. Even during the late war, with few exceptions, this great body was singularly free from partisanship, and since then, in the interpretation of the amendments to the Constitution and the laws passed by Congress, it has been admirably true to its high duties, conservative in its work and adhering to the ancient expositions of our organic law. Indeed, it has stood as a mighty rock against which the winds and waves of passion have beaten in vain and in its shadow have been found the security and repose of the people. It deserves the admiration and veneration of all good men as one of the chief glories of our "indestructible Union of indestructible States."

The changes have been panoramic and in every direction have been pushed the conquests of a high civilization. And yet, under a Constitution so perfect in its provisions, and in the fullness of such natural strength, we find among our sixty-five millions of people widespread discontent. It is not without an all-sufficient cause. Prosperity is not diffused, it is not general, but limited. The agricultural and working classes are suffering, and the accumulation of wealth is confined to a small proportion of our people. Under the existing system of our laws, millions have accumulated in the national treasury, and this is an encouragement to extravagance. Although crops have been abundant, prices are not remunerative to the farmer, and it is yearly taking more than he can make to pay the expenses of living. Vicious laws which discriminate against him and favor the manufacturing classes have produced this result. Nearly sixty years ago, Andrew Jackson, in a message to Congress, used this language: "Distinction in society will always exist under any just government. Equality of talents, of education or of wealth can not be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyment of the gifts of heaven and the fruits of superior industry, economy and virtue, every man is equally entitled to the protection of the law. But when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages artificial distinctions, to grant titles, gratuities

and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society, the farmers, merchants and laborers, who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their Government. Its evils exist only in its abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection, and, as the heaven does its rain, shower its favors alike upon the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it would be an unqualified blessing."

These are noble and immortal words. Having uttered them, he, like Hercules, then turned and slew a dragon of monopoly. Reflecting the teachings of Jefferson, they expressed the principles of this mighty leader of the Democratic party, and it was for bravely holding a faith like this and proving his faith by his works that he was grappled to the hearts of the people with "hooks of steel." They worshipped him as their friend and champion. And from Jackson to Cleveland our great national party has clung to these doctrines. It has never been the creator or apologist of a monopoly. What is it that has given this political organization its wonderful vitality? What unfailing springs and sources of life have made it indestructible, if not its unwavering adherence to such sentiments of truth and republican liberty as are expressed in the extract I have quoted? It has outlived all of the old parties, and in the last national contest, though losing the presidency, it marshaled a majority of one hundred thousand of the unbought votes of the American people in favor of its candidate. It has suffered many defeats, it has withstood many storms, but neither these, nor war, nor pestilence have abated one jot of its courage, for its cause is the cause of the people, and its battle is for equality of rights and exclusive favors to none. The blacks have been emancipated from servitude, and now the white sons of toil should be liberated from a bondage in which they are despoiled of their hard earnings by the remorseless exactions of their legalized task-masters. Those laws should be changed that sap their strength and rob them of their gains.

Now, let me speak but a few words on the tariff. Every duty on imported merchandise gives to the domestic manufacturer an advantage equal to that duty. The duty is a tax, exacted from the consumer for the benefit of the manufacturer, and to the extent that it is levied beyond the needs of the Government, economically administered, it is spoliation of the means of the citizen. It is practically a tribute extorted from labor for the benefit of protected capital. Protected articles produced in this country are increased in price nearly to the extent of the duty. Grim statistics show that for every dollar of revenue the system realizes to the Government, four dollars are put in the pockets of the protected classes. Four-fifths of our exports are agricultural products for which there is no demand at home, and they must be sold abroad in markets where they come in competition with the products of all other countries. They can not be exchanged for the cheap wares and merchandise found there, because their importation is taxed here. Less than three millions of laborers are engaged in manufacturing, and yet, under the false plea of increasing the wages of workingmen, the remainder of the population is taxed under the vicious system of protection. The percentage of increase of the corporate wealth of the country is startling when compared to the statistics relating to the agricultural classes. The policy of legislation for nearly thirty years has been used unmercifully for private profit, and upon the working classes the exactions are heaviest.

I have recently read the astounding statement that the concentration of wealth in this country is greater than it is in Great Britain; that two hundred and fifty thousand persons to-day practically own the country; and that in thirty years, under the present method of taxation, less than fifty thousand persons will substantially own it. This may be an exaggeration, but the extent of the accumulation of great fortunes during the last quarter of a century has been incredible. The historian records a similar condition of the reign of Marcus Aurelius, when Rome was in the zenith of its glory.

Not only are the people the victims of the multiplied iniquities of the tariff, but they are robbed by syndicates or trusts, which are conspiracies of capitalists formed to increase the prices of very many of the necessities of life. Their greed is not satisfied with the profits yielded by protected industries, but they combine to extort more. The woodman on the hills the plowman in the fields and the artisan in shop and factory, pausing in their labors and pondering, must often ask themselves why it is that their burdens grow heavier year by year and that the expenses of living consume all that they can make, and often more. Their wrongs should be righted, and they will be.

And now, in conclusion, I again salute the memory of Andrew Jackson. If the dead have knowledge of the affairs of the earth, then will the spirit of this great chieftain of the people lean over the battlements of heaven to bless the cause of reform. Successive generations of men come and go, and few leave behind them any memories of their existence. The lives of most of us will be

"Like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert sand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
All trace will vanish from the strand."

But Jackson's name is a pyramid of strength and glory. The recollection of his achievements are solace to age and an inspiration to youth. The example of his patriotism is a precious legacy to his countrymen, and the nerve with which he asserted his convictions a lesson to those who fear to act, although conscious of right.

And I salute also our noble State, which we all love more dearly than Scottish Highlander does his native hills. Grave of heroes, land of brave manhood, beautiful womanhood and abounding hospitality—fairest of all the sisters of the republic—may liberty, peace, happiness and plenty be with you forevermore.

LEWIS WILLIAM BURTON.

[Rt. Rev. Lewis William Burton, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Lexington, Ky., was born in Cleveland, Ohio, November 9, 1852; graduate from Kenyon College and from Philadelphia Divinity School. Degree of D. D. from Kenyon College and from the University of the South. Former Rector All Saints and St. Mark's, Cleveland, Ohio; St. John's, Richmond, Va., and St. Andrew's, Louisville, Ky.]

WHAT THE SUN IS TO THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM AND THROUGH THAT KINGDOM IS TO US.

A sermon delivered in the Cathedral, St. Louis, Mo., May 14, 1905—The Annual Flower Sermon, as provided for in the will of Henry Shaw, Founder of the Missouri Botanical Garden.

"The precious fruits brought forth by the sun."—Deuteronomy 33:14.

"Ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord; walk as children of light (for the fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth) . . . and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."—Ephesians 5:8-11, Revised Version.

The preciousness of the fruits of the sun is set before us in marvelous figures by the Honorable Secretary of Agriculture in his report for 1904. He declares that the total net value of all products of the farm—including, I suppose, stock fed on produce and used in production—is nearly five billions of dollars; and that in two years the farmers of this country have produced as great a wealth as have all the gold mines of the entire world in four hundred years.

Our literature, sacred and secular, is witness to the association in the popular mind between the sun in the heavens and the crops of the earth. Longfellow, in his *Evangeline*, quotes an Acadian legend when he says of the sunshine of St. Eulalie, that

"That was the sunshine which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples."

Such, then, from the financial standpoint, is the preciousness of the fruits of the golden sunshine which the Father of Lights showers daily upon our fair and fertile land.

It should be interesting from a materialistic and utilitarian point of view to know the process by which sunshine is transmuted into gold. But I should not be fulfilling the purpose of the generous founder of this course of annual sermons if I did not so treat my subject as to glorify the Creator and derive from my theme practical spiritual lessons for this congregation.

I propose to state as well as one who is not a botanist can what the sun is to the vegetable kingdom and through that kingdom is to us. My acknowledgments are chiefly due to the head professor of botany in the University of Chicago, Dr. John M. Coulter, for the help in the preparation

of this sermon which I have had from his works on plants and plant structures. I owe it to him to commend these books as interesting and enlightening, and I have studiously sought information upon the subject from as many other sources as possible, both by reading and correspondence.

Observe the general effort on the part of members of the vegetable kingdom to get into the most favorable relations to the sun as the source of light. The botanists find a substantial truth in the poetic sentiment of Tom Moore's Irish melody:

"The sunflower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose."

When susceptible of movement at all and circumstances call for it, a plant will temporarily bend its stem and turn its leaves toward the light. An experiment on the domestic window-sill will verify this statement. If a vine is trained on a trellis, the plant stem will twist, the leaf-stalk will lengthen, the leaf-blade will bend on its stalk—all in the instinctive process of quickly readjusting itself to the best light relation, of throwing up into the sunlight that portion of its foliage which was turned down underneath its own shadow. This assertion of the plant's supreme need began with the bursting of the embryonic leaves upward through the soil into the light. It furnishes the reason why immense seaweeds, having anchored themselves at a depth of hundreds of feet, will send their working bodies up toward the surface of the sea, furnished with air bladders, so as to utilize permanently the necessary light. Trees in a forest will grow tall and slender in the struggle with their competitors to lift their heads up into the sunlight. The Forester of the United States says that no tree can live to old age unless it is altogether unshaded from above. The trunks of trees in the interior of dense forests are barren, because the lower branches have not been able to survive the death and decay that follow upon a total deprivation of light. And the timber of a pasture-grown oak brings a higher price in the navy yards than that of any giant of the forests, because unimpeded sunlight has made its fiber more elastic, stronger and more enduring.

Let us picture to ourselves a plant. The upright stem; the conical shape of the general body of the plant in which the lower leaf stalks are the longest and bend downward, the middle ones are shorter and horizontal, the upper ones very short and directed upward; the arrangement of the leaf-stalks of the plant in vertical rows that alternate with one another around the stem, so as to throw the leaf-stalks out in all directions with the greatest amount of space possible between them; the lobing and division of the leaves so that the light will filter through below, and into the interior of the plant; the expanse of the leaf's surface in contrast with its extreme thinness; the hanging of the leaf so as to receive the rays of the sun at right angles; and, finally, the mosaic-like fitting of the leaves to each other, even filling the interstices with leaves smaller than the usual size—all is with view to the largest amount and most favorable kind of exposure to the light. And what this exposed space amounts to is so astonishing as almost to make us doubt the correctness of the figures. Dr. George Dana Boardman, in his *Lectures on the Creative Week*, asserts of the Washington elm at Cambridge that its average annual production of leaves is to the number of seven hundred millions, and that, in these

special organs for the utilization of light, that tree has an exposure of 200,000 square feet, equivalent to four and one-half acres. The plant and the light having been thus brought into proper relations to each other, they become co-partners in an important and exclusive work.

Caught in the meshes of the finely-veined leaves are tiny granules of the living substance known as protoplasm—that which Huxley called “the physical basis of life.” These granules are colored green by a resin-like pigment called chlorophyll. Protoplasm consists of familiar chemical elements. But no animal can directly combine them into protoplasm. The Creator has entrusted to the green-colored protoplasm of vegetable tissues, when energized by light, the monopoly of that manufacture. The green chlorophyll seems to be the agent by which the protoplasm is made responsive to light. Thus acted upon by both the green chlorophyll and by the light, protoplasm has the unique power of producing more protoplasm. It does it by breaking up the carbonic acid gas which it receives from the air and decomposing the water which it receives through the roots and combining portions of their constituents into starch. To this it adds mineral salts which have come to it from the soil dissolved in the water sucked up through the roots. Digesting the insoluble starch into soluble sugar, the plant sends the latter to those parts of its organism in which protoplasm is being expended in energy, or where growth or reproductiveness are to be obtained by the addition of new cells. Reconverting into starch all that can not be immediately utilized, the plant stores up this surplus in its own purpose for its future use, but in the purpose of the God of Nature for the use of man and other animals. It is to this same storing process carried on in the carboniferous age that we owe our supplies of coal. George Stephenson, perfecter of the locomotive, was accustomed to declare that the coal which drove his engines was the light of the sun bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years, now liberated and made to work for great human purposes.

This process of food manufacture is called photosynthesis exactly because in the combination of starch light is the prime essential. In other words, all life depends on photosynthesis. Scientists state that the substance of the bodies of all animals was originally produced in the chlorophyll-colored protoplasmic cells of plants, under the energizing influence of light. They assert that there is no other process known by which inorganic material can be organized. So absolutely dependent upon light is the process that leaves grown in the dark do not develop chlorophyll, as is indicated by their not becoming green; and that leaves deprived of light lose their chlorophyll, as is manifested in their turning white. Photosynthesis is a process of construction. Where, because of lack of chlorophyll, plants can not utilize the light in constructive processes, they become destroyers of organic material; they ally themselves with the bacteria and fungi which attack and decompose all organic matter within their reach.

Incidentally, by the process just described, the sunlight benefits the world in two other ways. Carbonic acid gas is absorbed into the plant; oxygen is liberated into the atmosphere. Carbonic acid gas is the waste and deleterious product of the consumption of fuel and of respiration by the animal kingdom. Oxygen vitalizes the air for respiration by man and his fellow animals, and, indeed, for the breathing process of the vegetable kingdom itself. And the growth of woody fiber, which is one-half carbon, is evidence that, at least during daylight, more carbonic acid gas

is absorbed by the plant in its feeding than is emitted by the plant in its breathing.

The other incidental benefit to the world from the process of photosynthesis is the transpiration of water. More water is required for the conveyance to the leaves of mineral salts from the soil than can be utilized by the plant in its manufacturing processes. In ridding itself of the surplus, so much water is transpired by the plant as appreciably to affect the climate. Partly on this account, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, forester of the United States Agricultural Department, has said of the forests that, "perhaps, no other natural agent has done so much for the human race." To illustrate this fact, Professor Coulter says that a single average oak tree, within the five months of its summer activity, will have exhaled 28,000 gallons of water. There are some thirteen million tiny mouths, chiefly on the under side, of each mature leaf of an ordinary sunflower. These are open in the daylight. From these stomata a sunflower plant, if as high as a man, will, on a warm day, evaporate into the atmosphere one quart of water.

It is the misfortune of our city trees that photosynthesis can be carried on by artificial light. Of the row before my home, that maple which is immediately opposite the arc-light is dwarfed and of a sickly hue. It has no rest; perhaps we may say, scientifically, no sleep.

The production of vegetation was the work of the second part of the third creative day. It was not till the fourth period that the sun became visible in the heavens. Meanwhile the chemical changes and molecular activity involved in the development of the earth according to the nebular hypothesis was producing an intense cosmical light—probably of electricity—abundantly sufficient to account for and sustain the type of vegetation then prevailing. I believe that the sun came into existence in obedience to the summons, "Let there be light," but the earth was swathed in her own vapors. The conditions can best be comprehended from an illustration in Dr. Godet's *Biblical Studies*:

"Imagine a greenhouse heated to a high degree, its glass walls blackened in such a manner as to intercept the sun's rays and its principal light that of an electric flame." The result is described in terms which prove that sunlight is God's best provision for photosynthesis. The carboniferous flora, which existed at the time referred to, was enormous in size; plants now insignificant were then represented by specimens of their species as large as modern trees; certain grasses, for example, were then sixty or seventy feet high and as thick as a man's body; and vegetation was massed into dense jungles and damp forests. But when the veil fell from before the majestic orb of day, the light that radiated from his glorified countenance began to work marvels in the vegetable kingdom. A few small, dull-colored vessels for ripening seed were the best flowers of the carboniferous age. Only eight hundred species of plants, all told, have left their impress upon the coal beds. But, under the direct influence of the sun, species increased to 100,000 of flowering plants alone. The livid green became a background for brilliant hues. Previously vegetation had been of a low type of organic development; now appeared the fruit-bearing tree. The vegetable kingdom was, under the agency of the sun, being fitted for the advent of animals and of man, their crown and lord.

But in this connection still another advantage which the unveiled sunlight brought to earth must be considered. There had been no climate and no seasons. The uniform heat of the vapor-swaddled earth had pro-

duced a tropical temperature in all parts of the globe. Now, with the clear shining of the sun, the varying angles which the direction of its rays made with the earth, arrayed the vegetable kingdom in climatic zones and measured off its processes by seasons, with all attendant advantages of variety and alternation as these affected the development of man and the conditions of his life.

Emerson, in his *Essay on Nature*, declares that "Light is the first of painters." That we owe to it the total effect of color in Nature is one of the simplest facts of experience, as the sunlight is reflected in enchanting hues from the intermingled shades of green in the woodland, from the grassy lawns where the clouds' shadows intensify the vivid effects of the verdure and from the bunches of blossoms that contrast their brilliance with the grey rocks about which they cluster. The great dramatist of human nature was not blind to the beauties of Mother Nature herself, under whose auspices

"The glorious sun
 plays the alchemist;
 Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
 The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold."

With a bold flight of fancy, the "Professor at the Breakfast Table" sees in the buttercups and dandelions lying in the grass "sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer." And Lowell, mindful of the gorgeous autumns of his New England hills, in his *Indian Summer Reverie*, has given expression to the fine thought that

"The chestnuts, lavish of their long-hid gold,
 To the faint summer, beggared now and old,
 Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath her favoring eye."

But it would seem that there is not merely in the sun's grasp an "unrivalled pencil" of light, painting the outer surfaces of the objects over which his brush may pass. The very pigments that intrinsically stain the lovely petals are of his injection. For, as we have already seen, the carboniferous flora, summoned into being before the revelation of the sun in the celestial firmament, had no flowers of brilliant hue to relieve the monotonous greenness that prevailed through the vegetable kingdom. That, therefore, is true in two senses which Tom Moore sang:

"What would the rose with all her pride be worth,
 Were there no sun to call her brightness forth?"

All this, then, is what the sun is to the vegetable kingdom and through that kingdom is to us.

In view of these considerations, there will be henceforth to me a fuller and richer meaning in the first fiat that ushered in Creation—"Let there be light," and in the record that "God saw the light, that it was good."

Tennyson and a guest were walking in a beautiful garden. The guest said: "What do you really think of Jesus Christ?" After a lengthy pause, the then poet laureate pointed to a lovely flower and said, simply: "What the sun is to that flower, Jesus Christ is to my soul. He is the Sun of my soul."

The study we have made together this morning of the necessity of light to the vegetable kingdom has made us capable of seeing new depths of significance in what St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians, saying: "Ye were once darkness, but are now light in the Lord; walk as children of light (for the fruit of the light is in all goodness and righteousness and truth)

. . . and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

Darkness has its works, but those very works are fruitless in the sense of lacking vital spontaneity and in that of being worse than useless. They are essentially destructive works, as we have seen is the case with the activities of plants that are not subject to the operation of light.

It was in fulfillment of Malachi's prophecy concerning the arising of the Sun of Righteousness that Jesus declared: "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me . . . shall have the light of life." This statement includes the doctrine of St. John that in the Logos was life and the life was the light of men. We have learned about the dependence of the vegetable kingdom upon solar light, not only for growth and fruitfulness, but for existence itself. Nature was so constituted by Him by whom all things were made, namely, by the Son of God. Therefore, when He said that it was necessary to follow Him in order to have the light of life, we are warranted in supposing Him to have meant that He was the light essential to spiritual life, the light to live by in the two-fold sense of vivifying and illuminating grace. To follow Christ is the same thing as to walk as children of the light. It means that the plant, the very instinct of whose being, the law of whose growth and usefulness it is to turn towards, to seek after, to make every preparation to secure and utilize the utmost of the sunlight, is to be our pattern. We have seen how the plant is a child of the light. The likening man to plants and trees is a common Scriptural figure. As trees of the Lord's planting, we are to be children of the light, in that it shall be the very struggle of our existence to stand in life relations of light, and consequent growth and fruitfulness, to Him who is the Sun of our soul. Surely, with His inestimable gift of spiritual life, He has included susceptibility to the light which streams from Him and power to utilize that light. On the one hand, we are to put these appropriate organs into communication with the Light of Life and by them transmute His vitalizing grace into the food of our own spirits. On the other hand, by these same spiritual organs we are to receive into ourselves the fructifying rays that issue from the Life that is the light of men and convert them into virtues that will delight our fellows with the beauty of holiness, and into the fruit of good works that will glorify God and minister to the needs of mankind.

And if in this age, when the Sun of Righteousness is veiled from our eyes, all this is possible, ah! who shall describe the effect upon the children of light when the full glory of Christ shall shine upon them in the splendid dawning of the Day of Resurrection?

The last words of Goethe were an order to the servant to open the shutter to let in more light. "Mehr licht" (more light), that is to be the governing principle of those whom God has vouchsafed to make his pleasant plants, namely, to secure the utmost and best relations to Him who is the Light of Life.

ASHER GRAHAM CARUTH.

[Asher G. Caruth, Lawyer,, Louisville, Ky., was born in Scottsville, Allen County, Kentucky, February 7, 1844. Former Attorney School Board, Commonwealth Attorney, Member of Congress, County Judge, etc.]

GENERAL PARLIAMENTARY LAW.

A speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives, February 12, 1890, the occasion being the debate in Congress on the adoption of "Reed's Rules."

Mr. Speaker:

It is a great thing to be a member of Congress. It is great because the position of a representative is the third highest in the system of government we have. Indeed, it is the most important office filled by the direct vote of the people. To become a representative in Congress is worthy of the ambition and struggle of a lifetime. Many gain it, and many fail to attain it. It is intended that a representative in Congress should be something; otherwise he would have been left out of the Constitution.

The people of the country suppose, when they read in the Constitution about what Congress may do, that a member of a body clothed with such powers as are therein enumerated is indeed a person of consequence; and in their biennial elections they endeavor to place in the office as their agent some one able and willing to represent their views, legislate for their interests and be watchful of their liberties. In order that all sections of the country might be heard, the members of the Lower House are selected directly by the people from the districts of the various States of the Union.

In those various districts how much contention is aroused when great efforts are made to reach the position so that they may stand upon this floor and voice the wishes and demand the rights of their various constituencies. The theory is, however much the practice may depart from it, that the best and the wisest of the citizens of the country should gather at the national capital around the council board. The people, when they took their representative out of his office, or out of his store, or his factory, or off his farm, thought that the Constitution gave him to them that he might be heard in the advancement of their interests as the promoter of their welfare.

He was to be something at Washington, as he had been at home. They had heard vaguely that the dome on the top of the Capitol had extinguished the ambition and destroyed the budding hopes of thousands of aspiring statesmen, but they were not afraid of the result of the trial on their particular member. They would trust him. They had heard him on the stump, and his eloquence had aroused the enthusiasm of the masses, and in the court-house he was a perfect tornado of oratory.

He would hold his own, dome or no dome. Out in their respective districts the people watch their chosen representative with expectant ears and confident hearts. They expect his appearance in the House in a blaze of glory. They expect him to leap to fame at once. Alas! they are

doomed to disappointment. Their representative may be wise, he may be eloquent, he may be by inclination and study thoroughly equipped for legislative work, but he may lack the opportunity to display his talents in any capacity. He may be placed on a committee that never meets, never acts, never reports, or he may be incongruously appointed.

He may be an active man, but never active enough to catch the "Speaker's eye." The member soon finds out that, whilst the dome may be heavy, it is not as ponderous as the Speaker's form, and its extinguishing power not as great as the Speaker's withering gaze. The Constitution says that Congress shall legislate, and intends that the members which constitute the law-making body shall have their voice in its legislation. But practice has done away with this idea and the Speaker becomes the law-maker of the Congress. He ought to be denominated "General Legislator." He has been known at this session of the House as "General Parliamentary Law." Now, if it was the intention of our fathers who framed the Constitution to place such arbitrary power in the hands of one man, why go to the trouble to have a House of Representatives at all? Why not elect a Speaker by a direct vote of the country and get rid of the necessity of paying salaries, mileage and stationery accounts altogether and cover "the contingent fund of the House" into the national Treasury instead of paying it out for extra help, printing and the thousand and one things for which it is annually expended? The country does not know it, but it is a fact that the Speaker, even under the old rules, was a mighty power in the land—could make or leave unmade the reputations of members, and could shape the legislation of the body. His will was the law of proceedings, and the work of the day was mapped out in the privacy of his room, after a consultation with a few so-called leaders, and the rank and file were supposed to blindly follow wherever they led. Recognition was a favor—not a right—and one might stand up until he grew to the floor, and say, "Mr. Speaker" oftener and louder than anybody, but, unless the Speaker so willed, he would be unseen and unheard forever. Now, I have no cause of personal complaint, for there never was a man better treated than I by the wise and impartial Speaker of the last House, but this defect did exist in the laws, and I thought could be and should be altered, and every man have an equal opportunity upon the floor of the House.

At first I thought that General Parliamentary Law might do well in command of the House. I thought I knew the general. I had been introduced to him at divers times, at various places—debating societies, conventions, and the like—by a man named Cushing, who was supposed to know him well. I thought that the principle was that first come first served, and "recognition" a mere matter of promptness and voice. I was mistaken. "General Parliamentary Law" was a tyrant—a god—his will was supreme, and he would not see a Democrat on the floor or hear his "Mr. Speaker" when he so willed it, although he was evidently there and his voice was ringing through the House as loud as the tones of a calliope.

I thought it was some singular defect of vision which enabled the Speaker to see and note a Democrat when he was seated in his chair on the floor of the House with his mouth shut, and be unable to see him when he stood on his feet and was calling attention to himself at the height of his voice. It looked to me like he ought to be treated with

Mulberry Sellers's eye-water. But I feared that he had the disease so bad and was so far gone that he would have to be dosed "externally, internally and eternally." I have seen this General Parliamentary Law, acting in accordance with this usage, recognize a Republican before he came into view above his chair and before the first syllable of "Mr. Speaker" had left his lips.

It puts me in mind of the lieutenant-governor of a Western State who, during the session of the Senate, addressing the doorkeeper, said: "Send out and hunt up Senator Johnson—he is somewhere about the capitol—and tell him that he has been recognized and has the floor." Never in any debating society, never in any convention, never in any deliberative body that I had ever attended has it been said that it was out of order to move an "adjournment" or to "appeal from the decision of the chair." Yet "General Parliamentary Law," when he took charge of this House, proclaimed this to be the rule. The general was omnipotent, but differed from omnipotence in one respect—he was not the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

Such "antics" did General Parliamentary Law cut and so awfully did he behave that I came to the conclusion either that he was drunk or had lost his mind since my friend Cushing first introduced me to him years ago in a Kentucky debating society. He gave me personal offense, too, for he voted against my will and miscalled my name and violated the rules of pronunciation recognized in my family for over a hundred years with as little compunction of conscience as he did the rules of deliberation in this House, which had been established for a century, and would not recognize me when I arose to a question of privilege, although I addressed him in my loudest and clearest tones. The episode reads in the Record: "Mr. Caruth. Mr. Speaker——"

At its conclusion I felt like Bret Harte's man at the society who was hit in the abdomen.

"He smiled a sickly smile and curled upon the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

I became anxious to get rid of him or to have him define himself in some definite way. So I was a hearty friend of the resolution introduced by the gentleman from New York (Mr. Cummings) providing for the publication of 2,000 copies of the rules of general parliamentary law, which were governing the House. He did not press the motion because it was known that the only thing which could be printed was a photograph of the present Speaker, and there was not a good negative of him in Washington. So I became anxious to have this arbitrary, tyrannical general superseded.

I think some of the other side were getting tired of this course of conduct and would not stand it longer. They wanted a change. They wanted "the rules." The rules came. The majority of the Committee on Rules were cogitating, deliberating for weeks how they could best rule the House, and through the House rule the country, and they brought in the code of rules under consideration. Now, I am afraid, they are asking us to "jump out of the frying-pan into the fire."

They are called rules of proceedings, but they should be denominated "Rules to magnify the Speaker, glorify the committees and repress the members of Congress." As a member of Congress who wags the tail

end of the Committee of Expenditures in the Agricultural Department, and wrestles with the furious, impatient and greedy Blair bill confined in the Committee on Education, I want to protest against the adoption of these rules. I do not want to magnify the Speaker; God knows he is big enough now, and great enough, under the old rules; but these rules will add to his weight, and size, and importance, and, when they are adopted, seated on his throne of power, he can well exclaim:

'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'

Neither do I desire to glorify the committees; they have power enough now. When anything reported by them is under consideration, they control the floor on both sides of the question, and your seductive power must be great if you get them to yield the floor to you a few minutes, with strict eye kept on the time-piece, and you must indeed be prominent if you would hear the sweet words, "I yield the balance of my time to my friend, the gentleman from Kentucky," and yet it may only be five minutes, or three minutes, and I have even known it to be as short as half a minute.

No, I said I do not want to magnify the Speaker. I do not want to glorify the committees of the House; but least of all do I desire to repress the individual member of Congress. He is little enough here in Washington. He may have been somebody at home, but he is less than nobody here, unless he has been "indorsed." I pity the new member. He is not recognized by the Speaker in the appointment of committees. He can not be a chairman. He can not get the floor, nor would he be likely to know what to do with it if he did get it.

But the people at home think he is somebody, and they are scanning the newspapers to see what he has done towards immortalizing himself, and expect him to do this before he has found out how to come from his residence to the House of Representatives, or tell a Capitol car from one bound for the Baltimore & Ohio depot, or has fixed in his mind the northwest or the northeast, or the southeast or the southwest portions of this beautiful and mystifying city, and before he has a chance or half a chance, some ambitious individual who wants the seat he has hardly warmed by his presence, pronounces him a "stick" and "a complete failure." Under the old rules he might on Monday rise in his place, under the call of States, and present his bill in the sight of the reporters and in view of the ladies in the gallery. But, alas, even this is denied him under the proposed rules.

He, too, being faithful in his attendance at his committee meetings, might be selected to report some pet measure, and then the people would see it telegraphed over the country that he had made this report, and "the boys" in his district, gathering at the country stores or waiting their turn at mill or barber shop, might talk over the distinction which had been conferred upon him and unite in the opinion that he is "the best representative the district ever had;" but, under these proposed rules, he does not stand up in the face of the House and the country; he claps his hands for a page and has his report shoved in a box.

Do not these rules indeed repress him? And is it not practically treading on a man when he is down? What is a new member to do? How is he to "participate" in the deliberations of the House under such

rules as are proposed? There is nothing left for him to do but to tread his weary way from department to department, write letters, or scatter "seeds" with a lavish hand over his district in the hope that they will come forth and bear a rich harvest of votes at the fall election. But he can "participate," says the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Butterworth), by drawing his twelve or thirteen dollars a day. But, alas! as we know to our sorrow, he can not always do that, for some renegade Republican from the gentleman's State may creep into our confidence, worm his way into office and run off with our pay.

So I am opposed to repressing the individual member. I am opposed to the policy which is tending to make him "small by degrees and beautifully less." I am opposed to these rules which magnify the Speaker, glorify the committees and repress the individual member. I am in favor of laws which give all constituencies, through their representatives, equal advantages on this floor—rules which recognize the rights of this large minority, and which will not inaugurate in the American Congress—

. . . "the good (?) old rule,
. . . the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.

[Cassius Marcellus Clay, Soldier-Diplomat, was born in Madison County, Kentucky, October 19, 1810; died July 22, 1903; studied at Transylvania University; graduated from Yale College in 1832; Captain in Mexican War; Minister to Russia in 1861-62; appointed Major-General United States Army, June, 1862, resigned March 11, 1863; again Minister to Russia 1863-69.]

THE MAN DIED, BUT HIS MEMORY LIVES.

An address delivered before the faculty and students of Yale College, at Boston, Mass., February 22, 1832, the occasion being the celebration of the centennial birthday of George Washington.

Gentlemen of Yale College:

Were a stranger to visit this land, in this time of peace and plenty, this mildness and tranquility of Nature, and hear, at a distance, the loud peals of cannon and the murmurs of assembled multitudes, behold crowds of both sexes and every age, moving in anxiety to the churches and places of public convocation, in amazement he would exclaim, "What means this hurried array! this mighty tumult! What threatened invasion; what great political commotion; what impending convulsion of Nature draws together thirteen millions of human beings?"

Illustrious, departed shade, whom we this day call to memory, this could not be! For from what land shall he come who knows not thy great and virtuous deeds? What language shall he speak who has not heard the name of Washington?

We are assembled to-day, a great and intelligent nation, to offer up our thanks to the Author of our being for the many and signal favors bestowed upon us as a people; to give to departed worth our highest approbation, the voluntary tribute of grateful remembrance; to manifest to mankind and our posterity the regard which we entertain for the blessings of religious and political freedom, which our gallant ancestors have bequeathed us; to make ourselves better men and better citizens. It is enough for one man that thirteen millions of human beings have assembled in his name. Any efforts which I might make to color his fame by indulging in panegyric would be trifling with the feelings of this assembly, for, from the throbbing bosom and brightening eye, I perceive that you have outstripped the slow pace of language and already given way to the grateful emotions of the soul. I shall therefore briefly touch upon a few incidents of his life and proceed to some other considerations which may not be inappropriate to the occasion. It was the good fortune of Washington to unite in one personage the far distant and almost incompatible talents of the politician and soldier. It would not, I presume, be considered disrespectful to say that this circumstance is the only one which made a material distinction between him and some others of his noble compatriots. Other men may have conceived as high designs and entertained as exalted patriotism, but it was for Washington to conceive and to execute, and what he declared with the pen in the cabinet, to conclude with the sword in the field. Other men would have been proud of the honor of pre-

eminence in either department, but Washington drank deep of the glory of each, and was not intoxicated with the draught, for he was subject to temptation on a most signal occasion, yet his virtue and patriotism failed not in the hour of trial.

Success has crowned his efforts against a foreign foe. His followers, stung with the ingratitude of a preserved country, who refused the poor tribute of soldier's wages, were united to him by the strongest ties—the sense of common suffering and injustice. Inflammatory letters were industriously circulated throughout the army by an insidious enemy. The republic, in its very infancy, was about to pass the way of all democracies and on the eve of yielding up her dearly-bought liberties to her chieftain. Then do we see the grey-headed patriot coming forward in deep and sorrowful mood, and hear his faltering voice, entreating them to spare themselves—to spare him—what? An ignominious death? No! to spare him the titles, the honors, the arbitrary power for which others have deemed the risk of life not too dear a sacrifice. Raising the intercepted letters to his face while the gathering tear suffused his sight, he uttered those memorable words, “My eyes have grown dim in the service of my country.” Where, in the long annals of the reputed sayings of departed sages, shall we find the equal of this more than eloquence—this pouring forth of the soul? It was then that tyranny was rebuked, and liberty drew immortal inspiration. For selfishness and power were disrobed of their tinsel ornaments, ambition loosed his deadly gasp and liberty and virtue, in union, winged their heavenly flight!

What, then, remains for this occasion? Washington is gone and his virtues and his exploits are reserved for mention at other times. The effects, my countrymen, the effects! “The man died, but his memory lives.” How many like the great Emmet have died and left only a name to attract our admiration for their virtues, and our regret for their untimely fall, to excite to deeds which they would but could not effect! But what has Washington left behind, save the glory of a name? The independent mind, the conscious pride, the ennobling principle of the soul—a nation of freemen. What did he leave? He left us to ourselves. This is the sum of our liberties, the first principle of government, the power of public opinion—public opinion, the only permanent power on earth. When did a people flourish like Americans? Yet where, in a time of peace, has more use been made with the pen or less with the sword of power? When did a religion flourish like the Christian, since they have done away with intolerance? Since men have come to believe and know that physical force can not affect the immortal part, and that religion is between the conscience and the Creator only. He of 622, who with the sword propagated his doctrines throughout Arabia and the greater part of the barbarian world, against the power of whose tenets the physical force of all Christendom was opposed in vain, under the effective operations of freedom of opinion, is fast passing the way of all error.

Napoleon, the contemporary of our Washington, is fast dying away from the lips of men. He who shook the whole civilized earth, who, in an age of knowledge and concert among nations, held the world at bay, at whose exploits the imagination becomes bewildered, who, on the eve of his glory, was honored with the pathetic appellation of “the last, lone captive of millions in war,” even he is now known only in history. The vast empire was fast crumbling to ruins whilst he yet held the sword. He

passed away and left "no successor" there. The unhallowed light which obscured is gone, but brightly beams yet the name of Washington!

This freedom of opinion which has done so much for the political and religious liberty of America has not been confined to this continent. People of other countries begin to inquire, to examine and to reason for themselves. Error has fled before it and the most inveterate prejudices are dissolved and gone. Such unlimited remedy has, in some cases, indeed apparently proved injurious, but the evil is to be attributed to the peculiarity of the attendant circumstances or the ill-times application. Let us not force our tenets upon foreigners, for, if we subject opinion to coercion, who shall be our inquisitors? No, let us do as we have done, as we are now doing, and then call upon the nations to examine, to scrutinize and to condemn! No! they can not look upon America to-day and pity, for the gladdened heart disclaims all woe. They can not look upon her and deride, for genius and literature and science are soaring above the high places of birth and pageantry. They can not look upon us and defy, for the hearts of thirteen millions are warm in virtuous emulation; their arms steeled in the cause of their country. Her productions are wafted to every shore; her flag is seen waving in every sea. She has wrested the glorious motto from the once queen of the seas and high on our banner, by the stars and stripes, is seen:

"Columbia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep."

But on this day of freeman's rejoicings, and all this mutual congratulation, "this feast of the soul, this pure banquet of the heart," does no painful reflection rush across the unquiet conscience, no blush of insincerity suffuse the countenance, where joy and gratitude should hold undivided sway? When we come this day, as one great family, to lay our poor offering on the altar, to that God who holds the destinies of nations in his hand, are there none afar off, cast down and sorrowful, who dare not approach the common altar, who can not put their hands to their hearts and say: "Oh, Washington, what art thou to us? Are we not also freemen?"

Then what a mockery is here! Foolish man, lay down thy offering, go thy way, become reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy offering.

In the language of Thomas Jefferson: "Can the liberties of a nation be sure when we remove their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God? That they are not to be violated but with His wrath? Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that His justice can not sleep forever; that a revolution of the wheel of fortune, a change of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no tribute which can take sides with us in that event." And shall these things be? 'Tis fit that he should chide who bears the shame. How long, my own, my native land, shall thy exiled sons dare to raise their voice only in a land of strangers in behalf of thy best interests—the cause of reason, religion and humanity?

But ye philanthropists, if ye so term yourselves—whether real or

feigned—I care not—leave to ourselves, give opinion full scope, examine, scrutinize, condemn, but let us alone. Know ye not yet the human heart? It has its afflictions, but it has its jealousies and its revenge, too. But if you attempt to snatch justice from our arms—our destined bride, lovely maid of every perfection—we will plunge the assassin's dagger to her dagger, to be mourned by her followers as well as by her destroyers!

"Leave us to ourselves" should be the motto of our republic, the first principle of national legislation. Not license to lawlessness and crime; not that liberty which is so often shouted forth without meaning—defiance of wholesome laws and their severe and rigid execution. But let us alone—let us exercise reason and public opinion as regards our temporal interests as well as our immortal welfare.

If we come to honor Washington to-day, to sanction his principles, which have been approved in times past, I can not forbear pressing upon the minds of my audience, from various parts of the Union, the necessity to concede something to public opinion in the construction of our Federal league; to be indulgent to one another. If you do not, my countrymen, I very much fear that this, the first centennial celebration of the birth of Washington, will be the last on which a mighty nation will have met.

It is a principle generally admitted among politicians that the most despotic government in peace is the most efficient in war, and the reverse. This principle applied to us admits of much limitations. If we war with foreigners, and all united, I venture to say we are the most powerful nation on earth, comparing our physical resources, for we war not for a change of masters, but for ourselves—for freedom. But if we war with each other, which God forbid, we are the weakest nation in existence, because we are the farthest removed from executive influence; more subject to individual will. Our strength is in public opinion, in unanimity. We revolt on the most favorable circumstances. No ignominious death of traitors awaits us; defeat, at worst, is but an unwilling marriage with a haughty but yet loving lord. States come to the contest, armed, provided, unanimous, fighting ostensibly under the banner of the Constitution, if not in supposable cases, in the real spirit of our Federal league.

I would not speak lightly of the Constitution of America; long may it exist to the honor of its framers and the greater glory of those who support it well, but I should not deem it safe to appeal to the letter of any copy, in defiance of the great original, written in the breast of every American.

In the political arena the glove is already thrown down; the great Northern and Southern champions stand in sullen defiance; bristling crests are seen extending to the extreme verge of the lists; the mystery of intense feeling pervades the hosts; "*non tumultus, non quies; quale magni metus, et magnae irae silentium est.*"

My countrymen, this must not be; the issues are too great to depend upon the fall of one man. 'Tis yours—you, the people of the United States—to look well to it!

The warning voice of Cassandra is abroad! May not a blinded people rest secure in disbelief and derision till the birth-right left us by our Washington is lost, till we shall be aroused by the rushing ruins of a once "glorious Union!"

HENRY CLAY.

[Henry Clay was born in the "Slashes" in Hanover County, Va., April 12, 1777. Having become an orphan at an early age, his educational advantages were very meagre, and what learning he did possess he acquired by reading. Came to Lexington, Ky., in 1797, and began the practice of Law. Married Lucretia Hart in 1799. Elected to the Kentucky Legislature in 1803 and 1807. In 1806 elected United States Senator to serve unexpired terms of one and two years respectively. In 1811 and 1814 elected a member of Congress and was Speaker of the House both sessions; resigned January 19, 1814, to serve as a member of a commission to negotiate peace with Great Britain; the treaty having been signed December 24, 1814, he returned to the United States and was again sent to Congress and became speaker, again in 1817, 1819 and 1823. Was an unsuccessful candidate for President in 1824, 1832 and 1844. Secretary of State in President John Quincy Adams's Cabinet 1825. Elected to United States Senate in 1831. Retired to private life March 31, 1842. Again elected to the United States Senate in December, 1848. Died in Washington, D. C., June 29, 1852.]

DICTATORS IN AMERICAN POLITICS.

Delivered in the United States Senate on the Poindexter Resolution, April 30, 1834—Denouncing Andrew Jackson.

Never, Mr. President, have I known or read of an administration which expires with so much agony, and so little composure and resignation, as that which now, unfortunately, has the control of public affairs in the country. It exhibits a state of mind feverish, fretful and fidgety, bounding recklessly from one desperate expedient to another, without any sober or settled purpose. Ever since the dog days of last summer, it has been making a succession of the most extravagant plunges, of which the extraordinary Cabinet paper, a sort of appeal from dissenting Cabinet to the people, was the first, and the protest a direct appeal from the Senate to the people, is the last and the worst.

A new philosophy has sprung up within a few years past called phrenology. There is, I believe, something in it, but not quite as much as its ardent followers proclaim. According to its doctrines, the leading passion, propensity and characteristics of every man are developed in his physical conformation, chiefly in the structure of his head. Gall and Spurzheim, its founders, or most eminent propagators, being dead, I regret that neither of them can examine the head of our illustrious Chief Magistrate. But if it could be surveyed by Dr. Caldwell, of Transylvania University, I am persuaded that he would find the organ of destructiveness prominently developed. Except an enormous fabric of executive power for himself, the President has built up nothing, constructed nothing, and will leave no enduring monument for his administration. He goes for destruction, universal destruction, and it seems to be his greatest ambition to efface and obliterate every trace of the wisdom of his predecessors. He has displayed this remarkable trait throughout his whole life, whether in private walks or in the public service. He signally and gloriously exhibited that peculiar organ when contending against the enemies

of his country in the battle of New Orleans. For that brilliant exploit no one has ever been more ready than myself to award him all due honor. At the head of our armies was his appropriate position, and most unfortunate for his fame was the day when he entered on the career of administration as the chief executive officer. He lives by excitement, perpetual, agitating excitement, and would die in a state of perfect repose and tranquility. He has never been without some subject of attack, either in individuals, or in masses, or in institutions. I myself have been one of his favorites, and I do not know but that I have recently recommended myself to his special regard. During his administration this has been his constant course. The Indians and Indian policy, internal improvements, the colonial trade, the Supreme Court, Congress, the bank, have successively experienced the attack of his haughty and imperious spirit. And if he tramples the bank in the dust, my word for it, we shall see him quickly in chase of some new subject of his vengeance.

This is the genuine spirit of conquerors and of conquest. It is said by the biographer of Alexander the Great that, after he had completed his Asiatic conquests, he seemed to sigh because there were no more worlds for him to subdue; and, finding himself without further employment for his valor or arms, he turned within himself to search the means to gratify his insatiable thirst for glory. What sort of conquest he achieved of himself the same biographer tragically records.

Already has the President singled out and designated, in the Senate of the United States, the new object of his hostile pursuit; and the protest which I am to consider is his declaration of war. What has provoked it? The Senate, a component part of Congress of the United States, at its last adjournment, left the Treasury of the United States in the safe custody of the persons and places assigned by law to keep it. Upon reassembling, it found the treasure removed; some of its guardians displaced; all remaining, brought under the immediate control of the President's sole will; and the President having free and unobstructed access to the public money. The Senate believes that the purse of the nation, by the Constitution and laws, entrusted to the exclusive legislative care of Congress. It has dared to avow and express the opinion in a resolution adopted on the 28th of March last. That resolution was preceded by a debate of three months' duration, in the progress of which the able and zealous supporters of the executive in the Senate were attentively heard. Every argument which their ample resources, or those of the members of the executive, could supply was listened to with respect and duly weighed. After full deliberation, the Senate expressed its conviction that the executive had violated the Constitution and laws. It cautiously refrained, in the resolution, from all examination into the motives or intention of the executive; it ascribed no bad ones to him; it restricted itself to a simple declaration of its solemn belief that the Constitution and laws had been violated. This is the extent of the offense of the Senate. This is what it has done to excite the executive indignation and to bring upon it the infliction of a denunciatory protest.

The President professes to consider himself as charged by the resolution with "the high crime of violating the laws and Constitution of my country." He declares that "one of the most important branches of the Government, in its official capacity, in a public manner, and by its recorded sentence, but without precedent, competent authority, or just cause, declares

him guilty of a breach of the laws and Constitution." The protest further alleges that such an act as the Constitution describes "constitutes a high crime—one of the highest, indeed, which the President can commit—a crime which justly exposes to an impeachment by the House of Representatives, and, upon due conviction, to removal from office, and to complete and immutable disfranchisement prescribed by the Constitution." It also asserts: "The resolution, then, was an impeachment of the President, and in its passage amounts to a declaration by a majority of the Senate that he is guilty of an impeachable offense." The President is also of the opinion that, to say the resolution does not expressly allege that the assumption of power and authority which it condemns was intentional and corrupt, is no answer to the preceding view of its character and effect. The act thus condemned necessarily implies volition and design in the individual to whom it is imputed, and, being lawful in its character, the legal conclusion is that it was prompted by improper motives and committed with an unlawful intent. . . . "The President of the United States, therefore, has been, by a majority of his constitutional triers, accused and found guilty of an impeachable offense."

But, I would ask, in what tone, temper and spirit does the President come to the Senate? As a great State culprit who has been arraigned at the bar of justice or sentenced as guilty? Does he manifest any of those compunctious visitings of conscience which a guilty violator of the Constitution and laws of the land ought to feel? Does he address himself to a high court with the respect, to say nothing of humility, which a person accused or convicted would naturally feel? No, no. He comes as if the Senate were guilty, as if he were in the judgment seat and the Senate stood accused before him. He arraigns the Senate; puts it upon trial; condemns it; he comes as if he felt himself elevated far above the Senate, and beyond all reach of the law, surrounded by an unapproachable impunity. He who professes to be an innocent and injured man gravely accuses the Senate and modestly asks it to put upon its own record his sentence on condemnation! When before did the arraigned or convicted party demand of the court which was to try, or had condemned him, to enter upon their records a severe denunciation of their own conduct? The President presents himself before the Senate, not in the garb of suffering innocence, but in the imperial and royal costume, as a dictator, to rebuke a refractory Senate; to command it to record his solemn protest; to chastise it for disobedience.

"The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms."

The President thinks "the resolution of the Senate is wholly unauthorized by the Constitution and derogative of its entire spirit." He proclaims that the passage, recording promulgation of the resolution affixes guilt and disgrace to the President "in a manner unauthorized by the Constitution." "But," says the President, "if the Senate has just cause to entertain the belief that the House of Representatives would not impeach him, that can not justify the assumption by the Senate of powers not conferred by the Constitution." The protest continues: "It is only necessary to look at the condition in which the Senate and the President have been placed by this proceeding to perceive its utter incompatibility with

the provisions and the spirit of the Constitution and with the plainest dictates of humanity and justice. A majority of the Senate assume the function which belongs to the House of Representatives and convert themselves into accusers, witnesses, counsel and judges and prejudge the whole case." If the House of Representatives shall consider that there is no cause of impeachment, and prefer none, "then will the violation of privilege as it respects that house, of justice as it regards the President, and of the Constitution as it relates to both, be more conspicuous and impressive." The Senate is charged with the "unconstitutional power of arraigning and censuring the official conduct of the executive." The people, says the protest, will be compelled to adopt the conclusion "either that the Chief Magistrate was unworthy of their respect, or that the Senate was chargeable with calumny and injustice." There can be no doubt which branch of this alternative was intended to apply. The President throughout the protest labors to prove himself worthy of all respect from the people.

That the President did not intend to make the journal of the Senate a medium of conveying his sentiments to the people is manifest. He knows perfectly well how to address them his appeals. And the remarkable fact is established by his private secretary that, simultaneously with the transmission to the Senate of his protest, a duplicate was transmitted to the "Globe," his official paper, for publication, and it was forthwith published accordingly. For what purpose, then, was it sent there? It is painful to avow the belief, but one is compelled to think it was only sent in a spirit of insult and defiance.


The President is not content with vindicating his own rights. He steps forward to maintain the privileges of the House of Representatives also. Why? Was it to make the House his ally and to excite its indignation against the offending Senate? Is not the House perfectly competent to sustain its own privileges against every assault? I should like to see, sir, a resolution introduced into the House alleging a breach of its privileges by a resolution of the Senate, which was intended to maintain unviolated the constitutional rights of both Houses in regard to the public purse, and to be present at its discussion.

Is the President scrupulously careful of the memory of the dead or the feelings of the living in respect to the violations of the Constitutions? If a violation by him implies criminal guilt, a violation by them can not be innocent and guiltless. And how has the President treated the memory of the immortal Father of his Country, that great man who, for purity of purpose and character, wisdom and moderation, unsullied virtue and unsurpassed patriotism, is without competition in past history or among living men and whose equal we scarcely dare hope will ever be again presented as a blessing to mankind? How has he been treated by the President? Has he not again and again pronounced that, by approving the bill chartering the first Bank of the United States, Washington violated the Constitution of his country? That violation, according to the President, included volition and design, was prompted by improper motives and was committed with an unlawful intent. It was the more excusable in Washington because he assisted and presided in the convention which formed the Constitution. If it be unjust to arraign, try unheard and condemn as guilty a living man filling an exalted office, with all the splendor, power and influence which the office possesses, how much more cruel is it

to disturb the sacred and venerable ashes of the illustrious dead, who can raise no voice and make no protests against the imputation of high crime!

What has been the treatment of the President toward that other illustrious man, yet spared to us, but who is lingering upon the verge of eternity? Has he abstained from charging the Father of the Constitution with criminal intent in violating the Constitution? Mr. Madison, like Washington, assisted in the formation of the Constitution, was one of its ablest expounders and advocates and was opposed, on constitutional ground, to the first Bank of the United States. But, yielding to the force of circumstances, and especially to that great principle that the peace and stability of human society require that a controverted question, which has been finally settled by all the departments of Government by long acquiescence and by the people themselves, should not be open to perpetual dispute and disturbance, he approved the bill chartering the present Bank of the United States. Even the name of James Madison, which is but another for purity, patriotism, profound learning and enlightened experience, can not escape the imputations of his present successor.

And, lastly, how often has he charged Congress itself with open violations of the Constitution? Times almost without number. During the present session he has sent in a message, in regard to the land bill, in which he has charged it with an undisguised violation—a violation so palpable that it is not even disguised and must, therefore, necessarily imply a criminal intent. Sir, the advisers of the President, whoever they are, deceive him and themselves. They have vainly supposed that, by an appeal to the people and an exhibition of the wounds of the President, they could enlist the sympathies and the commiseration of the people—that the name of Andrew Jackson would bear down the Senate and all opposition. They have yet to learn, what they will soon learn, that even a good and responsible name may be used frequently, as an indorser, that its credit and the public confidence in its solidity have been seriously impaired. They mistake the infelligence of the people, who are not prepared to see and sanction the President putting forth indiscriminate charges of a violation of the Constitution against whomsoever he pleases, and exhibits unmeasured rage and indignation when his own infallibility is dared to be questioned.



WILLIAM ROGERS CLAY.

[William Rogers Clay, Lawyer, Lexington, Ky., was born in Fayette County, Kentucky, November 9, 1864. Was educated at Kentucky University and at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. City Solicitor, Lexington, Ky., 1904-1908.]

FIFTEEN MINUTES' OUTLOOK.

An after-dinner speech delivered at Rev. E. L. Powell's Banquet at Louisville, Ky., January 19, 1906.

Careful introspection is always necessary to see that our views of to-morrow are not controlled by our sickness or failure, our health or success, for the world may move forward in spite of our indigestion or indigence, and backward in spite of our grape-nuts or greenbacks. And, above all things, we should not overlook the influence of the liver, for that organ, even when in a state of inactivity, has sufficient power to wither the reddest roses of pleasing prospect.

The real outlook always depends upon true retrospection. By the twilight of history we may predict the dawn of to-morrow.

We all love the past. We love it not only for the joys felt, but the agonies endured. Sweet days were those of red-topped boots and sore heels, of bare feet and stone bruises, of long swims and longer switches, of pumpkin pie and poultices. Dear old days were those when men were loved who had never played football, and women were adored in spite of hoop-skirts. We shall never cease to be thrilled by the mere recollection of the old wooden bath tub. And, oh, the ecstasy of even looking back upon the time when cooks cooked for you instead of at you!

If we consider not only the past of our own lives, but the past that lies beyond them, we shall find that it was the custom of each age to lament its own degeneracy and to extol the virtues of the preceding age. We shall also find that it was the habit of every orator to tell the youth of the land not to draw their inspiration from the living, but to imitate the lives of their ancestors. How long this has continued, no one knows, but if Mr. Darwin's theory be correct, I have no doubt it extended back to the time of our ape-like ancestors, who persisted in telling the younger apes to refrain from their new "monkey shines" and stick to the tricks of their fathers.

In many instances, I find that this praise of the past and imitation of ancestral virtues have been due more to a dread of innovation than to a desire for improved conditions. There have been times when the appearance of a new bonnet, or the wearing of "slash apparel," or the possession of "immoderate great breeches," has caused greater consternation and direr forbodings than the sight of the Quaker, Mary Dyer, marching to the scaffold, under an armed guard of two hundred, led on by a minister seventy years old, and, as one historian says, "all the fiercer for every year." And, even in our own day, there are many reputable citizens who can stand anything but a substitution of the new for the

old. They are not the least wrought up over revelations of bribery; they don't get alarmed when the city treasurer forms an entangling alliance with the treasury; they keep cool and collected when they learn that the grafter has been working on the village apple tree; but substitute some other game for golf, and the foundations of civilization will begin to crumble.

And then, too, it has been the almost universal practice of the man, who, in his youth, threw rocks at lamp-posts, "played hookey," tied tin cans to dogs' tails, destroyed birds' nests, robbed orchards and stole water-melons, to look with utter horror upon the pranks of boys who have the temerity to play tick-tack upon his window, and to exclaim with all the agony of glorified innocence: "Boys are so bad now, I don't know what the world's coming to."

If, therefore, we consider only the testimony of each age as to its own degeneracy, we can not escape the conclusion that the world would have long since reached a condition of such indescribable wickedness that the possession of a single virtue would call for an apology, and every life insurance director would be looked upon as the incarnation of perfection.

But we must not rely upon mere opinions, but study actual conditions, or must we grow impatient with the slowness with which the world moves. The best remedy for our impatience is a study of the patience of God as revealed in the history of the human race. Eternal with Him was the sublime idea of preparing this world as a dwelling place for man. He could look through the ages to the coming of man. He could watch his progress from year to year. He could see his hopes and aspirations, his misery and despair. He could picture the arrival of His Son; He could see Him as the babe in the manger; He could watch Him grow into manhood; He could see His rejections by the world; He could hear His groans upon the cross; He could see the rise of Christianity; He could watch its slow but triumphant march; He could see the present with all its changes; He could look on through eternity and see the consummation of his divine purpose. And yet, never once did He hurry. The human mind grows weary and bewildered as it contemplates His wonderful patience. Away back in the infinite past the grand work was begun. For ages He watched the earth when it was "without form and void;" for ages He watched the endless series of cosmical change; for ages He watched the building of islands, the formation of fertile plains, and the upheaval and wearing away of majestic mountains; for ages He watched the unfolding of organic life and the terrible struggle for existence; for ages He watched the variations in the animal world, and awaited the mysterious coming of man. Finally the sublime work was completed. Man's home was ready for occupation. Man came with certain imperfect guides to work out his own destiny. For centuries God bore with him in his weaknesses, and then sent him a perfect guide. Nineteen hundred years have since rolled by, and yet time has just begun. And he who has read this record and has learned from it the infinite patience of God has learned the philosophy of life. He will not expect man to be perfected in a lifetime when God has willed that it shall take an eternity.

In this spirit we should approach the question of man's progress. And the question is not how weak and imperfect he is now, but whether he is any better than he was in the ages gone by, and whether the indications are that he will continue to grow better. To determine this question, man must divest himself of his own experiences and prejudices and study

the history of the whole human race in all its changes and development. He must approach the question with an appreciation of his natural tendency to imagine that the absent is better than the present, and he must take into consideration the fact that the weaknesses of to-day stand out before his eyes, while many of the imperfections of the past lie buried forever in its silence. Then the answer is perfectly plain.

In the intercourse of nations with each other, kindness and friendliness have displaced much of the enmity and bitterness of the past. And even those nations which fostered cannibalism and all forms of brutality and depravity, and to enter whose shores meant death to the white race, have thrown wide their gates to welcome the messengers of peace and civilization.

Politically our progress has been remarkable. Tribal chiefs, robber barons, brutal kings with absolute power, are being replaced by republics whose blessings we can scarcely appreciate. Oppression and persecution are becoming things of the past. Slavery is fast disappearing from the face of the earth, and dungeons and chains are retreating in shame from the sweet presence of liberty. Fraud and corruption are less arrogant. A hundred and fifty years ago, the pay office of the treasury of England was simply a mart for the buying of votes. Nor was the buying restricted to bums and ward-heelers, but lords and members of Commons were stirred into active support or hushed into silence by the money of the crown, and few were brave enough to condemn it. And even in our own country many of those men around whose names cluster our admiration and love, and whose lives have come down to us to be forever enshrined in our hearts as the embodiment of purity and patriotism, were guilty of acts which were scarcely censured then, but, if committed now, would be received with universal condemnation and abhorrence.

Morally and religiously our progress has been equally remarkable. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are not considered models of virtue in this day. The church of the present is far purer than the church of the apostles or of any subsequent age. Its individual members are more virtuous and more Christ-like. The General Court of Massachusetts no longer thinks it convenient, as it did in 1644, that the auditor should send twelve gallons of sack and six gallons of white wine, "as a small testimony of the court's respect," to the reverend elders at Cambridge. And no longer is it voted on occasions of a public funeral, as was done in 1685, that "some person be appointed to look after the burning of the wine and the heating of the cider," an office that was eagerly sought after at the time, because there were thirty-two gallons of wine and more of cider, to say nothing of one hundred and four pounds of that "insnaring accessory," sugar, and the graft in the form of tasting privileges was something immense. But even that was not sufficient to cause a Puritan elder to look with compassion upon his erring sister who had the audacity to commit the horrible and atrocious crime of "laying out" her hair. I have no doubt, however, if she had "laid out" a Quaker instead of her hair, the old elder's face would have been wreathed in smiles. To judge justly the men of the past, we must judge them by the sentiment of the time in which they lived. Judged by our present standard, heroes become tyrants and Christians heathen. The day of martyrs has passed away. Witches are no longer burned at the stake. The prejudices between the sects are diminishing. As late as 1705, the bitterness between Quaker and Puritan was so great that neither the Quaker nor the Congregationalist church would sanction

the marriage of a Quaker boy and a Puritan girl. Whereupon the boy wrote as follows to his sweetheart: "Ruth, let us break from this unreasonable bondage. I will give up my religion, and thou shalt give up thine. We will marry and go into the Church of England, and go to the devil together." Men and women are still giving up systems of theology, not, however, for the same motives that actuated the young Quaker, nor with the expectation of the same fate that he believed was in store for him and his sweetheart, but because they are seeking for the essence of religion and not its forms, because they prefer right living to dogma, because they value only that faith which is crystallized into noble service and because they have at last awakened to a true appreciation of the God-like principle of brotherly love.

Having devoted all my time to a survey of the past and present, I will now close with a brief reference to my real subject. What, then, is the outlook?

As I "dip into the future," I see the Army of Civilization marching on, led by Intelligence. In its ranks I see Envy and Malice, Cruelty and Oppression, Avarice and Selfishness, Corruption and Fraud, commanded by Hate. I see Kindness and Good-will, Gentleness and Mercy, Charity and Self-denial, Purity and Truth, commanded by Love. Everywhere is insubordination, insurrection, mutiny, revolt. I see Avarice, with dagger drawn, striking at the heart of Charity. I see the foul hands of Corruption around the white throat of Purity. I see Malice grappling with Good-will, and Falsehood battling with Truth. I hear Hate cheering for Avarice. I see Right and Patriotism rushing to the rescue of Purity and Truth. I see Timidity and Fear and Indifference making way for the contestants. For ages the contest goes on; sometimes the victory with one, sometimes with the other. Then I see Love gathering her cohorts for the mighty struggle. I see Malice and Falsehood, Avarice and Corruption yielding to superior strength. Slowly but surely they are crushed to the earth. I see them shudder as the hand of Death beckons them to follow. I see Love radiant and triumphant. I hear the huzzas of untold millions. I behold Intelligence, with bowed head and bared brow, kneeling at the feet of Love, and I hear a voice saying: "To thee we owe the victory."

ANDREW M. J. COCHRAN.

[Andrew McConnell J. Cochran, Maysville, Ky., Judge United States Court, Eastern District of Kentucky, was born in Maysville, Ky., February 4, 1854.]

NOT TO THINK OF HIMSELF MORE HIGHLY THAN HE OUGHT TO THINK: APOSTLE PAUL.

An address delivered by Judge Andrew M. J. Cochran, at a banquet given in his honor by the lawyers of Covington and Newport, Ky., at the Grand Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio, on the night of October 26, 1901.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

At the outset of what I have to say, I desire to return thanks. Those who have spoken here to-night have said many kind things about me. I want to thank them for this. I desire further to thank those to whom we are indebted for conceiving and providing this splendid entertainment and those, also, who have graced it with their presence and enlivened it with their brilliant remarks. But, above all, I must avail myself of this opportunity, the first I have had, of thanking in mass those who, by what they said and what they did in my behalf, were so instrumental in enabling me to secure the high position which I now hold.

On the 29th of June last, for the first and only time in my life, I met President McKinley at the White House in Washington, where I had called to pay my respects and express my deep sense of obligation to him for his consideration. I hope I violate no confidence in quoting him as saying on that occasion that the political influences in Kentucky were largely against me, but I was fortunate in that I happened to have the President on my side. That attitude on his part toward me and my consequent success were largely due to the representations which had been made to him concerning me by the members of the bar and bench in Kentucky, in this city, along the southern border of Ohio and elsewhere, and to the kind offices of a few personal friends who did have political influence. For all that was thus said and done, I now tender my sincerest thanks.

This is the agreeable side of those representations. They have another and quite distinct aspect—one that you may never have thought of, but one which has given me no slight concern. Indeed, it is a very serious view of them to me. They have set a pace with which I shall be expected to keep up. They have erected a standard to which I must in some degree conform and by which I shall be judged. Notwithstanding this, I have determined not to be disheartened, but to view those representations as an incentive to the very highest endeavor, and I hope that out of a conscious weakness and inability to square performance with them will come strength to endure and power in some measure to meet expectations.

In view of the very flattering character of what has been done then and here said concerning me, and the high and noble sentiments that have been expressed in all the responses to the toasts proposed on this occasion, I feel that something equally elevated will be expected from me in what I may say in answer to your hearty call. Pardon me, therefore, whilst

I unbosom myself, as it were, to you and reveal my aspirations in connection with the work upon which I have entered.

You, no doubt, will consider them as quite exalted, and it may be that in presenting them to you the impression may be created that the purpose in so doing may be to increase your esteem of the speaker. If such a thought should creep into the minds of any of you, please look upon their intended relation to him as solely that of "self description and not self eulogy." And a word or two in justification of such a course.

It certainly is not improper for one to put a high valuation upon those things within his breast of which he is really conscious and which are entitled to such valuation. Aristotle has characterized the man who is worthy and knows himself to be such as a magnanimous man. There is such a thing as magnanimity towards one's self. Paul cautioned every man amongst those to whom he addressed his letter to the Romans "not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think," which certainly implies that he should think of himself as highly as he ought. And Swinburne somewhere speaks of "an excellent arrogance." Besides, no one can know one's self as well as he himself does, and others will never judge him beyond his own measure. The spies who brought the discouraging report from the promised land had this to say concerning the giants whom they had seen there:

"And we were in our own sight grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." The giants judged them as they judged themselves.

And please bear in mind that what is said has relation solely to aspirations believed to be real after much heart-searching—addressed to those whose kind words and deeds lead me to open my heart to them—and not to performance.

In the first place, I would direct your attention to the view of the work upon which I have entered, which I would always have in mind.

The function of those moral heroes of the Hebrew race, the prophets, was two-fold—to predict future events and to speak the truth as revealed to them by God. In modern times emphasis was put upon the latter function; in earlier days, it was placed upon the former. This two-fold function has been expressed in this way: "There were foretellers and forthtellers."

Now the work of a lawyer is largely that of a prophet in the sense of uninspired foretelling of future events. This has been forcibly brought out by Professor Holmes, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in an article on "The Path of the Law," in the Harvard Law Review. His thought and the phraseology in which he has expressed it is largely this. In societies like ours the command of the public force is intrusted to judges in certain cases, and the whole power of the State will be put forth, if necessary, to carry out their judgment and decrees. The law, as contained in the sibylline leaves of reports, text-books and statutes is prediction—prediction of the incidence of the public force through the instrumentality of the courts. They are prophecies of the past of the cases in which the axe will fall. Indeed, the primary rights and duties with which jurisprudence busies itself are nothing but prophecies. A legal duty is nothing but a prediction that if a man does, or omits to do, certain things, he will be made to suffer in this or that way by judgment of the court; and so of a legal right. Every new effort of legal thought is to make these prophecies more precise and to generalize them into a thoroughly connected system. To make them easier to be remembered

and to be understood, the teachings of the decisions of the past are put into general propositions and gathered into text-books, or statutes, and are passed in a general form. People want to know under what circumstances and how far they run the risk of coming against what is so much stronger than themselves, and hence it becomes a business to find out when this danger is to be feared. The work of a lawyer, therefore, in advising clients is that of interpreting these prophecies to them and, with these oracles before him, prophesying what will be the action of the courts if the case in hand ever comes before them. As that action will depend upon the interpretations which they, and not he, puts upon those prophecies, there is a considerable element of uncertainty in his prophesying. For it will not do to forget that, practically considered, the law of a given case is no mystery, not what you or I may think it to be, but what the judge or judges, who have the last word in regard to it, say that it is. This is well brought out by an incident that is said to have happened in a Boston court. A lawyer was arguing a case before a judge on a certain occasion. In the course of his argument, the lawyer stated a certain proposition to be the law. The judge interposed and said that it was not the law. The lawyer simply responded: "It was until your honor spoke."

Now, gentlemen, I am done prophesying in the sense of predicting future events—of foretelling the clients what the courts will decide.

The view, then, which I would have of the work before me on the bench is, that it is the work of a prophet in the sense of speaking the uninspired truth—forthtelling and not foretelling. It shall be my aim to cause it to be understood that my court exists for no other purpose than to search for the truth—to ascertain it, and to declare it. I would have myself, the juries, every lawyer that appears before me, every witness, and every officer of the court, understand that that is the business in which it is engaged, and each has its own proper part to perform therein. I would have that high ideal pervade the very atmosphere so thoroughly as to banish from its sacred precincts everything that is base and false and mean. Success in causing this to be felt will not only add to its respect and standing, but will lend interest to its labors. No room will there be found for a discussion of the old question as to which is the more enjoyable pursuit or possession. No occasion will exist for one's saying, as did a Frenchman once: "If I had truth in my hand like a bird, I would let it go that I might catch it again." There will never be a time that I will not be both in possession of truth believed to be ascertained and in pursuit of that yet unascertained.

Again, permit me to indicate the characteristics as a judge that I aspire to possess. They can not be better or more forcibly expressed than in the words of Moses' charge to the judges of Israel, who were set apart to that work at Horeb upon which, when I was sworn into office by Judge Lurton, I placed my hand at his request. Openmindedness, as inculcated in the words, "Hear the causes between your brethren;" righteousness, by which I mean a disposition to consider nothing but the very right of the matter in hand, as brought out in the words, "Judge righteously between every man and his brother and the stranger that is with him;" absolute freedom from prejudice or partiality, which puts each party on equal terms, as contained in the words, "Ye shall not respect persons in judgment; but ye shall hear the small as well as the great;" and, lastly, fearless independence, as expressed in the words, "Ye shall not fear the face of man."

And, in conclusion, a word or two as to the spirit with which I feel

that I have taken up the work. I can not better point this out than by a reference. Professor Adam Sedgwick, a geologist of some fame, was appointed to the Woodwardian Professorship of Geology at Cambridge when he knew nothing about the subject. His own explanation of it was this: "I had but one rival, Gorham of Queens, and he had not the slightest chance against me, for I knew absolutely nothing of geology, whereas he knew a great deal; but it was all wrong."

I will not confess either the ignorance of the one, or the error of the other, with reference to the matters that will come before me, but I have persuaded myself to believe that I have entered upon the duties of my position in the spirit of Professor Sedgwick, as indicated by these words, which he is reported to have used:

"Hitherto, I have never turned a stone; henceforth, I will leave no stone unturned."

I hope you will pardon the extreme sentimentality of these remarks. It has been well said that one can not lift himself by tugging at his waistband. If he is to rise at all, he must come under the influence of the drawing power of uplifted ideals.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

[John J. Crittenden, Governor-United States Senator, was born in Woodford County, Kentucky, September 10, 1787; died near Frankfort, Ky., July 26, 1863. Graduated at William and Mary College, Virginia, in 1807, and entered upon the practice of law; appointed Attorney-General of the Territory of Illinois; served a short time in the War of 1812; member of the Kentucky Legislature, 1816; elected United States Senator in 1817; served three years, then resigned and moved to Frankfort, Ky., and afterwards served several terms in the Legislature; appointed by President Adams United States District Attorney in 1827; elected again to the United States Senate in 1835; re-elected in 1840, but resigned his seat to accept the appointment of Attorney-General in Harrison's Cabinet; in 1842, appointed United States Senator on the retirement of Henry Clay; and at the expiration of his term was again elected for a full term. He was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1848; in 1850, appointed Attorney-General by President Fillmore; in 1855, he was once more elected to the United States Senate, retiring March 4, 1861. He was elected a member of Congress in 1861, his last speech in Congress was delivered February 22, 1863. He was again a candidate for Congress, but died before the election. He was considered the most eloquent and able debater of his day.]

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Speech delivered at a special Congressional celebration of Washington's birthday, in the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., February 22, 1852. In 1852, Kossuth was addressing public assemblies throughout the United States with the view of entangling this country with foreign powers, and the special Congressional celebration was designed to counteract his eloquence.

Mr. President:

I regret that in this country, where there are so many others more capable, I should have been selected and called upon to respond to the toast announcing the Father of his Country as its mighty theme. You have met, sir, to commemorate the anniversary of his birth. The occasion and the associations by which we are surrounded—here, in the city which he founded, at the capital and seat of Government which he established, in sight of Mount Vernon, his chosen residence and the sacred sepulchre of his remains—the occasion and the associations make us feel as though we were almost brought into his presence; at least, his name is here—a name which can never die—a living name, before which every head in the civilized world is bent in reverence and to which homage of every true American heart is due. I almost fear to speak on such a subject. The character of Washington has ascended above ordinary language or eulogy. A Caesar, a Napoleon, a Cromwell may excite the noisy applause of the world and inflame the passions of men by the story of their fields and their fame, but the name of Washington occupies a different, a serener, a calmer, a more celestial sphere. There is not in his character, and there is not about his name, any glory in the vulgar and worldly sense of the term. His name has sunk deep into the hearts of mankind, and more especially has it sunk into the mind and heart of America, and in that sacred and inner temple it will reside without any of the forms of ostentatious idolatry. It resides

in the inner recesses of the hearts of his countrymen, and, like an oracle, is continually whispering lessons of patriotism and virtue.

He never sought or asked for what men call glory. He sought to serve his kind and his country by his beneficence and his virtues, and he found in that service and in the performance of his duty that only and that richest reward which can recompense the patriot and the statesman. That was our Washington—let all the rest of the world present anything like his parallel. The verdict of mankind has already assigned to him a pre-eminent and solitary grandeur. In him all the virtues seemed to be combined in the fairest proportions. The elements were mixed in him and his blood and judgment were so commingled that all the virtues seemed to be the natural result and to flow spontaneously from the combination, as water from the purest fountain. In him the exercise of the most exalted virtue required no exertion; it was part and parcel of his nature and of the glorious organization “to which every god had set his seal.” Where was there any error in him? He was a man and, therefore, in all humility, we, who share that humanity, must acknowledge that he had his imperfections; but who, through his long and eventful life, can point to an error or to a vice committed, or a duty omitted? His character was made up and compounded of all the virtues that constitute a hero, patriot, statesman and benefactor, and all his achievements were but the practical development of that character and those virtues. He was the same everywhere—in the camp, in the Cabinet, at Mount Vernon. No difference could be distinguished anywhere. His greatness was of that innate and mystic character that was present with him everywhere. It was that which gave him dignity, and not occasional situations or offices which he held under the Government. He dignified office; he elevated the highest rank, military or civil, which he ever held. No rank, military or civil, ever raised him or could come up to that majestic character which the God of his nature had implanted in him. That was our Washington. He was a firm believer in a divine Providence, and it belonged to his elevated and majestic mind to be so—a mind that connected itself with the throne of the Deity from which it sprung. His heart was purified and his motives were elevated by constant recurrence to that divine assistance which he thought was extended to his country and to himself in his service of that country. Our history as a people is, to a remarkable extent, a history of providences; and, among all the benignities of Providence, in a worldly point of view, I know no greater gift that she has conferred upon us than in the person of Washington himself. She raised him at the appointed time; she raised him up at a grand crisis in the affairs of mankind, when the thoughts of men were about taking a new direction; when the old things, the old despotisms, were about to pass away under the influence of a dawning public opinion which was about to assert the long-lost rights of mankind; when you, a new-born people, for whom this mighty continent has been reserved as the most magnificent land that the Almighty ever prepared for man, had grown to an estate to feel your strength, to know your rights and to be willing to struggle for them. Washington was raised up to become the great leader of those great popular principles of human rights and to consecrate them, as it were, by connecting them in his own person with every personal, moral, private and public virtue, not leaving us to mere idealism, but exhibiting and embodying, in his own venerated and beloved person, all those mighty principles which were necessary to our success and to the establishment of our liberties. He led us triumphantly through the seven

years' war and, our glorious Revolution being successfully accomplished, he applied himself, with all his influence and all his wisdom, to secure, by free and permanent institutions, all the blessings that liberty and independence could confer on a country. Our present Constitution and form of Government were the grand results of his patriotic efforts. A new Government being thus established, he was by the unanimous voice of the country called to the presidential office, that by his wisdom and influence he might put into practice and consolidate those new and untried institutions by which all the blessings acquired by the Revolution and contemplated by that Government were to be practically secured to the people of the United States. He served until the success of the experiment was demonstrated. He retired then to his beloved Mount Vernon and there passed in honored privacy the remainder of his life. Where can another such character be exhibited on the pages of history? Providence intended him for a model. She has made his character cover the whole space of political and private life. She trained him up in the humblest walks of private life. There he knew the wishes and wants and conditions of the humblest of his fellow citizens. The confidence which he inspired everywhere spread with every step that he advanced in life. He became commander of the army. With all the military despotism that belongs to such a state, he used his power without the oppression of a human being. During a seven-year war, amid such trials and troubles as no people ever saw, in no exigency, by no extremity, was he driven to the necessity of committing a trespass or wrong upon any man or any man's property. He needed no act of amnesty afterwards by the Government to protect him against personal responsibility, which acts of violence might have been necessary to others. He led you triumphantly on. He was an example to all military men. He became President. He has left us an example there, to which we look back with filial reverence and long, long may we do so.

Before his retirement from office, he made to the people of the United States that "farewell address," so familiar to the thoughts of us all. It contains, as he himself said, the advice of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. It was the gathered wisdom of all his life and all his experience. What a legacy! We rejoice in riches that no nation ever knew before. What are the mines of California with their perishing gold to this? You have a legacy left you in wisdom of that man that is above all price. The Romans shouted, the Romans exulted, when Mark Antony told them that Caesar had left them a few denarii and the privilege of walking in his gardens. That was the imperial bequest. How ignoble, how trifling, does the Roman seem to you, my countrymen, who exult to-day in the legacy which was left you in the farewell address of Washington! That is imperishable. So long as we remember it, it will render our Government and our liberties imperishable; and, when we forget it, it will survive the memory, I trust in God, of some other people more worthy of it, even if it be to shame this degenerate republic. That farewell address contains wisdom enough, if we but attend to it; contains lessons enough to guide us in all our duties as citizens and in all our public affairs. There are two subjects which occurrences have turned our attention to with particular interest, and which I may be allowed on this occasion to advert to, in no spirit of controversy or of unkindness towards any one, but in that spirit which induces me to desire to see every lesson of Washington daily and constantly and freshly brought to the mind of every citizen of the

United States. To my children they were brought as their first lessons. There is none too old to profit by them, and they can not be learned too early. You are familiar with that address, gentlemen, and I will therefore only ask you to allow me to allude to the two subjects upon which he has been peculiarly emphatic in his advice. The one is to preserve the Union of the States; that, he says, is the main pillar of the edifice of independence and our liberties; frown down every attempt to bring it into question, much less to subvert it; when it is gone, all is gone. Let us heed this lesson and be careful. I trust in God we have no grounds to apprehend such a degree of oppression as will compel us to raise our suicidal arms for the destruction of this great Government and of this Union which makes us brethren. I do not allow my mind to look forward to such a disaster. I will look upon this Union as indissoluble and as firmly rooted as the mountains of our native land. I will hope so; I will believe so; I will so act, and nothing but a necessity, invincible and overwhelming can drive me to disunion.

But there are external dangers, also, against which Washington warns us, and that is the second subject to which I desire to ask your attention. Beware, he says, of the introduction or exercise of foreign influence among you. We are Americans. Washington has taught us, and we have learned to govern ourselves. If the rest of the world have not yet learned that great lesson, how shall they teach us? Shall they undertake to expound to us the farewell address of our Washington, or to influence us to depart from the policy recommended by him? We are the teachers, and they have not, or they will not, learn, and yet they come to teach us. Be jealous, he said, of all foreign influence and enter into entangling alliances with none. Cherish no particular partiality or prejudice for or against any people. Be just to all, impartial to all. It is folly to expect disinterested favors from any nation. That is not the relation or character of nations. Favor is a basis too uncertain upon which to place any steadfast or permanent relations. Justice and the interests of the parties is the only sound and substantial basis for national relations. Go not abroad to mingle yourselves in the quarrels of wars of other nations. Take care to do them no wrong, but avoid the romantic notion of righting the wrongs of all the world and resisting by arms the oppression of all.

The sword and the bayonet have been useful in defending the rights and liberties of those who used them, but in what other have they ever contributed to promote the cause of freedom or of human rights? The heart must be prepared for liberty; the understanding must know what it is, and how to value it. Then, if you put proper arms into the hands of the nation so imbued, I'll warrant you they will obtain and sustain their freedom. We have given the world an example of that success. But three millions, scattered over a vast territory, opposed to the most powerful enemy on earth; we went triumphantly through our Revolution and established liberties. But it is said that we have a right to interfere in the affairs of other nations and in the quarrels of other nations. Why, certainly we have—certainly we have. Any man has the right, if he pleases, to busy himself in the affairs of all his neighbors, but he will not likely profit by it, and would be called a busybody for his pains. We, as a nation, have a right to decide—and it is always a question of expediency—whether we will or not interfere in the affairs of other nations. There are cases so connected with our own interests and with the cause of humanity, that interference would be proper. But, still, it is a question

for the sound discretion of this people—a question always of expediency, whether you will or will not interfere; and it is just because it is a question of that character, and because our passions and sympathies may often tempt us to err upon it, that Washington has made it the subject of this emphatic admonition. It is not because we have not the right to interfere, but it is because we have the right and because we are surrounded by temptations—by the temptations of generous and honest hearts and noble principles—to transcend the limit of prudence and of policy and to interfere in the affairs of our neighbors, that he has admonished us. Washington, with that forecast and that prophetic spirit which constituted a part of his character, saw through all this. He tells you: “Stand upon your own ground.” That is the ground to stand upon.

What can you do by interference? Argument is unnecessary. The name of Washington ought to be authority—prophetic, oracular authority for us. Is our mission in this world to interfere by arms? It is but little now, comparatively, of good that the bayonet and the sword can do. The plowshare does a thousand times more than either. The time was when arms were powerful instruments of oppression; mercenary and degenerate spirit of the people over whom they were brandished. What could we do by armed interference in European politics? So mighty at home, what could we do abroad? How would our eagles pine and die if carried abroad, without the auspices of Washington, and against his advice, to engage in foreign wars of intervention in distant regions of despotism, where we could no longer feed them from the plenteous tables of our liberty! We can do nothing there. We can do nothing in that way. I am not one of those who shrink from this thing simply because blood is to be shed. I have seen war; I have voted for maintaining it; I have contributed to maintain it; I pretend to no exquisite sensibility upon the subject of shedding blood, where our public interest or our public glory call upon my fellow citizens to lay down their lives and shed their blood, but I do not wish to see them depart from those great and sure principles of policy which I am certain will lead my country to a greatness which will give to her word a power beyond that of armies in distant parts of the world.

Our mission, so far as it concerns our distant brethren, is not a mission of arms. We are here to do what Washington advised us to do—take care of our Union, have a proper respect for the Constitution and laws of our country, cultivate peace and commerce with all nations, do equal justice to all nations, and thereby set an example to them and show forth in ourselves the blessings of self-government to all the world. Thus you will best convince mankind. Seeing you prosper, they will follow your example and do likewise. It is by that power of opinion, by that power of reformation, that you can render the mightiest and greatest service that is in your power towards the spread of liberty all over the world. Adopt the policy of interference, and what is its consequences? War, endless war. If one interferes, another will interfere, and another, and another, and so this doctrine for the protection of republican liberty and human rights results in a perpetual, widespread and wide-spreading war, until all mankind, overcome by slaughter and ruin, shall fall down bleeding and exhausted. I can see no other end, or good in it, unless you suppose that nations will consent that one alone shall erect itself into the arbiter and judge of the conduct of all other nations, and that alone shall interfere to execute what it alone determines to be national law. That alone

can prevent widespread devastation from the adoption of this principle of intervention.

I beg pardon for the time I have occupied, but I hope that I may be excused for saying that I feel safer, I feel that my country is safer, while pursuing the policy of Washington, than in making any new experiments in politics, upon any new expositions of Washington's legacy and advice to the American people. I want to stand "*super antiquas vias*" upon the old road that Washington traveled, and that every President from Washington to Fillmore has traveled. This policy of non-intervention in the affairs of other countries has been maintained and sanctified by all our great magistrates. I may be defective in what is called "the spirit of the age," for aught I know, but I acknowledge that I feel safer in this ancient and well-tried policy than in the novelties of the present day.

WILLIAM GRAHAM DEARING.

[William Graham Dearing, Lawyer, United States Surveyor of Customs, Louisville, Ky., was born near Poplar Plains, Fleming County, Kentucky, February 29, 1860. Former County Attorney of Fleming county and Police Judge of Flemingsburg, Ky.]

THE TRUE HERO.

A speech delivered at the commencement exercises of the Kentucky Military Institute, May 30, 1906.

Whether a gloomy or happy thought, it is, nevertheless, a fact, that, of the numberless myriads of people who have lived and died upon this earth, the names of only a few have escaped the remorseless hand of everlasting oblivion.

Call the roll of fame, and how few answer, and even some of these, so far as they are individually concerned, mourn that this is even so. Many men attain the satisfaction of ambition, and when they make their exit from the scene of action realize vividly: "All things are not what they seem."

Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon reached a height of worldly renown seldom ever attained by men, but in so doing they made mountains of dead men and filled valleys and lands with the tears of heart-broken orphans and wailing widows. Was the end reached worth the sacrifice? In the accounts they will be compelled to give in the presence of eternal judgment, it seems to me they could never excuse or even palliate the atrocious murders and wholesale slaughter of thousands of men under the dignified name of military conquest.

The greatness of a majority of the heroes of the past is the resultant of brute force and intellectuality. To be able to command a great mass of men, with preconceived plans, into skillful execution, does show a superiority over the average man which leads to preferment and possibly to a deified hero.

In times when brute force commanded, this worship of military heroes may be proper and right, but in this period of the world's history, and especially since the promulgation of the doctrines of the humble Nazarene, force and power should be dethroned, and in their places be installed justice and ready obedience to its command.

If the object of life is merely to carve one's name upon the tablets of fame, then certainly life is a failure, as but few are permanent enough to escape the destructive influence of a day. Now, we seldom hear mentioned the names of such illustrious senators as Benton, Hale, Wilson and Beck, and indeed they were giants of intellectual strength and did well their part.

To be a truly great hero, it is not necessary to be the successful leader of a mighty battle. He can be such in the humbler walks of life; he may wear the garland in legislative halls; he may accomplish it at the inventor's desk or the mechanic's bench.

Great and heroic deeds inspire us in whatever sphere they may be.

They may lose their luster because of the humble actor, but the aroma and fragrance of beauty still remain.

There are more heroes in the common walks of life than we at first imagine. We find self-sacrifice in the hovel; we find magnanimity in the hut, and we find generosity and hospitality in the log cabin. We find much in all grades and departments of life to love and admire.

The widowed mother who toils and struggles in honest labor to raise and educate her children, that they may become useful men and women, is a heroine of the truest type, and she deserves to be ranked along with Hannibal. Her self-sacrifice may be unsung and unwritten by men, but in the presence of God her crown will be resplendent.

Mrs. Edwards, a lonely country woman, living near Cumberland Gap, believing in and loving the cause of the Union, braved alone the dangers of a dark night, riding through dense forests and over mountain tops, to inform General George Morgan that the Confederate army was marching and would soon assault and capture his army.

This information enabled General Morgan to withdraw his army and artillery, and thus prevented certain capture. That humble woman deserves as rich a reward as if she had fought and won a big victory.

The man who does his full duty as he sees and believes it is a true hero. On many a battlefield in our late Civil War, we had acts of bravery, devotion to duty and examples of self-sacrifice that will live and be remembered with devotion and pride as long as we as a people exist. The individual soldier acted as heroically as the general.

The proud and brave acts of either side are our common heritage. Our hearts fill with pride when we speak of that gallant charge of the soldiers of Pickett's brigade against Round Top on the famous battlefield of Gettysburg, and it was repulsed by the magnificent defense of the Federal artillerymen and soldiers. Each soldier did his duty, and no more could any one do.

The true hero not only follows beaten paths, but blazes out new ones. He is not content to be a drone, to sit idly by and let the world move on. He becomes an actor. He does something. Like your able superintendent, he was not content to see his boys closed in small rooms from the bleak days of December, through the boisterous days of March, but conceived the idea of taking them to the balmy clime of Florida during this time.

The idea was new; it was progressive. Doubtless each boy returned benefited and improved. Any common man may follow a beaten track; it takes a hero to blaze a new one. Over in the distant mountain is hidden wealth untold. A man conceives how he can build a railroad and becomes the possessor of immense wealth. He does build it; he is now rich; he is really a hero. By the proper use of his intellectual faculties, he has caused Nature to yield to his demands.

We live in an age of great possibilities—perhaps the greatest the world has ever known. He who wills can do. The greatest acts are yet to be performed, and perhaps the greatest heroes are yet unborn.

The sweetest song has not been sung,
Nor has the loudest bell been rung;
The brightest jewel still lies deep,
The fairest rose is yet asleep;
The greatest ship has never sailed,
The highest mountains are unscaled;

The largest house of brick and beam
Is but the vision of a dream;
The swiftest locomotive, too,
Has yet to show what it can do;
The world's great plans have not been heard
And peace to-day is but a word.
Think, then, ye men of little worth,
Who say there's naught to do on earth."

If we will but do our duty to the fullest measure, to the extent of the abilities given us by our Creator, then we will have acted well our part, we can feel that we should be numbered among the list of unknown yet true heroes, and with this we should be content.

To-morrow you leave your Alma Mater to conquer and to be conquered. Your life's work has just begun. You may think you have worked hard here, but when you come into contact with the keen edge of the world, you will find that to parry the blows you must be prepared, and, if possible, be the aggressor. If you fail, cry not, for the world will miss you no more than when you put your fingers into the great waters of the deep and take them away. The atoms roll together the same as if they had never been there.

You are prepared for the contest by competent and sincere teachers in this great institution of learning, whose history is a part of the history of our State, and directed by a superintendent, one of the ablest educators of our country. So profit by their experience, act well your part, and when life's journey is over and the battle fought, you will leave the proud heritage of being brave, upright and noble men. No more should any man ask.

WILLIAM J. DEBOE.

[William J. Deboe, Lawyer, United States Senator, 1897-1903, was born in Crittenden County, Kentucky, 1849; graduate M. D. University of Louisville; practiced medicine a few years; studied law; admitted to bar; delegate to National Republican Convention 1892 and 1896; member Republican State Central Committee twelve years; candidate for Congress, 1892; State Senator, 1893-96; United States Senate, 1897-1903.]

NICARAGUA CANAL.

A portion of speech delivered in the United States Senate February 19, 1901, on the bill "To provide for the construction of an inter-oceanic canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans."

Mr. President:

The question of constructing a canal across the isthmus connecting North and South America has received the attention and consideration of the leading political parties and many of the most eminent statesmen of this country, as well as that of other nations, which I desire to briefly review and present my reasons in advocacy of this great enterprise.

The passage of the bill "to provide for the construction of a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans" means that our Government is to assume a colossal undertaking and that we are to put into effect an idea which has long been agitated by the commercial and industrial interests of the world.

The proposition to build a ship canal across Nicaragua, uniting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, may be said to have originated with Alexander von Humboldt, the great explorer and scientist, who expressed himself most favorably as to the advantages of the Nicaragua route. Since his time, various efforts have been made to undertake the work, but it was not until the Maritime Canal Company, of Nicaragua, obtained a concession from the government of that country that it was actually begun. The company was chartered by acts of Congress in 1889, and was organized May 4th of that year. The work of construction had already been commenced, and it continued until the summer of 1893, when it suspended for want of funds.

The length of the canal from port to port will be 169½ miles, of which 26 miles will be excavated channel and 143½ miles the improved navigation of rivers, lakes and basins. The termini of the canal are San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, on the Atlantic, and Brito on the Pacific. The summit level is that of Lake Nicaragua, 110 feet above the sea. There will be only six locks, three on the Atlantic and three on the Pacific side.

Congress has passed various resolutions in regard to this question, and divers petitions, memorials and resolutions from State Legislatures, boards of trade and individuals have been presented to Congress asking that action be taken in reference to this enterprise.

In the Forty-seventh Congress two bills to incorporate companies were introduced—one in the Senate and one in the House—the first reported—both for ship railways.

In the same Congress a bill was introduced in the Senate and one in the House to incorporate the Maritime Canal Company, of Nicaragua. That in the Senate was favorably reported, but not acted on. In the House a minority report was presented. A motion was made to make it a special order, but rejected after debate.

The most elaborate discussion of the whole matter occurred at the third session of the Fifty-third Congress. The Maritime Canal Company, of Nicaragua, was incorporated February 20, 1889. A very interesting amendment was extensively debated in the third session of the Fifty-fifth Congress—in truth, a revision of the whole charter.

Its charter was granted on the express condition, therein expressed, that no pecuniary liability should ever be imposed on the United States by the company. The company solemnly declared that they did not want a dollar from the United States, or any guaranty whatever. Two years thereafter, it boldly asked a subsidy of \$70,000,000 in aid. Failing then, it subsequently returned and asked a subsidy of \$100,000,000; and afterward made a third and even fourth attempt. The company later lost its concession from Nicaragua.

All treaties with reference to an isthmian transit have been, down to the present time, in pursuance of two purposes: First, a grant of free and uninterrupted transit of the people and also of the Government of the United States; and, second, as was stated by President Buchanan, "a guaranty of the neutrality and protection of these routes, not only for the benefit of the republics through which they pass, but, in the language of our treaty, with New Granada, in order to secure themselves the tranquil and constant enjoyment of these interoceanic communications."

The first in the line was a treaty with New Granada December 12, 1846, and it was a sequel to several years' contemplation and discussion. It bound our Government to guarantee to New Granada "the perfect neutrality of the before-mentioned isthmus with a view that the free transit from one to the other sea may not be interrupted or embarrassed in any future time while this treaty exists."

The next was the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which provided, in the eighth article, that "the Government of the United States, having not only desired, in entering into this convention, to accomplish a particular object, but also to establish a general principle, they hereby agree to extend their protection by treaty stipulations to any other practicable communications, whether by canal or railway, across the isthmus which connects North and South America, and especially to the interoceanic communications, should the same prove practicable, whether by canal or railway, which are now proposed to be established by the way of Tehautepec or Panama; and that the said canals or railways shall also be open on like terms to the citizens and subjects of every other State which is willing to grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain propose to afford."

Then followed a treaty with Mexico, December 30, 1853, regarding the Tehautepec route, which conceded a wide power to the United States, namely, that "the Mexican Government having agreed to protect with its whole power the prosecution, preservation and security of the work, the United States may extend its protection as it shall judge wise, to use it when it may feel sanctioned and warranted by the public or international law."

Next was the treaty with Great Britain of 1857, which, being amended

by the Senate, was rejected by Great Britain. Then a treaty with Nicaragua, concerning which President Buchanan said, in his message of April 5, 1860: "Such was believed to be the established policy of the Government at the commencement of this administration, viz., the grant of transit in our favor and the guaranty of our protection as an equivalent."

In President Arthur's fourth annual message, he states: "With the republic of Nicaragua a treaty has been concluded which authorizes the construction, by the United States, of a canal, railway and telegraph lines across the Nicaraguan territory," which he transmitted later to the Senate for ratification. He claimed that the negotiation of this treaty was entered upon under a conviction that it was imperatively demanded by the present and future political and material interest of the United States. But this treaty was withdrawn March 13, 1885, and we have just ratified the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, with amendments, about which we have heard so much of late, in line with the policy of this Government from the beginning as to the neutrality of such work. In general, the treaties have all contemplated the construction of a canal without Government aid except in the way of protection.

But President Harrison boldly advocated, in addition, a Government guaranty. To the minds of many of our wisest and best men the establishment of a water communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the Union is a necessity; but we all know the accomplishment of which, however, within the territory of the United States is a physical impossibility. While the enterprise of our citizens has responded to the duty of creating means of speedy transit by rail between the oceans, these achievements are not sufficient to a most important requisite of national union and prosperity.

Mr. President, the advantages, in brief, of the construction of the Nicaraguan canal are saving in distance and time, the prolongation of the life of vessels, and the increase of commerce by the facilities afforded. The importance of the great enterprise is incalculable. For all maritime purposes the States upon the Pacific are more distant from those upon the Atlantic than if separated by either ocean alone. California is nearer to Asia than to New York, and New York is nearer Europe or Africa than the extreme States on our west. We have an ocean border exceeding 10,000 miles on the Pacific. Within a generation, the Western coast has developed into an empire, with a large and rapidly growing population, with vast but partially developed resources. At the present rate of increase, the end of the century will see us a nation of perhaps over 200,000,000 inhabitants, of which the West should have a considerable larger and richer proportion than now. Forming one nation in interest and aims, the East and the West are more widely disjoined to-day for all purposes of direct economical intercourse by water and of national defense against maritime aggressions than our foreign possessions. Our attention was most forcibly directed to this fact during our war with Spain. The battleship Oregon was needed in Cuban waters, and was compelled to make the great voyage of 10,000 or 12,000 miles around Cape Horn. With a constant strain of anxiety, the whole nation awaited the success of her mission. We did not know but what at some point on this long journey she would come in contact with a hostile fleet and get destroyed or captured; and if we had been at war with a nation which was our equal, it is plain she could not have made the voyage without mishap.

Civil Engineer CortHELL, in a lecture November 22, 1895, gave this

summary: From New York to San Francisco, by the way of Cape Horn, the distance is about 15,420 miles; and by sail the time averages about one hundred and thirty days; by way of the Straits of Magellan, by steam, the time is about sixty days and the distance 13,090 miles; via Tehautepec, by steamship, the time would be about twenty days and the distance 4,280 miles, and by the Nicaragua route the figures would require but little change.

Mr. Corthell states that the total freight traffic on all transcontinental lines of the United States is only 1,000,000 tons, and the through freight on all railroads, omitting the river traffic, between Northern, Eastern and Western points and tide water on the Gulf of Mexico is 10,500,000 tons.

Mr. President, this commerce would immensely increase by having an outlet into the Pacific ocean, and the building of the canal will necessarily create a great coastwise commerce which does not now exist and will not exist unless the canal is constructed. The ports of Galveston, Brazos, Sabine Pass, New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, and Tampico in Mexico, have been considerably benefited, from a commercial view, by the improvement of the Gulf of Mexico; but to add to this prodigious influence the Nicaragua canal, these ports would soon be as tantamount in importance to our great Southern interior as Liverpool is to Great Britain.

Mr. President, it will be seen from a casual observation of the map that not only will the canal be conducive to a quicker market along our Western coast, our possessions in the Far East, and in trading with the Orient, but it will also enable us to reach the entire western coast of South America and a portion of the interior of that country which we have hitherto been unable to reach, for the reason of the same impediment which thwarts us in our unceasing attempts to share in the commercial interest of the Far East as well as to unite the interests of our common country. This is a phase of the question which is somewhat different from the general purport of the construction of the canal, but it is far from inferior to any of the great purposes for which this great canal will be built. It is well known to us that the countries in South America which we could reach through the Nicaragua canal are lands of fertile soil and inexhaustible wealth, which produce bountiful crops and have millions of acres of virgin forest, which for superiority in quality is not surpassed and doubtless unequaled elsewhere on the globe. If this canal had been built twenty-five years ago, to-day our interests, commingled with theirs, would mean wealth incalculable; besides, our republic, always having a mutual interest in sister republics, would be closer in touch with the habits of their people, their wishes, their rights and their supreme desires.

From the time that extraordinary conqueror, Pizarro, entered the land of the renowned Inca, devastating the country, murdering nobles and subjects and finally the ruler and his successors, this country has sought profitable commercial relations with the countries of South America. We have proclaimed to the world, through the Monroe doctrine, our attitude in relation to these republics, and each attempt by foreign powers to encroach upon the rights of either of them has caused inquietude throughout this country. But this has not obviated and will not obviate our disadvantage in a commercial sense.

Notwithstanding the inconvenience to which our trade has always been subjected with the countries of Chile, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia and Bolivia, our trade is now very important with each of them. It is true, however, that we do not supply above from 7 to 10 per cent. of the \$51,000,000

imported into those countries of South America on the Pacific coast, and about the same of the \$22,000,000 in the countries of the eastern or Atlantic coast, the latter being practically as near European countries as to the United States.

We may also account for the preponderance of trade from the eastern countries of South America going to Europe instead of to this country for the very plain reason of their superior shipping lines and facilities, which it is almost an impossibility for this country to enjoy under our existing maritime laws. But not so with the western coast if we had the canal; we would then at least equal the proportion we hold already on the countries on the northern coast of South America bordering on the Caribbean Sea. Of the commerce with them we have only about 25 per cent., and our disadvantage seems to be on the increase.

In 1868, our sales to the countries south of us were 20 per cent. of our total exports; in 1878, a little less than 10 per cent.; in 1888, a fraction above 10 per cent.; in 1898, but 7 per cent.

To British North America the United States supplies 59 per cent. of the total imports for consumption; to Mexico, 49 per cent.; to the Central American States, 37 per cent.; to Colombia, 33 per cent.; to Venezuela, 27 per cent.

The Nicaragua route, after years of study by eminent engineers of Italy, France, Belgium and Germany, as well as the United States, who are all confident of the feasibility of the construction of the canal, has been decided to be the best route. The estimated cost and construction of the canal is \$150,000,000. We have a right to expect, in view of the statistics given by Mr. Corthell in relation to the Suez canal, that our commerce will increase immensely.

If the United States provides the money to build the canal, the control of it as property must be secured to us for that additional and indisputable reason. If we create this property with our money within the limits of another sovereign government, and with its consent, our ownership of the canal must be in the nature of a license or right to control such property, if we can make such a treaty with the power that owns the soil. When such a right is thus acquired, no other nation can object to our property in the canal. Whether such a treaty would in its use be oppressive to other States of this hemisphere, or of the world, as an unjust restraint of the freedom of the seas, is a question which is distinct from our property rights, and depends upon the principles of the laws of nations.

It seems now to be settled not only that we are to construct the canal on the principle of our control, with a general neutrality attached, but also that such canal is to pass through Nicaragua. There is no good ground of comparison with the Panama possibility, which has been hitherto abortive and is likely to continue so.

As Engineer Corthell stated, there can be no reason for a moment's hesitation. The work at Panama is not more than half finished, if it is ever to be made effective; and yet it has already cost at least \$250,000,000. Doubling that, we have \$500,000,000 for a work which, by all accounts, will be comparatively worthless when done, while the Nicaragua canal does not need an expenditure of more than \$150,000,000 in all.

The senate committee has very aptly said that the company has nothing to sell us. While it is true a new company has been organized, we have no evidence it will do any better than the old one. What superior facilities has it in hand? We are offered nothing but a speculative scheme to unload

a stupendous failure upon the Government at an immense profit to the projectors.

The history and the conduct of the Nicaragua Canal Company have been ably discussed by members of this body, and I shall let it rest where they left it.

Mr. President, I believe that China will soon be opened up to civilization and the nations of the world will strive for her trade. In competing for this trade the Nicaragua canal will be of great value to this country, for it will bring the markets of the world nearer the great coal fields and mines and farms of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia, and the entire South as well as the entire North.

Since the Spanish-American war, waged in the interest of humanity, new responsibilities have come to us, which must be met in the future as they have been in the past, with courage and wisdom. It makes it almost imperative on the part of the United States to construct this canal.

BASIL W. DUKE.

[Basil W. Duke, Lawyer, Soldier, Louisville, Ky., was born in Scott County, Kentucky, May 28, 1838; educated at Georgetown College and at Centre College, Danville, Ky., was First Lieutenant, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel and Brigadier-General in Confederate Army; former Commonwealth Attorney.]

GOVERNOR LUKE P. BLACKBURN.

A speech delivered at the unveiling of a monument erected to the memory of the late Governor Luke P. Blackburn, by the State of Kentucky, Frankfort, Ky., May 27, 1891.

I have been asked, as one who knew him well and was honored with his friendship and confidence, to offer some brief testimonial to the character and services of the distinguished Kentuckian to whose memory this monument is erected. To do this ought to be a pleasing and a grateful duty on the part of any one who was so fortunate as to have ever been brought into close relations with Governor Blackburn, for no man has appeared above the crowd in this day and community—no man has ever lived in this Commonwealth, perhaps—to whom his friends owe a larger debt of gratitude, and of whom all men should speak more kindly. And, I may add, the story of no life has in it less that calls for silence or less that suggests the avoidance of frank, honest speech.

The biographer can afford to speak of him as he was and nothing extenuate; we can do no better than tell of him the whole truth and nothing but the truth. His name, so dear and venerable, need not be, nor should it be, obscured in the phrases of conventional eulogy. If coming generations of his countrymen are to understand and love him as his contemporaries did, if his life is to teach its best lesson, and that which he has done be justly remembered, the truest portrait of him possible should be given to his people.

It is kind, and if no wrong be thereby done to history, it is proper and decorous to speak of many men who have departed this life, especially if they have held honorable position, in the language of panegyric. We hear ascribed to such men improbable motives and actions, and impossible virtues. But, among our dead are some who should not thus be treated—some whose lives have been really of exemplary value, and whose characters, therefore, should not be represented in colors that flatter and exaggerated proportions, but should be painted as Cromwell commanded Lely to paint him, without a line obliterated or a blemish concealed—which should be portrayed as faithfully as the ancients demanded should be wrought the busts of their fathers that were to have place among the tutelary guardians of the roof-tree and the hearth. Of such was he to whom we pay tribute to-day; a noble and true soul; but a real man of flesh and blood, with the passions and errors of humanity, purified by a heroic purpose, corrected by a conscience to which he ever listened and a sense of justice as earnest as it was instinctive.

It is charged on us Americans—whether justly or not, I will not stop

to inquire, that, in our praise and blame alike, we are altogether too emphatic and not enough discriminative. Be that as it may, among our popular heroes, who have passed from earth and are enthroned in the Pantheon of tradition or history, there are certain ones whom we are accustomed to regard and describe almost as gods. We speak of them as if they had been preternatural beings; incarnations of wisdom, purity and all perfections; impeccable, infallible, unapproachable. We feel that to hold communion with such personages would be like praying to an idol; some response might come, in some way, to the supplication, but no notice nor recognition could be expected of the adorer. They awe, but do not attract us. We vaguely revere, but can not understand how we ever could have loved them. They are as shadowy to any mental perception, as intangible to the grasp of our affections, as the ancestral ghost which the savage worships as his tribal deity. While shuddering at the thought as at the hint of sacrilege, we yet can not avoid wonder that such men were ever required to live on this earth at all, and why they were not seated, without probationary humiliation here, amidst the far, cold, shining constellations. If such men have really lived, I can not understand, I confess, how their lofty contemplations ever could have included the considerations which affect ordinary humanity. Incapacitated by virtues so serene, superior and invulnerable, for aught of intelligent sympathy with the sons and daughters of fallen Adam, they should, it seems to me, have resided as Epicurus conceived that his gods did, in an empyrean immeasurably removed above this world and tranquilly indifferent to its ills and struggles.

The man of whom I speak would have claimed, would have coveted, no such superiority over his fellowmen and their fortunes. An isolation from his kind, however splendid, would have been direr to him than the punishment of Prometheus. He wished to be among men and of them, rejoicing in their happiness, aiding them in their sorrows, helping to bear their burdens, humbly admitting that he shared their weaknesses, and caring little to be exalted above them, save in so far as such preferment gave token of their affection. He was not "of the earth, earthy," nor was he a "worldly" man, as that term is usually employed; but in all the affairs of this world, in all the manifold matters which interest the children of earth, whether for good or evil, for weal or woe, he felt profound concern.

Born in the heart of our fair State, where the winds which come down from the mountains are lulled into breezes as they linger over the blue-grass, where the bright waters of Elkhorn, having gathered sweet and limpid tribute from a thousand rills and brooks, wind through the loveliest region which the sun kisses and the stars gaze down on; where hill and valley, pasture and woodland bewilder with alternate pictures of beauty; where the grain crops wave and glisten above a soil which, from seed-time to harvest, is a teeming mother and generous nurse, and the green, velvety grasses creep, as if in homage, to the very feet of the great trees, which stretch out their mighty limbs, like monarchs swaying scepters; born in a land where patriotism should be regarded not so much as a virtue or a duty as a necessity (for the native of such a land who does not love it ought never to have been born), Luke P. Blackburn inherited the rich, exuberant vitality, the keen relish for everything in Nature, the vigorous, positive individuality, the ready adaptation to and sympathy with all other life around him, with which a soil so bounteous might have been expected

to endow her favorite children. And he grew up a very genuine and typical product of such a region. An impulsive, aggressive nature, full of sap and fiber, with a tendency to go to extremes in all that he conceived or understood, like a strong tree pushing its roots and branches in all directions which promise light and nutrition. He was the frankest man I ever knew. He never left you in doubt as to what he thought or what he meant. If he opposed anything, or if he advocated it, he invariably impressed people with the notion that he was taking an interest in it. When he became actively enlisted in any cause—and I never knew of his enlisting on any other terms—he was generally heard from, even unto the latest returns. When he was about, everybody was always aware of it. He was not peculiarly addicted to wasting time in trying to conciliate his enemies; but, on the other hand, he was never under the necessity of becoming reconciled to a friend. In the broad hospitality of his nature, he was too ready, perhaps, to join controversy with those who signified a desire for that sort of entertainment; but he never by word or act offended one who did not first offer him provocation, and he never found fault with—rarely, indeed, took issue with—those whom he loved.

He had the faults, in short, which often attend a robust and fiery temperament, yet he had with them qualities so noble, so truly heroic, that they did not lead him far astray, even in early life; and those who knew him best in his ardent manhood and his chastened age would have scarcely wished to see his character freed from faults, so venial that they seemed rather to emphasize his virtues. His warm and somewhat hasty temper involved him often in hot debate, and sometimes serious altercation, but if occasionally unjust, he was never ungenerous, and the sun never went down on his anger excited by merely personal wrong. He was perhaps too prompt, as I have already intimated, to resent an affront or discourtesy, such as he would not himself offer—for he was as punctilious as a paladin, and never saw the day when he wouldn't have waged battle, armed only with his cane, against the lance of Orlando. It was not often, however, that he felt or indulged purely personal resentment; his indignation was usually the brave, unselfish protest of a high-souled man against cruelty and wrong; a denunciation of brutal oppression in any form of the helpless and the weak.

All these, however, are minor traits and little things on which it is tedious to dwell, when I reflect that I am speaking of a life shaped and controlled by convictions founded in the bed-rock of duty, and a character which, marred so slightly by common frailties, was overflowing with a God-like charity which might well have redeemed a multitude of sins. To rightly appreciate him, he must be regarded in that capacity wherein he wrought good, the extent of which is, perhaps, not yet fully realized—in his true character of the philanthropist, the good Samaritan.

He belonged to that order of men who find their chiefest pleasure and most congenial occupation in the relief of the suffering and friendless. He was of the brotherhood which numbered in its ranks Las Casas and Howard. He began his mission of mercy when scarcely beyond his boyhood. Just after he commenced the practice of medicine there, the cholera reached his little native village in its destroying march. It struck down its victims with every hour. The brave remained and died; the timid fled. On almost every door was the mark of the pestilence, and in every household wailing and great grief. He was young, full of hope and loved life, as does one so entirely fitted to enjoy it. He grappled with the scourge,

and labored, yielding neither to despair nor fatigue, until the hideous visitant had passed on its way.

For more than forty years after that time he was almost constantly engaged in battle—usually battle of his own seeking—with the two dread epidemics which have filled this land with mourning and terror. He served, I believe, through seventeen epidemic visitations of yellow fever. Not content to contend with it when it appeared in the localities where he was pursuing his profession, he sought to meet it wherever it prevailed with unusual malignity and its ravages were most alarming. I can not enumerate all these instances of his heroic devotion, but many of those who hear me will remember how, when the island of Nassau was attacked, he went thither to minister to the stranger, and how he earned the undying gratitude of the people of Tennessee by his services at plague-stricken Memphis.

There can be no question that he learned more and knew more of this terrible scourge—knew better, at least, how to treat, or, rather, to nurse it—than any of the physicians who have talked and written so learnedly about it. He contended that, coming originally from Africa, or where, it mattered not, it had become naturalized in the soil and atmosphere of the West Indies and South America, and was a constant menace to this country, against which a well-devised and strictly-executed quarantine only could protect us. While he believed that its propagation and extension depended on certain conditions, among which a certain long-continued degree of heat is one of the most important, he insisted that it could—given its introduction and those conditions—go and kill anywhere. He insisted that, if it ever broke out in New Orleans so soon as the early part of July, there was imminent danger of its spreading throughout the United States.

In the summer of 1878 his prediction was verified in fact, although not to the extent he feared. The fever having appeared quite early on the Gulf coast, suddenly burst out fiercely at Grenada and other points in the interior of Mississippi, and, creeping up the Mississippi river, dealing death as it went, descended on the little town of Hickman, in Kentucky, with a wrath that appalled every heart.

Dr. Blackburn, who was then making the canvass for the gubernatorial nomination, immediately quitted the political field and proceeded to Hickman. Many of his friends, myself among the number, begged him not to go. We urged that he had certainly performed his share of that sort of work, and that he ought not to risk his life again in an epidemic declared by all who had seen its havoc the most virulent which had ever scourged the country. He answered that because of that very fact it was his duty to go.

I need not recite details; you are all familiar with them. You remember how the little town was converted almost into a graveyard; how the gallant Cook, who insisted on accompanying Blackburn as aide, was slain by the fever almost as soon as he reached the field; how other physicians died or fell. From the scanty population of the town, it was impossible to procure adequate attendance for the sick. Dr. Blackburn was compelled to be nurse as well as physician. In one squalid negro cabin a mother and five children, prostrated with the fever, were nursed by him, while he, as sole remaining physician, was treating all the other patients.

At that date it was contended by some people that while the yellow fever might visit other places, it could not come to Louisville. That is to say—

although some unfortunate who had contracted it elsewhere might come there with the seeds of it in his system and die—an “indigenous” case could not occur there, and that, so far as Louisville was concerned, the disease was neither “infectious,” “contagious,” nor transportable. When a doctor undertakes to split hairs, he can discount any lawyer. Such a position seems to us now, in the light of experience, incredibly absurd. Yet there were many who wished to believe it then and did believe it. Dr. Blackburn, notwithstanding his long experience and the heroic labor he was then performing, was much censured because he would not subscribe to this opinion. Its learned and eloquent author received an ovation and was presented with a medal for his successful (?) demonstration that the dreaded fever could not molest the city in which he lived; and at the very hour, as nearly as may be ascertained, when he was making his speech of acknowledgement, the disease broke out in Louisville, and the yellow fiend, in grinning derision, marked fifty foreheads with his livid finger, and fifty indigenous cases terminated fatally before another week.

When elected chief magistrate of Kentucky, Governor Blackburn brought to that office the earnest and faithful attention to duty which had characterized him in private life. In calling the attention of the Legislature to the abuses in the administration of criminal justice which prevailed in certain sections of the State and the corrections therein he caused to be made, he rendered the State especial service. But he rendered a service to humanity as well as to Kentucky in the prison reforms he instituted. The penitentiary system which he found in existence and the condition of the one establishment for the confinement and correction of criminals which the State had when he became Governor is a theme it is not pleasant to dwell upon. It is enough to say that more than twelve hundred prisoners were confined in quarters which could not adequately accommodate more than six hundred. It is not necessary to add that the sanitary regulations and discipline of the prison could not be efficient, and that without attributing deliberate cruelty on the part of those in charge of it, the wretches sent there for punishment were subjected to torture.

To overlook a matter like this was an impossibility to Governor Blackburn. He lost no time in addressing a communication to the Legislature, suggesting measures of relief, and when that induced no response, he emphatically attracted public notice to the necessity of some action by pardoning a large number of the more infirm and best behaved inmates of the penitentiary. Undeterred by criticism and undaunted by opposition, he persisted in this wise and humane work until popular opinion was completely with him and he saw it crowned with success. He subsequently incurred much criticism on account of his frequent exercise of the pardoning power, a prerogative employed too freely, many people honestly thought, after the first and imperative necessity for its exercise had been satisfied. He doubtless did make some mistakes in this regard, but I am convinced that, on the whole, his policy was judicious as well as benevolent. At any rate, it was dictated by that mercy which urges forgiveness of the unfortunates who err and fall under the temptations which assail man on the better side of his nature—through his affections, or his ideals, right or wrong, of social duty. And if some will censure him for releasing a few, surely all will honor him for the ceaseless solicitude with which, aided by his noble wife, he sought to ameliorate the condition of the many who remained in that house of crime and bondage.

The most devoted, the tenderest son, brother, father, husband, the

truest, best friend, the domestic conduct and relations of Governor Blackburn may be examples to all men. While deeply religious in his feeling and inspired with the truest Christian spirit, he was not a man to be much possessed by sectarian zeal or bias. Like Abou Ben Adhem, his name will be written highest on the roll of those who love God, because he loved his fellowmen.

And now that all is past for him in life, it is meet that he should be laid here. On this spot, surrounded by these graves, a Kentuckian may well believe that he hears the voice which spoke to Moses, saying: "The ground on which thou standest is holy ground." The soil of Kentucky has been the repository of heroic ashes since the dawn of her history. The red chieftains our fathers found here, hunting in her plains and forests, marked their rude paths with many a bloody grave; and the daring pioneers from whom we are descended paid, in foray and combat, a heavy reckoning for the beautiful land they won and bequeathed to us. In every war this continent has witnessed since the date of her settlement, Kentucky sons have borne their part, and her dead are strewn from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande and along the storied Cumberland and Potomac. With a mother's care she has essayed to gather together their sacred and precious remains, and, with a mother's tenderness, she holds them in her bosom.

And here lie buried many of her noblest sons—more than one of her chief magistrates—some of the founders and bravest champions of the Commonwealth. Here Boone lies, quiet and still at last, after his long wanderings and restless life. Here Ballard rests, his fiery spirit and dauntless resolution subdued in death. Here is stretched the stalwart form of Greenup, like a soldier sleeping when the march is over and the battle fought. Here Crittenden reposes in calm dignity, having done all that patriotism could suggest and eloquence accomplish for his native State. Here rest the dead heroes who bore Kentucky's flag and sustained her fame before the walls of Monterey and on the plains of Buena Vista, and O'Hara, scholar, soldier, poet, who, striving abreast with the bravest, survived a little while to immortalize their valor in sweet, loyal song—O'Hara has rejoined his comrades in this "bivouac of the dead."

Here, too, should Luke P. Blackburn lie, amid kindred ashes and in worthy company, followed to his last couch by the benedictions of the people he served so faithfully and loved so well.

GEORGE DuRELLE.

[George DuRelle, Lawyer, Jurist, was born in York, N. Y., October 18, 1852; educated in grammar school and at Yale College; removed to Louisville in 1869; taught school while attending law department University of Louisville, graduating in 1874; admitted to bar; Assistant United States Attorney for Kentucky, 1882-86 and 1889-91; Judge Court of Appeals of Kentucky, 1895-1902; appointed United States District Attorney, 1906.]

McKINLEY.

An address delivered at a McKinley memorial meeting at Frankfort, Ky., September 19, 1901.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The man we meet to-day to honor was, in his lifetime, often called a politician. In that word's best sense he was one. Policy means a settled form of government. Politic means wise and prudent. Politician means one versed in governmental science—a statesman. And while the words have often been in daily speech degraded to impute selfishness, intrigue and cunning, our mother tongue can ill afford to lose their better meanings. Let it then be said without reproach he was a politician, and the field of his life's work was politics. For that work, as for any which requires a man to guide his fellows, God had endowed him far beyond the common lot of man. A wise and just understanding, a high ambition, a perfect knowledge of his object, an infinite capacity for laborious care, a most serene and noble presence, a winning dignity of address, and a gracious charm of manner which could make refusal take on the form of favor—these were his. These were the tools with which he did his work, and, above all, a gift of tact which seemed to top the height of genius. Such tact as his could not be found except with a kind heart and with an utter lack of that false pride which clings to non-essentials. Consistency, fetich of little men, inspired no awe in him. What name you called the thing he wished he did not care, so that the thing he wished was done. If the column stood strong and firm, it mattered little whether the capital was Doric or Corinthian or the surface bruised and marred. His tact, born of a kind heart, led him to avoid antagonism, and so he went about obstructions and reached the goal where others would have driven headlong on defeat. Tact made obstructions stepping-stones to his success. Tact gained him time for needful preparation and drove political opponents to march in the van of his triumphal progress. And it was his tact which led him to push others forward to do the things which he wished done and leave to them the praise. With one who did so many things, there is no wonder that he was in the public eye so much. The wonder is that in the case of one who did so much, the recognition of his doing should so often have been tardy. Something of the wisdom of Washington he had in choice of men and means; that same infinite patience, too, to wait the time of harvest, and courage to seize the ripened grain. So he led, but seemed to follow; moulded public opinion, but seemed guided by it.

His was not one of those lonely souls, born ahead of their epochs, which

stand like battered headlands in the sea, landmarks to mark the progress of the rise of continents and beacons to the upward pathway of mankind. In them there is at once something pathetic and sublime, something which stirs the heart and kindles the imagination. His usefulness was of a different order. He was born in his century and of it. He grew with it and aided in its growth. He was a part of his environment, but that environment was not a Chinese wall about him, cramping his growth and bounding his achievement. It furnished the materials with which he worked, the meat on which he grew.

It would be foolish in ten minutes' talk to try to tell the list of things done by a man who did so much. I shall not try it. It is enough to say that, in his speech at Buffalo, before his taking off, he left a history of what he had accomplished and a forecast of his country's future. It is his best monument. It shows the man had grown as far beyond the policy embodied in the bill which bears his name as his country has outgrown the needs that bill supplied. It sounds the herald's note of the coming of an era of peaceful progress. It rings the changes on the golden rule. Peace and good will to men is the lesson it teaches; love one another; do unto others as you would that others should do unto you; reciprocity and not retaliation; exchange of benefits and not of bullets. In that speech was formulated the creed and aspirations of a great party. More, it states the wishes and the hopes of this great nation, and it marks the ending of an honorable life, a life of high endeavor and useful labor, a life of vast power well and wisely used—so used that when his hand dropped from the wheel, a tidal wave of sorrow swept about the globe, lapping with tears the shores of every island above which floats the flag he loved and fought for.

THOMAS REUBEN DURRETT.

[Thomas Reuben Durrett, Lawyer, Litterateur, was born in Henry County, Kentucky, January 22, 1824. President of Filson Club. (See extended sketch under his poem in back part of book.)]

When the State of Kentucky, on the 1st of June, 1892, had reached the age of one hundred years, the Filson Club celebrated the event, in Louisville, Ky., with an historical oration, an heroic poem and a public dinner, at which a number of post-prandial speeches, appropriate to the occasion, were made. The centennial or main oration was delivered by Colonel Reuben T. Durrett, the president of the Filson Club, under whose auspices the celebration was made. The first part of his oration was confined to the history of the discovery, exploration, settlement and autonomy of the new State; while the second presented its condition at the time of independence, its progress for the first century and its hopes for the future. The following extract is taken from the second part of this oration and embraces its closing paragraphs.

WHAT A CENTURY HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

. . . Such was the condition of Kentucky when she began her career as an independent State one hundred years ago, and three hundred years after the discovery of Columbus. The beginning of her statehood on the third centennial anniversary of the discovery of America is a coincidence that it is not likely her sons will forget. Through all time to come, the two events will move along the same pathway of centuries, separated only by the difference of time between the discovery of the one and the independence of the other.

Standing as we do at the favored terminus of a hundred years of marvelous progress, our glad eyes rest upon the evidences of advancement in our own State that could not have been anticipated by the wisest. Could Clark and Shelby rise from their hallowed graves to-day and look upon their country, they would know it not. The same blue sky, with its bright sun by day and its pale moon by night is above us. The same broad land, with its rich soil and navigable rivers, is beneath us. The same healthful climate wraps us around and imparts its enlivening summer breezes and its chastening winter winds. All else, how changed!

The great forest which cast its dark shadow upon the land has passed away, and with it the wild beasts and wilder savages that infested it. In its stead we behold immense fields of grain and pastures of grass, sporting with the consenting breezes like ocean waves toying with the passing winds. Vast areas of denuded forest now covered with growing hemp and tobacco remind us of the trying days when the haughty Spaniard, fortified upon the shores of the Mississippi, shut out our products from the markets of the world. The roads first marked out by the sagacious buffalo, and afterward adopted by the pioneer, with their summer's dust and their winter's mud, have given place to macadam thoroughfares and to railroads on which the iron horse, unconscious of the burden of a thousand steeds behind him, bounds over hills, darts through mountains, springs across rivers and speeds along plains with the velocity of the eagle's flight. From our matchless rivers have disappeared the pirogue,

the canoe, the keel and the barge propelled by sluggish oars and sails, and in their places we have those leviathans of omnipotent steam which glide along with their immeasurable cargoes as if the opposing winds and currents were but toys to allure them to their play. The broad prairies and the evergreen canebrakes, on which the buffalo and the deer grew fat for the food of man, are seen no more, and in their places the meadows of timothy and the pastures of bluegrass are the Eden of the Durhams and the Holsteins, of the Southdowns and the Cotswolds. Orchards and vineyards and gardens and nurseries surround happy mansions on the hills and in the valleys and along the plains where the wild woods grew. The whole face of the country has been changed as if touched by the magician's wand, and the wilderness has been made to blossom as the rose.

Two millions of inhabitants are spread over the one hundred and nineteen counties into which the State has been divided, showing an average increase of nineteen thousand souls for every year of the century that closes to-day. It is an intelligent, industrious and progressive population, engaged in most of the commendable pursuits of civilization. They have opened agricultural and mineral lands and erected manufactories, the surplus products of which go to enrich the markets of the world. They have built cities in different parts of the land, a single one of which has double the population and many times the wealth of the entire State when its independence began.

While reaching this increase of population, they have made mistakes in legislation, as all civilized peoples have done in every age and clime. They blundered in finance, in 1818, when they created forty independent banks, and turned them loose to prey on the community with their paper capital of nearly \$8,000,000. They were quick to discover their error and, at the end of two years, repealed the charters of these moneyless institutions. They have since established two hundred and fifty banks worthy to bear the name, which now meet the wants of the community with their solid capital of \$35,000,000. They blundered in 1820, when they began their wild acts of relief, whose follies fed upon their own foolishness until they brought on that conflict between the old court of appeals and the new, which shook the Commonwealth to its center. Experience again brought them wisdom, and they repealed the act establishing the new court and left the people to pay the debts they had contracted instead of looking to unconstitutional laws to avoid them. They blundered in internal improvements until they found the State staggering under a load of debts, with little of valuable works to show for the money they had cost; and they blundered in the passage of ill-digested laws, to be quickly repealed; but, with all their follies of legislation, the wisdom of their acts was greatly in the ascendent.

They have three times renewed their first organic law, and each time made advances along the line of enlightened progress. The Constitution of 1799 did away with the Federal features of that of 1792 and brought the people nearer to the agents who were to administer their government. The Constitution of 1850 improved upon that of 1799 in the interest of the people by making almost all offices elective and by opening wider and various avenues of progress. This was the first of our organic laws which looked to the education of the people, and it began the great work of setting apart forever, in the cause of popular education, the million of dollars obtained from the United States, with its increase from other

sources. The educational fund was, at that time, more than \$1,300,000, and recently it has been increased by another \$600,000 from the United States, which, with other accumulations, will swell the school fund to \$2,300,000 at this date. It was under this Constitution also that the old and meaningless forms of pleading, inherited from rude ages, were abolished and codes of practice established in their stead. The last Constitution, of 1891, has departed widely from the beaten track of its predecessors and made radical changes, the wisdom or the folly of which time alone can determine. The makers seem to have honestly struggled to meet the wants of an advanced and progressive people, and it remains to be seen whether the changed and ever-varying conditions of our citizens have been sufficiently provided for in this instrument.

In the interest of broad humanity, they passed the act of 1798, repealing the bloody code inherited from the mother country, which made our people liable to be hanged for no less than one hundred and sixty-five enumerated crimes. We can hardly realize that, as late as 1798, Kentuckians were subject to the death penalty of the law for larceny, perjury, arson, obtaining money under false pretenses, etc. They were a little slow and stealthy in doing so, but they repealed that disgraceful law by which a man was punished at the whipping-post, by omitting this degrading penalty from the revised statutes of 1870. They have established asylums for the insane and schools for the blind and the deaf and dumb and retreats for the aged and homes for the poor. Even their prisons are no longer those sickening dungeons which came down from the Dark Ages, but decent houses of confinement where mercy guards the victims and humanity allures them to reform. Like prudent heirs who have not squandered the estate bequeathed by their ancestors, they have not diminished the magnificent territory they obtained from Virginia, but have enlarged it. In the southwestern corner of the State they acquired from the Chickasaw Indians, in 1819, seven millions of acres, out of which the flourishing counties of McCracken, Ballard, Marshall, Carlisle, Calloway, Graves, Hickman and Fulton have been made. With a moral courage that never shrank from the candid expression of opinions on important subjects, they gave to their country the resolutions of 1798-9 as the embodiment of the doctrine of State rights. These celebrated resolutions have shaped the political faith of leading parties ever since, and they seem destined to exert an undiminished influence for all time to come.

The farmer has laid aside the rude and clumsy helps to his industry, and now uses implements which almost do his work for him. He opens his land and puts in his crop and cultivates it and gathers and prepares it for market by machinery that leaves him little to do with his hands. The mechanic who was a maker and mender of all kinds of things has become a specialist, and now we have an expert for every different occupation. The house that was built by the carpenter of 1792 now requires the services of a cabinetmaker, the joiner, the plumber, the plasterer, the glazier, the painter, the mason, the turner, the upholsterer, and a dozen others, with an architect to direct the little army. Those great civilizers of the world, the newspaper and the printing press, have advanced, step by step, in progressive improvements until they have almost reached perfection. There are newspapers in almost every village in the State, numbering something like three hundred in all, and turning out at a single issue seven hundred and fifty thousand impressions. There are printing

presses, like the great Hoe of the Courier-Journal, with almost human intelligence, that print and fold twenty-five thousand eight-page papers in an hour. The first book printed in the State was issued from the hand-press of Maxwell & Gooche, at Lexington, in 1793. It required long and weary months of labor to get out a small edition of this little volume of ninety-six octavo pages. Such a book could now be sent out in a large edition from one of our principal publishing houses in a single week. All over our broad land, free schools have been established, in which the children of all citizens may acquire a good business education. If they would then extend their studies, there are private schools everywhere in which the higher branches of learning may be pursued; and if they would yet go farther, there are colleges at Danville and Richmond and Lexington and Georgetown and Bardstown or St. Mary's in which a finished education may be obtained. There are medical schools and law schools and theological schools and schools of art and science and design and mechanics in which almost every branch of human knowledge is open to the student. There are public libraries and association libraries and special libraries and private libraries where the best books of all ages and countries are stored. Most of the leading religions of the times are represented and, with all of them combined in the interest of human souls, there is scarcely a nook or corner in which prayer and song and preaching may not be heard. Many of the church edifices of our cities are fine specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, and the tendency is to make these structures yet more worthy of the sacred office to which they are devoted. In every part of the State postoffices have been established, and in the leading cities letters and packages are delivered at the doors of those to whom they are addressed. More rapid than mail carriers in the transmission of news and knowledge, there are telegraph wires throughout the State over which electricity flashes messages regardless of time and space, and there are telephone wires over which the human voice, in conversational tones, is heard at distances where the thunders would be silent. That mysterious energy which thunders in the storm-cloud and gilds the darkness of the night with the glow of the mid-day sun, has been made to move machinery with a velocity hitherto unknown and to dispel the shadows of the night. Passenger cars, propelled by its invisible might, glide along the thoroughfares of our cities and provisions are being made to make it the motive power to draw immense trains of cars over the lines of the railroads extending over the vast country. We call this subtle agency electricity and assign to it possibilities for the future as great as its mysteries are now and have been in the past. Steam engines have been placed in every position in which power is required. They ride on our railroads, they float on our rivers, they whirl in our factories, they know not weariness, nor require rest. By day and by night, in sunshine and in cloud, they cease not their mighty efforts. They perform the work which the entire population of the State could not do without them and exist among us as two millions of constant, unwearying toilers. Our people live in houses that differ from those of the last century as the palace of the prince differs from the hovel of the peasant. In the Croghan house at Locust Grove and the Clark house at Mulberry Hill, both of which have come down to us from the last century, we have specimens of the best style of the houses erected by our forefathers when they thought it safe to leave the forts and dwell in the open country. The Croghan is a

square house, built of brick, one story high, with two rooms on each side of a broad hall, while the Clark is a parallelogram, built of hewed logs, two stories high, with one room above and one below on each side of the hall. The style of the buildings that followed these pioneer structures was the basement house, with steps leading to the floor above the ground, and, finally, this was followed by what now prevails, in a strange mixture of the Gothic castle, the Italian villa, and the Elizabethan cottage with the Virginian mansion. A few who prefer comfort to display yet build the old manor houses, with large rooms and broad halls, inclosed by plain but solid walls. The gas that lights and heats these houses, the furnaces that warm them, the water that flows through them, the photographs that hang on the walls, the machine-made furniture that adorns the rooms, the mattresses of hair, the comforts of down, the porcelain, the glass, the gilded knives and forks and spoons, the plated ware, and, in fact, nearly all the articles of luxury or comfort are the work of the century which has just closed. It may be added that new kinds of meats, drinks, breads, vegetables and fruits are now placed upon the table for breakfast, lunch, dinner tea and supper at hours that would not have been tolerated by the pioneers. We have bored into the deep-seated rocks of the earth and penetrated great reservoirs of natural gas held down for untold ages by anticlinal axes and laid long lines of iron pipes to conduct it to our homes and our factories. Its smokeless light and its dirtless heat are as great improvements upon the coal fire and artificial gas light of our times as these were upon the wood fire and the tallow candle of our ancestors. We have had no dearth of historians to record these advances of our country and people, there having been no fewer than eighteen of them from Filson, in 1784, to Smith, in 1889, and yet there is room for one more to leave unsaid much that has been said, and to say what is to be said in a different style. We naturally incline to good opinions for John Filson, the first historian of Kentucky, in honor of whom our club has been named, but, all prejudice aside, when we take into consideration the little history the new State had to be written in 1784, and allow for the superior deserts of his map of Kentucky and life of Boone, we must candidly say that the merits of his history have not been surpassed by those of any since written.

With a bravery worthy of the chivalrous race from which they sprang, Kentuckians fought the Indian at home until his war-whoop no longer rang in the forest and his scalping-knife no longer gleamed at the cabin door. They followed him to Chillicothe and to Pickaway, to the Maumee and to Tennessee, to his mountain fastness and to his forest retreats, until, in 1794, at the Fallen Timbers, they dealt him that fatal and crushing blow from which he never sufficiently recovered to return to his favorite fighting and hunting grounds. Nor was their bravery of that narrow kind that risks life for self alone. They fought under Harrison at Tippecanoe and on the Thames, under Jackson at New Orleans, under Houston in Texas and under Taylor and Scott in Mexico; and on every field they won a name that their descendants are proud to claim as a part of their glorious inheritance. And, alas! when cruel Fate decreed that their own country must suffer the horrors of civil war, and that they must meet their brothers and friends upon the field of battle, they shrank not from the duty to which conscience called. They sent to the Union army eighty thousand of their brave sons and to the Confederate army half as many

more, making the largest number, in proportion to population, contributed by any State to the Civil War. They laid down their lives on many a well-fought field under their Confederate leaders, Johnston and Breckinridge and Preston and Buckner and Morgan and Duke and Marshall, and they fought not less nobly under Union commanders.

All along the line of the century which closes its circle to-day, Kentuckians have made enviable names at home and abroad. Were we to attempt to enumerate them on this occasion, the day would pass and the coming night envelope us in darkness before the list could be completed. We rejoice that, among the first of philanthropists, her gifted son, John Breckinridge, drafted the law of 1798, which did away with the death penalty for all crimes except murder; that her learned lawyers, Harry Toulmin and James Blair, led the way of modern codes when they issued their review of the criminal law in 1804; that her ingenious inventors, John Fitch and James Rumsey, had mastered the principles of the steamboat in 1787, and that Thomas H. Barlow invented the Planetarium and made a model of the first locomotive in 1826. They point with pride to their distinguished surgeons, Walter Brashear, who, in 1806, first amputated the thigh at the hip joint, and Ephraim McDowell, who became the father of ovariectomy in 1809. Two Presidents of the United States and four vice-presidents first saw light in Kentucky homes, and another of her favored sons was chief executive of the Confederate States. They have been United States cabinet officers and justices and speakers and ministers abroad and have filled the highest rank in the army and navy. They have been the governors, the lieutenant-governors, the legislators and the judges of sister States. Such statesmen as Clay and Crittenden, such orators as Menifee and Marshall, such journalists as Prentice and Penn, such poets as O'Hara and Cosby, such artists as Jouett and Hart, have made fame for themselves and their State which bore their names to every portion of the civilized world. I refrain from allusions to the distinguished living, though the effort at suppression is hard, knowing as I do that any enumerating of them would require more time than can be given on this occasion.

We may not presume to peer into the dark unknown and attempt to foretell what is to come, but the data of the past and the present are suggestive of the future. None of us now present can hope to witness another Kentucky centenary. All of us will be laid to rest with the occupants of our cities of the dead before this day can make its return. Even those who shall then be here will not, probably, see our population increased by such a ratio as accompanied the years of the century just closed. Half a dozen or more millions may then be here engaged in the different pursuits of life. They will not abandon the municipalities, nor those bluegrass lands perennially enriched by the decaying limestone on which they rest; but a new center of population and industry and wealth will be then found in our mineral regions. The coal and iron underlying twelve thousand square miles of mountainous country that the pioneers deemed of no practical use will give to these lands a value beyond that of the bluegrass fields. The coal will be lifted from its bed of ages and sent abroad to warm the people and move the machinery of the world. The iron will be mined and welded into bands to unite the nations of the earth. Railroads will rush through the mountain valleys and furnaces and factories will glow along their lines. A hardy population of miners

will build their cottages upon the hillsides and mountain slopes and the rugged country will be changed from a wilderness to a region of picturesque beauty. The mountaineers thus brought in contact with enlightening industries, and in full view of the glories of the advancing world around them, may cease those vendettas which have disgraced humanity, and become an industrious, thriving and progressive people. With half a dozen millions of inhabitants farming upon our bluegrass plains, and mining in our mountains, and grazing stock upon our hills, and manufacturing in our cities, and cultivating the arts and the sciences everywhere, Kentuckians of the century to come may rejoice in the blessings of a country as far in advance of ours as the one we enjoy is beyond that of the pioneers.

The frowning mountains and the rugged hills
Will yield to plastic art; and, to the hum
Of wheels and the ring of anvils, uncounted,
Joyous tongues will swell Industry's chorus
Until the earth, the waters, and the air
Resound with the harmonies of progress.
Onward, still onward and forever, will
Be the watchword until millions of feet
Threading the byways of spreading commerce
And myriads of hands manipulating
The useful arts have made the wilderness
Of the everlasting rock-ribbed mountains
To blossom as the rose.

When that glorious time shall come, we who close the first and open the second century of our statehood to-day will not be forgotten by those who may participate in the second centenary; but we may be remembered as a happy people on an emerald isle in the midst of the river of centuries, whose joyous voices, resounding through the ages and mingling with those on the shore of 1792 and with those on the shore of 1992, will unite them into one grand harmony of kindred sounds.

THOMAS T. EATON.

[Thomas T. Eaton, D. D., Pastor of Walnut-street Baptist Church, Louisville, Ky., was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., November 16, 1845; ordained to Ministry, 1870; held Pastorate in Lebanon, Chattanooga, Tenn., and Petersburg, Va.; Author of many books; Editor of "The Western Recorder," since 1887.]

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE BEFORE MEN, THAT THEY MAY
SEE YOUR GOOD WORKS, AND GLORIFY YOUR
FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN.

A sermon delivered at the Fifty-seventh Annual Conclave Knights Templar, at Frankfort, Ky., May 18, 1906.

This is a dark world through which people are stumbling to their doom. From hearts conscious of their need there goes up the Ajax cry for light, and the Macedonian call, "Come over and help us," appeals to us from all directions. The way has been made in which men can escape all evil and secure all good. This way is not known to all, and many who could know it if they would, do not ask for it, loving darkness rather than light. This great need, all the greater because not appreciated, appeals to the heroic element in character, and calls for the highest chivalry. Herein is the ideal of Christian knighthood, which finds an expression in the noble order under whose auspices we are gathered here. Our fellowmen, in direct need and in direst peril, are stumbling in the darkness. It is ours to give them light, that they may see, and be persuaded to walk the way that leads from the ruin of sin, along the path of duty, to the glories that lie beyond. This is the highest ideal that has ever caught the eye, stirred the hearts and nerved the arms of noble men—the ideal of Christian knighthood.

Many ideals have appeared in history, and in proportion to their nobleness and to the vigor with which they have been pursued has been the greatness of the people who cherished them. No people ever became great who did not have an ideal, noble in some respects, and they rose in precisely those excellencies with which they vested their ideal.

The ideal of the Greeks was perfect beauty, physical and mental, and in that they reached an elevation unequaled in all the world. "Beautiful as a Greek statue" is the highest praise to be called forth by physical beauty. The statues that have come down to us from the Greeks have been alike the admiration and despair of all the artists since. These statues are but the embodiment of the forms and features to be seen any day on the streets of ancient Athens. In beauty of architecture, too, the Greeks have led the world. Even in its shattered ruins, as it crowns the Acropolis, the Parthenon to-day is the most beautiful building on the earth. What must it have been in its glory, when the great Apostle, standing on Mars Hill, and pointing to it, said that God "dwelleth not in temples made by hands!" The smallest fragment of ancient Greek art is at once recognized by a beauty all its own, which has been unapproached through the ages.

Mental beauty, too, was sought by the Greeks, and with a success that

has surpassed all other people. Their poets, philosophers and orators still command the admiring reverence of all the world. No country furnishes such a bright galaxy in the firmament of intellect as does little Greece. The thinking of the world is still dominated by Aristotle, Socrates and Plato, with whom human thought reached its high-water mark, beyond which it has never gone in all the ages since beauty, physical and mental, was sought and attained by the Greeks as by no other people that have come after them.

But, grand as was their ideal, so far as it went, and admirable as were their efforts to attain unto it, their nation fell because of the imperfection of that ideal.

They sought for physical and mental beauty, but they had not the true light and perceived not the grandeur and glory of spiritual beauty. Radiant with the beauty of Eden, and gifted with the genius of the immortals, their ideal was stained with vice and weakened with impurity. The very gods they worshiped were immoral. They saw not the necessity for purity of private character, and their nation withered before the breath of moral pollution, till the Greek became treacherous, false and cowardly. And there is no sadder commentary to the nations as the grandeur and the indispensableness of virtue than the noble ruins which yet crown the brow of the Acropolis and look down sadly upon the city whose glory has departed forever.

Next came the Roman ideal of perfect obedience to law. To be a brave soldier and afterward a victorious general was the highest ambition of a Roman youth in those days when to be a Roman citizen was itself a glory. However stern the discipline required, he accepted it readily. It was his heroic aim to endure all hardships, suffer all privations, accept all sacrifices demanded by rigorous law and inflexible military discipline, that he might be trained and fitted for his country's service and his country's glory. And the success was worthy the effort. That was a noble race of iron men who welded all Italy into a sword for the world's conquest and inscribed the image and superscription of Caesar over all the face of civilization. Here and there among other nations a general has arisen worthy to be mentioned along with the great Romans, but Rome counted her great warriors by the score.

Two ideals swayed Europe during the Middle Ages, the monk and the knight. Whatever may be said of the results of the monastery, there was originally underlying the institution a great truth. It was founded upon the necessity of keeping the body under, a necessity too little heeded in these days in which we err as far upon the one side as the monks erred upon the other. The monkish ideal was right on this point, in that they sought to conquer fleshly lusts, but wrong in the methods they pursued to secure this result. But they had their reward in the success they achieved. Their orders spread rapidly over Europe, and their heroic efforts to convert the heathen challenge our admiration. They had great strength for labor, great power of endurance, and a stern imperviousness to temptation worthy of recognition. What was wealth to a man whose clothing was sack-cloth, who wore no ornaments, owned no house, and ate only the cheapest food? Bribery of such men was impossible; for them avarice had no power, luxury no charm and poverty no terror. No wonder the world and the flesh were aghast before those famine-wasted forms and devoted spirits for whom their most alluring temptations had no charms.

Before the earnest efforts of monks, idol after idol went down forever. Jupiter and Apollo followed Baal and Astarte into oblivion. Saxon and Goth, Northman and Briton, Frank and Hun, yielded to the faith of the monks, and through Europe, as well as in Asia and Africa and the isles of the sea, the cross arose above the crumbling altars of the ancient gods.

But their ideal was defective. They sought to weaken their bodies in order to overcome evil desires; and their scourgings, nail-wearings, fastings and various penances reacted to the overthrow of their ideal. Yet we honor men who were ready to undergo any toil and suffer any hardship with no thought of their own pleasure. While we may innocently indulge in harmless pleasure, yet this is not grand or heroic. The noblest character, be he stoic, monk or apostle, thinks little of pleasure and cares not for personal gratification. There are flowers for the bridal garland, blossoms for the May queen's crown, but for the brow of the hero only the grey of the olive, only the green of the laurel.

While the monks placed before them the ideal of piety, strengthened by overcoming the flesh, the laymen strove to reach the knightly ideal, the noblest of them all. The ideal of chivalry was courage, truth and fidelity, founded upon faith in Christ and obedience to Him; and the results upon noble natures are seen in the characters of Bayard and Sidney. All through the knight's training religious duties were strictly inculcated and dependence upon God always emphasized. Taught by the Romans that there could be no excellence in a character untrained to obedience, the father sent his son at seven years of age to the castle of a friend to be trained. There for seven years he remained as page for the ladies who taught him to read and to pray. He rendered menial service as butler and footman. At the age of fourteen, his services were transferred from the ladies to the knight whom he served for seven years as squire. The menial duties continued; he must clean the armor, look after the horse and the clothing of the knight, follow him to the field, hold his second horse in battle, succor him when wounded and carry him from the field when dead. Fourteen years were thus spent in menial service in learning the great lesson of obedience, and this, not for the poor and the lowly, but for those of noble birth and lofty station, the sons of dukes and of kings.

At the age of twenty-one, the squire became a knight and went forth to redress wrongs, to protect the weak, to honor women, to be faithful to his leader and to never turn his back upon a foe. And the face of Europe changed under the power of the knights. To be generous and merciful was as much a duty and a glory as to be brave and renowned in war; to have succored the needy, relieved the suffering and freed the oppressed, as to have subdued a city or to have routed an army.

But the defect in the knightly ideal led to its downfall, though not to its overthrow, for the best of it still remains, and some of its representatives are gathered here. The spirit of medieval knighthood, grand in many things, was wrong in its pride of birth. Menial service was noble only when rendered by the nobly born. Receiving the lesson conveyed by Christ's washing His disciples' feet; chivalry recognized that the man ennobles the act, but did not learn the kindred lesson from our Lord's being the reputed son of a carpenter, and refused to recognize any nobility in the lowly born. Thus there grew up a haughtiness which gradually led the knights to refuse to submit to the long term of servitude and led them to desire costly armor and large retinues, till the love of money and

of pleasure debased their characters, and their "cups became heavier than their swords."

The highest order of knighthood was the Knights Templar, founded early in the twelfth century and taking their name from their first quarters on the site of Solomon's Temple. In 1138 A. D., Hugh de Paganis, of Burgundy, and eight comrades solemnly bound themselves to guard the roads for pilgrims to sacred shrines, "to live as canons, and to fight for the King of Heaven, in charity, obedience and self-denial." The order spread rapidly and, in A. D. 1150, we find them in Castile, in Rochelle, in Languedoc, in Rome, in Brittany, and in Germany. Alphonso I. bequeathed them one-third of his dominions; Louis VII. regulated his army according to the order of these knights and granted them land near Paris, which became known as the "Temple," and was their headquarters. Their lofty courage was everywhere acknowledged. At Damietta they were "first to attack and last to retreat." Governments confided in them, and both in London and in Paris royal treasure was entrusted to their care. The honor of knighthood was held so high that a captive knight was ever released on his simple promise that he would go among his people and raise the sum required for his ransom. The captive knight, too, was consulted as to what sum he could raise "without inconvenience," since they were unwilling to straiten a knight so that he "should not live well and keep up his honor."

We read of three special orders of knights, the Hospitallers, with black mantles and white crosses, whose special care was the sick and wounded; the Teutonics, with their white mantles and black crosses, confined to the ranks of German noblemen, and the Templars, with their white mantles and red crosses, whose functions I have described. These orders were entirely distinct from the Knights of Arthur's Round Table, and from the Paladins of Charlemagne, just as these were distinct from the Equites of Rome.

The Templars were the noblest of all the orders of knighthood, because it was theirs to "fight for the King of Heaven," to be aggressive for righteousness, to resist evil, to protect weakness and to relieve distress. Their high purpose was, and is, to let their light shine in the darkness of the world, reflecting from their knightly persons the light that gleams from the cross of our Redeemer, so that all men may see the way that leads to peace and to glory. That is the use of light, to illumine the world that men may find their way through it, and not stumble into the abyss.

Unlike the various orders of nobility, which are by inheritance, knighthood rests upon merit. Each man who is enrolled as a knight is supposed to have a knightly character. The name is the mark of a high character. To shine it is necessary to burn, and so that which shines must be of right material. Clay does not shine, nor stone. To let our light shine we must have hearts on fire with love to God and with zeal for the good of mankind. Men whose souls do not kindle at the thought of God's love and grace and at the thought of human suffering and need are incapable of knighthood.

"Let your light so shine." Allow nothing to interrupt its beams. Michael Angelo placed a light on his head that his own shadow might not fall upon his work. The greatest care is taken that the glass of the light-houses be kept clear and clean, that the light be not dimmed. The Christian must let nothing interfere with his shining. Any inconsistency, any wrong-doing on his part, will dim his light and may be the occasion

of disaster to some soul needing that light. The safety of all the craft afloat within range of the light-house is imperiled if the light be dimmed or shadowed. Let your light so shine. It will shine if you give it a chance.

Go forth, then, Knights Templar, on your high mission of duty and of glory. "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." In the beginning of your history, your home was the Temple at Jerusalem in its ruins. In the consummation of your history, your home is the Temple of the Skies, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," that Temple whose walls are salvation, whose gates are praise, and the "Lamb is the light thereof." Let your light shine forth clear and strong amid the world's darkness, until the Sun of Righteousness shall rise with healing in his wings, flooding the earth with his glory, and all the foul spirits which have so long held high carnival amid the darkness of the world's shadows shall be driven into the outer darkness that knows no morrow. And in that shadowless world of glory, your light shall gleam with a radiance unknown to earth, for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."

WILLIAM REED EMBRY.

[William Reed Embry, Lawyer and Editor, Danville, Ky., was born in Mercer County, Kentucky, October 8, 1877. Graduated from Centre College in 1897; Valedictorian of Centre College Law School in 1901; entered newspaper business in 1903; Editor of the Danville News; Democratic Elector Eighth Kentucky District in 1904; Representative from Boyle County in Kentucky Legislature in 1906.]

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT, AND THE WOMEN WHO WAITED.

An address delivered at the Confederate Memorial Exercises and Decoration of Confederate graves at Lexington, Ky., June 2, 1906.

Mr. Chairman, Daughters of the Confederacy, Confederate Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Standing on this sacred soil, hallowed by the memory of your mighty dead, I wish first to tender my sincere thanks to the Daughters of the Confederacy for the honor conferred upon me by this invitation, so that, should I be rendered speechless by the emotions of this hour, I shall at least in a feeble way have expressed my appreciation of your kindness.

The chivalry of Kentuckians, of which we are justly proud, is known through the length and breadth of this republic, and not without cause, for the gallantry of a Kentucky gentleman is kindled by the greatest inspiration that ever taught men how to die—Kentucky's womanhood. Since the daring daughters of the early pioneers braved death at the hands of ruthless savages to supply their husbands and loved ones with the crystal waters of historic old Bryan's spring, there has never breathed in any country, in any clime, a braver, sweeter, purer womanhood than that which blossoms in the bluegrass section of old Kentucky. To their tender ministrations, and that of their devoted sisters of the South, the Confederacy owes a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid.

The place for holding these exercises is peculiarly appropriate to the subject, seeing, as we do, all around us the handiwork of an All-wise Creator. The eternal fitness of things is whispered on the breeze as it gently waves the grass out yonder above our heroic dead, where rest in the tender embrace of earth the immortal Cluke, Hanson, Morgan, Breckinridge and others; and as the sunbeams kiss the flowers that will soon be spread by loving hands above their last resting place, its light will fall upon the red rose and the snow-white lily, mingled together, as fit emblems of the red blood that dyed to a crimson hue the battlefields of the South, wiping out forever the pure, white lives that were a nation's greatest pride.

Of the men who fought and the women who could only wait, I shall speak a few brief words this morning. In the long, dreary days, and more desolate nights, which were spent in their lonely homes during the great struggle in the sixties, the mothers, wives and daughters passed through periods of uncertainty and anxiety that were more fearful than the baptism of fire that greeted their loved ones at the front. But never did they falter in their courage and self-sacrifice.

Men may achieve, but it is the women who endure, dauntless and

undismayed, to the end. When the last cannon had spoken and defeat and ruin cast their sombre sable of despair across a stricken land, it was the glorious womanhood of the Confederacy that clasped the torn and bleeding hands of the heart-broken soldiers across the graves of their fallen comrades and bade them cast their eyes to the future and put their trust in Him who tasted the agonies of Gethsemane, yet was undismayed.

Theirs was the office to bind up the wounds, to soothe and comfort the sick and dying; and now, after the lapse of years has softened their grief and Nature has administered a surcease to regret in the lengthening shadows of advancing age, it is to them that future generations shall acknowledge their indebtedness for the beautiful statues of bronze and monuments of marble that dot our beloved Southland, bearing testimony to the valor of Southern arms and the glory of defeat.

It is a noble and unselfish work, these memorial exercises to the heroes in gray. Though victory perched not upon their banner, though their cause was lost forever, still they live upon the lips and in the hearts of those who love them, as proud of them in disaster as was ever Spartan mother of those sons brought home upon their shields.

May the luster that surrounds the splendor of Southern valor be never dimmed, and may the sweet incense from the shrine of woman's love forever brighten the pathway of man's existence here until the great Archangel claims his own.

In the great Valhalla, where the immortal souls of departed heroes meet in loving companionship, where there is no sorrow in defeat, no bitterness in failure, no wormwood in the cup of contentment and no reserve in the fellowship of universal regard that should characterize the truly great, it must be a source of never-failing delight to witness from that beautiful Beyond the tender and sacred devotion with which those dear hearts on earth have entwined their affections with unyielding bonds around the memory of their consecrated dead.

Soldiers of the Confederacy and members of the heroic Orphan's Brigade, in the name of the young men of Kentucky, I bring to you a loving greeting of devotion, and if ever we are called upon to shoulder arms in the defense of hearth and home, we shall ever have before us as an example and guide the deathless valor of you, my countrymen, who so gladly offered your lives for a hopeless cause.

That war-stained suit of gray, worn so honorably and so well, is a passport into every Southern heart and home.

That blue-barred emblem upon your breast is more honorable than the "Star and Garter," for your deeds of valor have laid upon your shoulders the sword of imperishable knighthood and placed upon your brow the laurel wreath of undying glory that shall remain fresh and green in the hearts of your countrymen, and generations yet unborn shall do honor to your memory.

"Hail them, Hills! and sing, Rivers, in welcome! O, Sky,
Light your fairest star fires as the old troops march by!
They come to their own—
Where their glories are known,
And the song on Love's lips, and the lights in Love's eye!
They come, crowned of glory;
Fame knows their white story;
Love clasps and believes them,
And Honor receives them;

And 'welcome' is rending
 Around earth and sending
 Its music on high!
 This is the land they fought for;
 This is the proud soil they wrought for
 In the great days gone by!
 With glory and honor we crown them to-day,
 For God's in the glory that gleams from the Gray!"

Nothing that I can say will add to, or detract from, one iota of your fame, for it is already written in blazing letters upon the pages of history. Along with the names of Alexander and Napoleon stand those of Lea and Johnson; but their resemblance stops with their matchless generalship. For the campaign of the latter was not one for the conquest of foreign lands or the spoils of war, neither was it to satisfy the unbounded ambition of an unscrupulous leader, but it was in the defense of home. What a magic word! Who would not die for its preservation? Around it are clustered the fondest recollections of a happy childhood; beneath its roof-tree there lingers the protecting spirit of departed loved ones, and across its threshold the prattle of baby tongues has made a welcome more sincere than ever graced the triumphal march of Caesar's conquering host. Is it a wonder, then, that in their defense you accomplished feats that won the admiration of the civilized world? Is it a wonder that Southern soil, from Florida's sandy wastes to Kentucky's bluegrass fields, covers the forms of thousands of her heroic slain? But they did not die in vain.

Was it in vain that General A. P. Hill sacrificed his life in the terrible slaughter of Petersburg? Was it in vain that Albert Sidney Johnston died a hero's death on the bloody field of Shiloh? Was it in vain that Stonewall Jackson, the greatest strategist of his age, gave up his pure and spotless life in the Wilderness of old Virginia?

Truly, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave," but the glory of these men shall live after them in the dawning ages to be a watch-word of love and affection to their countrymen.

I wish I had the words at my command to express the love and honor in which the people of Kentucky hold the memory of another of those heroic slain. Many of those before me have followed that fearless leader over the hills and valleys of Kentucky and Tennessee. With him you have crossed many streams, from the beetling cliffs of the Cumberland to the muddy banks of the Ohio. You have often been aroused before the first streak of dawn had crimsoned the east, by the clarion notes of the bugle call to resume a long and dreary march, or awakened in the still hours of the night by the warning crack of the sentry's rifle to face an unknown enemy of unknown power. When your lagging strength was almost spent and you wavered and fell from your saddles with exhaustion, you have been cheered and incited by the mere presence of that superb man to do still more daring deeds and endure hardships that seemed beyond the power of human nature. It is needless for me to tell you, whom he loved so well, that this soldier and hero was your own heart's idol—General John H. Morgan.

With the name of Morgan, there always occurs to me the name of another who was also the pride of this district and this great Commonwealth; of a man who, at the age of forty-five, had filled nearly every office in the gift of the people and whose integrity and intelligence in their administration has never been surpassed. In appearance he was handsome

and of an imposing stature and figure, a born leader of men. His ability as an orator is unequalled in Kentucky's history, a State noted for its men of eloquence; but it was as a soldier that you loved him most, for it was then that his gallant conduct endeared him to the hearts of all the Southern people. That charge led at Stone River is unsurpassed in American history for personal bravery. Erect upon his charger, he leads the dash for the bridge, while the incessant roar of the hundred cannon placed against him is fairly appalling, and the whistling lead, as it plows through the ranks, reaps a rich harvest of death and destruction; his captains and lieutenants fall, one by one, at his side until there is hardly left one to whom he may give his orders, yet he never falters for an instant, though his clothes were riddled with bullets and his horse shot from under him.

It is with sadness that I see pictured before me another period of his eventful career. 'Tis the vision of a solitary horseman threading his weary way through the bridle paths of a Southern forest. That old war-horse that had carried its rider through many a hard-fought battle, with head erect and nostrils dilating, is now beating his last retreat with lagging steps and lowered head. On the handsome face of his rider there is stamped the sad, far-away look of a man whose last hope had sunk beyond the horizon of an everlasting impossibility. Sheltered and befriended by those for whom he had given his all, he at last reaches the coast and embarks from his native shore where, for four long and dreary years, unhonored and unknown, he wanders, an exile in a foreign land. Upon returning home, he was too proud to ask for a pardon and in a few years he died, a broken-hearted man. Here, in this beautiful city of the dead, beneath the shadow of yonder towering monument of Henry Clay, there rests to-day in an unpardoned grave the body of one of Nature's truest and grandest noblemen—General John C. Breckinridge.

There are many others whose untarnished diadem of glory will illumine the pathway of the South forever. If I had the time, I might name a thousand of those gallant sons of Mars whose deeds of heroism are forever chronicled in a grateful people's memory and filed away in the archives of a nation's glory.

The charge of the Light Brigade, immortalized in verse by Tennyson, could never have been more desperate or more determined than that of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. With five thousand men, the flower of the Southern army, Pickett is ordered to charge the heights and capture the guns of the enemy. Up they go, the evening sun glinting upon their set bayonets as they charge into that withering fire; never wavering, though half their number lay dead or dying upon the field, they at last reach the top and, with one scattering volley, climb through the blinding flame and smoke over the entrenchments and drive the enemy from their guns. But, alas! the position so dearly won they are compelled to abandon on account of their decimated numbers; then they march back over the mangled bodies of their comrades, bathing their feet in the priceless blood of a nation's chivalry, while wonder and admiration stay the hand of the Northern gunners as they watch their retiring ranks.

Gettysburg was the turning point of the war. For two years the Confederate army had sent back shattered and defeated every force they had encountered, but it was not in the range of the possible that they should finally succeed against such overwhelming odds; and, after Gettysburg, it was a desperate and hopeless struggle until, foot-sore, ragged and starving, they surrendered at Appomatox. Ah, how they begged for one

more charge, just for a chance to offer up their lives upon the altar of their country, dreading death not half so much as defeat. But Robert E. Lee, that master spirit of the war, who had already prolonged it for two years by his unequalled genius and perseverance, realized that it was useless to sacrifice more lives in a further prolongation of the struggle.

After the surrender of Appomattox, the South embarked upon another struggle as relentless as the one through which she had just passed—the struggle for existence.

See that old soldier in tattered gray returning home, beaten, overwhelmed, but undaunted! Not marching to the tunes of martial bands of music, hailed by the welcome cries of a victorious nation, embraced in the arms of loved ones at home, but, trudging on through wasted fields and deserted hamlets, he finds his crops destroyed, house dismantled and family fled. There may be left to him, alas! the remembrance of an only son, the joy and pride of his declining years, left on some distant blood-stained field of battle, cold and still, gone to join the over-crowded ranks of those who gave their lives for the Lost Cause.

Did he give up in hopeless despair and grief? Did he sit down, with folded arms, in the ashes of his deserted home, crying: "All is lost"? No, for he was made of sterner stuff. Consider for a moment his condition. Pitiless and unrelenting, starvation stalked abroad in that one-time land of plenty. The terrible pestilence of civil war had passed over her prostrate form, leaving her maimed and wounded, with the fangs of that great monster, Reconstruction, at her throat, dripping with the warm blood of her noble sons now cold in death. Those broad plantations, with waving sugar cane and snow-white fields of cotton, that were wont to resound to the rollicking songs of the laborer at his task, are hushed in ruin. The evening breeze, as it stirs the pine-tops clustered around the now deserted manor house, brings to the ear no sound save the lonesome cry of the cricket or the hoarse croak of a frog in some distant marsh. Atlanta, that great and beautiful city, that sat so proudly upon her hills, filled by thousands of happy families, is razed to the ground by the ruthless torch of the invader as he cut his broad swath of desolation and destruction to the sea.

From the ruins of a dead and broken South, dead in fact, but not in memory, there has arisen, thank God, a Southland that knows no equal and recognizes no superior on earth, a South that shall ever tenderly cherish the memory of those who bled and died for her dear sake.

It has been said that the South lives too much in her past. She does not live in her past, but in her own great present and greater future, yet it would be strange, indeed, did not the isle of her memory hold within its green borders the priceless inheritance of those who freely offered and gave their lives in her defense; and those little, square, white tombstones in this and every other Southern cemetery bear mute but eloquent testimony of how freely they were given, while many a nameless, unmarked grave on the site of where some wild charge was made, holds enshrined therein the heart of some mother, wife or daughter, longing in vain "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." Statues of bronze and gold may crumble, slabs of granite may decay, but so long as this nation lives it will honor and reverence those heroes who once wore the gray.

Over forty years have passed since the war, and the prejudice and rancor which engendered the strife has disappeared forever. The hand of

comradeship and love which Grant extended to Lee at Appomattox has been stretched forth from North to South, wiping out Mason and Dixon's line and obliterating all unworthy feelings, leaving only a common heritage of just pride in those who participated in a struggle in which both sides gained a renown that will echo down the ages, outstripping the march of time and extinguished only at the portals of Eternity.

A land without sentiment is a land without history. A people who are callous to the memory of their mighty dead are lacking in the first principles of patriotism and unworthy to be called the sons of such illustrious ancestry. We are the heirs of the ages, and it is our duty, nay, more, it should be our great pleasure to commemorate in every way possible the deeds of those who have made these United States the "Land of the free and the home of the brave," and Kentucky the brightest star in the constellation of her sister States.

Most of those who fought in the ranks of the gray have passed beyond the last outpost and forever rest in the bivouac of the dead, above whose resting place the white-winged dove of Peace forever folds its tired wings.

Those gray hairs tell me that you will soon stack arms at the end of your last, long march; that you will soon pass through the valley of long shadows and cross that deep, dark river to rest forever in the loving companionship of those gallant comrades gone before, leaving the immortal glory of your noble deeds forever locked in the sacred shrine of a grateful people's love.

"We treasure and honor that fast dwindling host,
And of deeds of their valor yet proudly we boast.
Tho' wrinkled each brow by the finger of Time,
A halo of glory around them will shine;
And memory inurns to life's latest day,
Thy valor, O Heroes! who once wore the gray.
Your footsteps may totter, your forms may be bowed,
And soon may be hid by the grave and the shroud,
But never, oh never, from earth can you perish,
While remembrance can last and fond hearts can cherish."

WILLIAM GOODELL FROST.

[William Goodell Frost, Ph. D., D. D., President of Berea College, Berea, Ky., since 1893; was born July 2, 1854; graduate of Oberlin College, Harvard and Gottingen University, Germany.]

WHO IS GREATEST IN THE COLLEGE WORLD?

An address delivered at the inauguration of Henry C. King, D. D., as President of Oberlin College, Oberlin, O., May, 1902.

John Shipherd, the pioneer; Asa Mahan, the prophet; Charles G. Finney, the preacher; James H. Fairchild, the philosopher; William G. Ballantine, the scholar; John Henry Barrows, the publicist; Henry Churchill King, the educator. King is Oberlin's seventh son.

As a graduate and the son of a graduate, I am set to speak a word for the alumni. We return too seldom, but when we come it is as to Jerusalem. We have left our plow in the furrow; a thousand important enterprises stand still to-day in order that we may gather at this center of inspiration, that we may look once more at those ideals of conduct and character which our Alma Mater gave us to be the stars of our firmament, and that we may bid God-speed to a new spiritual leader.

This is the eloquence of Oberlin to us. Here was the burning bush where God spoke to us; from these choir seats Allen and Chamberlain sang forth the challenge, "Must Jesus bear the cross alone?"; under the gallery James Monroe gathered his great Bible class; from this pulpit Morgan and Cowles and Brand poured out the everlasting Gospel; and in yonder class rooms Hudson and Peck and Thorne, Hiram Mead and Judson Smith, Cross and Dascomb and Ellis and Mrs. Johnson and Shurtleff and Churchill and Ryder opened up to us the inner and the outer universe. This is our debt to Oberlin. We came here callow, purposeless boys and girls and we were shown that a great struggle was going on between right and wrong, between progress and conventionality, and that each one of us had a chance to be a soldier. This was our place of enlistment.

But Oberlin reminiscences all have a face to the future. We have come to repeat our oath of fealty to Oberlin and to express our confidence in her new president. We pledge him our united and unreserved support.

And, President King, we realize that we are inducting you into an office which is no mere honor. The duties of a governor, a bishop, or a commodore do not compare in weight and intricacy with those of a true college president, who must be at once a Joseph in finance and a Paul in self-forgetful zeal. It is a task to be undertaken only in the spirit of consecration, a task which will both gladden your heart and shorten your life.

We sometimes speak of the trying times in the history of an institution or a nation. But, my friends, all times are trying when there are heroes on the stage. The only times which do not try men's souls are the times of negligence, supineness and disgrace. It is because we know King will

have an administration full of the storm and stress of real achievement—achievement which does not float upon the tide, but stems it—that we are here to strengthen his hands.

In the history of all institutions the test comes not in the founding, but in the maintaining and reforming. Every head of a religious establishment like Oberlin College has two ceaseless wars, one against worldliness and one against scholasticism.

Here is the great tide of worldliness, like the Mississippi, chafing at its levees, which surges against every endowed institution. It is Christ's testimony that those who sit in Moses' seat and are engaged as we are, in building the tombs of the martyrs, are subject to special temptations. Let us face the fact that most of the great religious bodies, including the one to which Oberlin chiefly belongs, have almost ceased to grow. The minister has settled down with a good reason why his Sunday-school can not increase and why his preaching can not lead to conversions. We hardly send our ablest sons into the ministry, or our ablest ministers to the hard fields where growth should come. These noble bodies stand splendid in their history and equipment, going through ineffective motions like the army of McClellan. Our eyes are filled with other things and we do not see the people who need spiritual guidance—the white harvest fields are unreaped. It is worldliness, putting the external and secondary in the place of the highest, setting great and good things, like commerce and music, above religion, abolishing the day of prayer for colleges, that we may have one more lesson in chemistry and the history of art. Now, Finney's pulpit is the place, and the inauguration of a new president is the time to raise the question, Where shall the reaction, the next spiritual renaissance, begin? Must it begin as at other times in some obscure sect, some persecuted band of students, or can it begin in the hearts of a faculty of teachers?

The first inspiration of our founders came from the Alsatian pastor, John Frederick Oberlin. And there has just come another prophet's voice from those same far-off Alsatian Mountains. It is Wagner's little book, "The Simple Life," full of the ideals which we back numbers of the alumni received from our teachers in Oberlin and which are once recognized by the elect everywhere as part of a universal and infallible Gospel. Let us pass on these high traditions to our pulpits of to-day. "Labor," he says, "for people whom the world forgets; make yourselves intelligible to the humble; so shall you open again the springs whence these masters drew, whose works have defied the ages, because they knew how to clothe genius in simplicity."

And here is the other battle against scholasticism. When a young pastor fails in his parish, the seminary, instead of teaching him to give a warmer handshake, sometimes invites him to return to the seclusion and comfort which have been his undoing, and take a fourth year in Hebrew and the History of Doctrine!

President King, we desire, above all things, to have our children get in Oberlin what we received—the impulse to be soldiers. If my boy is as coltish and wrong-headed as his father at the same age—if he escapes the influence of the ordinary pastor and the church teacher—we shall send him to Oberlin, not because you have a gymnasium and a laboratory, though we rejoice in these, but because you have teachers of character-forming power. When the choice comes between the specialist who is

interested in his specialty and the educator who is interested in young men and women, the alumni cast their votes for the educator.

So we must separate to-morrow to our several posts of duty, but we go strengthened by this meeting. We hail President King as the Lord's anointed for this high office. He has spoken words which our hearts recognize. From every compass-point we look to this college. We belong to Oberlin, and we are glad to feel that Oberlin has a leader.

JOHN E. GARNER.

[John E. Garner was born in Winchester, Ky., September 17, 1851. Lumber Merchant, Mayor of Winchester, Ky., for twelve years.]

OH! WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TO SEE OURSEL'S
AS ITHERS SEE US.

A speech delivered at the banquet of the State Bar Association at Winchester, Ky., June 28, 1906.

Gentlemen of the State Bar Association:

The committee has chosen for my text a quotation from Burns—"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursel's as ithers see us." Being the only one among us who is not one of you, the implication is that while you are "ourselves," I am the "others."

As a layman, representing the laity who have stood alone for truth and for truth alone through all the centuries, I shall not vary from their rule of conduct even to compliment you gentlemen whose guest I am. The Giver of Power has not given to you, but to us, an insight into the character of the members of your profession. Nothing more clearly demonstrates the inspiration of the Bible than that the facts set out thousands of years ago remain as true to-day as they were yesterday and will be forever.

After many careful, painstaking and serious readings of the Scriptures, I can recall but five times in which the name "lawyer" occurs in the book; each time in the catalogue of evils, and they serve as a warning to all generations. In one instance a lawyer is recorded as having "refused the counsel of God," after which he doubtless assumes the right to act as counsel for others. In two instances, each of the paragraphs in which the name of lawyer occurs, begins with a malediction, or, more properly, an expression of pity. "Woe unto ye, lawyers," and then prefers the charge "that ye have laid grievous burdens upon the people." The two remaining mentions state on two different occasions that a lawyer "asked questions tempting the Saviour." It is not surprising to us, with your history before us for 2,000 years and your record behind you for twenty centuries, that, while the Saviour was tempted only three times on earth, twice it was by a lawyer and only once by the devil.

While it is irreverent, and possibly violates propriety, still it seems that a citizen ought always to be privileged to defend his town from a misleading impression, and I avail myself of this occasion to disclaim the responsibility of this town for this bar.

Very few of its members are of our own growing. Most of them came from elsewhere, or, being required to leave elsewhere, came here. Some came from the force of circumstances, others were forced by circumstances to come. Some thought they saw an opening at the top, which opening is still visible and unoccupied. Candor compels me to admit that the contagion has in several instances had a local origin, the families of the

Bushes, Beckners and Jouetts had serious attacks, and there were a few sporadic cases. We regret this, as a community should, and at present it seems to be under control.

I was once threatened myself and, when a young man, was supposed to exhibit some alarming symptoms. There were those about town who, being unfamiliar with many remarkable facts and occurrences until told them by me, thought that I exhibited evidences of a fitness for the practice of law by reason of my supposed careless observance of one of the commandments. The prayers of the righteous prevailed, and I escaped being a lawyer by a very narrow margin; missed it about as far as Dennis Houghlihan missed getting a treat. The story is told and localized that two Irishmen were standing on the street when one said to the other: "Dinnis, Mike Cudahy, who keeps the saloon over the street, is the meanest, stingiest Irishman that ever came across the pond." "Well, I donno," says Dennis, "he come pretty nigh treating me one morning." And the other man says: "Come pretty nigh treating you?" "Yes," says Dennis, "I went in there one morning, he went round and took down a bottle of whisky and wiped the dust off'n it, then he took down a bottle of gin and wiped the dust off'n that. Says he, 'Dennis, what are we going to have this morning?' an, just as I was about to say gin, he said, 'rain or snow?'"

Many of the older among you doubtless knew, and the younger among you have heard, the reputation of this bar when such men as Simpson, Huston and Hanson assisted in adjusting the equities among men in this town. It was to this class of men that Roger Hanson referred when asked how it happened that all of Winchester's great lawyers moved to Lexington. Hanson said it wasn't true; that they were misled into that opinion from the fact that "a d—d small lawyer in Winchester is a great big lawyer in Lexington." I want to deal fairly by our local bar, and am compelled to say that the old bar was not more generally known throughout the State than the present one. This is evidenced by the fact that there have been a great many meetings of this association, at various places, and they have discussed numberless questions, and so well, generally and thoroughly was this bar known that not a single member of it has been permitted to talk about anything, anywhere, at any time.

The question is often asked: "Why so many lawyers?" The general impression is that it arises from the universal desire in human nature to get some one between them and hard work. Then lawyers presume and others assume that the slightest acquaintance with the revised statutes fits a man for any kind of undertaking, responsibility or office, whether it be commanding armies, governing colonies, constructing canals, representing governments at foreign courts or administering the affairs of government at home. Then, too, every lawyer hopes at some time to become a judge, and I have heard it said that some lawyers hope that at some time some judges will become lawyers. The title of judge, once acquired, is seldom voluntarily abandoned. I only recall one instance in which it was disclaimed. There was an old attorney here named O'Riley, with an "O" in front of his name as big as a circus ring, who had inherited the wit and humor and waspishness of one hundred generations of O'Rileys. At some time in the past, at the quadrennial distribution of prizes at Frankfort, he had drawn a colonel's commission from the Governor's grab-bag. He was very proud of his title and resented anybody's forgetting it. Many years afterward, one of the judges of the common pleas court resigned his office,

and the Governor appointed O'Riley to fill the vacancy until the next election, in which interim no court was to be held. After he had received his commission, he regarded every man as his natural enemy who failed to forget that he was ever colonel or to remember that he was then judge. I was talking to him one day on the street when an ex-police judge, who had been away for some years, addressed him as colonel. He said: "Not 'colonel,' just plain 'Mr. O'Riley.'" The ex-judge apologized and said: "I beg a thousand pardons, I ought to have said 'judge.'" O'Riley said: "Don't mention it, there have been so many trifling, incompetent men elected police judge, and things like that, that I don't regard the title."

To a layman it looks as if you lawyers had purposely so contemplated the Constitution and its amendments, legislation and its appeals, decisions and their reversals, that those who are in part blamable for all three were most confused of any. You draw contracts and wills so that they mean a dozen different things to a dozen different lawyers and nothing whatever to the jury. I heard of a young attorney who opened an office in a country town and waited a long time for his first client. Finally a farmer came in and asked him to draw a contract between him and a negro. The attorney told the farmer that if he would come back just before he left town, he would try to get time to draw the contract during the day. He drew the contract, giving him more than the worth of his money in the preamble, and when the farmer came he gave it to him, and, after he passed "Witnesseth," he began reading aloud, "That in consideration of services being rendered by the party of the second part to the party of the first part, the party of the first part agrees to pay to the party of the second part, provided the party of the second part renders such services to the party of the first part agreed to by the party of the second part—" At this juncture, he threw the contract down, walked out of the office and said: "I'll be d—d if you haven't hired me to the 'nigger.'"

The Psalmist has said: "I said in mine haste all men are liars;" and, while he did not particularize your profession, he made no exception in your case. Notwithstanding he lived many years afterward, had an abundant leisure, was in constant communication with the higher court, there is no record to show that he ever made a motion to amend or to strike out that paragraph. Yet I knew one member of your profession who was an extreme stickler for truth (so he said), but admitted that it was an inherited quality. He claimed that veracity was in the blood and that, as far backward or forward as it could be traced, not one of them would tell an untruth, nor permit his word to be questioned. He said he went to see about a twentieth cousin of his, and heredity was so strong that his forgetting himself for a moment caused him to take on a load of regret that he would not be able to shake off this side the grave. He said: "Cousin Jim, how are you?" and Jim said: "I am a very sick man; if I were to turn over on my right side, I'd die in a minute." He said to him: "This can't be true; your respiration is easy, your temperature is normal and your pulse strong; you can't be a very sick man." Cousin Jim said: "I will show you," and turned over on his right side and died. This is a true story, for he told me so himself. But it is also true that where truth is so thoroughly engrafted in the blood very few of the members of the family engage in the practice of law.

The practice of law is very inviting, even when based upon the low plane of mere money making. Sometimes a lawyer gets a contingent fee in a large suit. Huston once was asked: "What is a contingent fee?"

He said: "It is this: If I take your case for a contingent fee, regardless of how much trouble it is to me, if I lose the case I don't get a cent, and, if I win, you don't."

There is no limit to the number of cases which may arise. A lawyer brings a suit for which he charges a fee of \$5,000. The client employs another lawyer to resist this claim, and the second one charges \$6,000. He, of course, employs a third, and this mode of procedure continues until the sheriff sells his few remaining effects to pay the circuit clerk for recording the orders and steps by which he was separated from his property.

There are but two propositions about which lawyers are as a unit; they favor unanimously the repeal of the Ananias statute, and agree upon the reasonableness of any fee. As a mathematical curiosity, I should like to see an array of figures which would represent an unreasonable fee for a lawyer's services against a great estate, unless the claim was resisted. If resisted, the best groomed lawyers, of course, get the first chance, but, after a while, the property is so reduced, that it is pardonable for any lawyer to get a finger in the pie. Then the fun begins—

"The big fleas have little fleas on their backs to bite them
And little fleas have lesser fleas, ad infinitum."

GEORGE G. GILBERT.

[George G. Gilbert, Lawyer, Member of Congress, Shelbyville, Ky., was born in Spencer County, Kentucky, December 24, 1849. Taught school several years. County (Spencer) Attorney, State Senator; Member of Congress.]

ANSWERS TO CRITICISMS ON KENTUCKY.

A speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives, April 23, 1902, in answer to the assaults made on the politics and feuds of Kentucky.

Mr. Chairman:

Some days ago, the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Gillett) took occasion to criticise the remarks that had been made a few days previously by my colleague from Kentucky (Mr. Wheeler), and in course of these remarks that gentleman (Mr. Gillett) used this language:

"But there are two classes which still look to birth and ancestry. One class is the self-styled aristocratic circle in our great cities who have shown a strong tendency to pay huge prices for empty titles even when they had to be taken with the incumbrance of a useless and disreputable husband.

"The other class exists almost exclusively in the part of the country dominated hopelessly by the Democratic party, where they consider that no culture, no refinement, or ability, or noble service can atone for a taint of color in the blood."

On the following day, the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Bromwell) found an opportunity to read some poetry at the expense of Kentucky, and then proceeded to comment thus:

"So much for Colonel Mulligan, and it is particularly the last line of this poem which reminded me that the gentleman from Kentucky had made a speech which illustrated it most beautifully—'Politics are the damnedest in Kentucky.' . . . Mr. Chairman, we have no Indians nor savages in Ohio. The general impression is that while there may not be many Indians in Kentucky, there are still some specimens of savages there."

Then last and not least, a certain General Funston is reported in the Washington Post of March 4th as having this to say:

"There is no more war in the Philippines than there is in Kentucky. Assassins lurk in the cane and shoot down men who are at their mercy, but there are no soldiers in the field to battle with the United States troops. Even respectable guerilla warfare has ceased."

Now, I desire to comment a little upon these criticisms of my State, and to remind the members of this House and the country of Kentucky's people, her politics, her history and her achievements.

Now, first let us read over again the objectionable feature of the remarks of the gentleman from Massachusetts: "The other class (of aristocrats) exists almost exclusively in the part of the country dominated hopelessly by the Democratic party, where they consider that no culture,

no refinement, or ability, or noble service can atone for a taint of color in the blood." It is perfectly true that in Kentucky and in the South generally no culture or ability can atone for a taint of color in the blood. We do not believe in social equality with the negroes in the South, and we have very little respect for the white man in the North or South who does believe in social equality between the two races. We believe that the greatest calamity that could befall the white population of this country would be for them to become degenerates by a general admixture of negro blood. Who can think of miscegenation without a shudder of horror? The Jews have preserved the purity of their blood through the ages more successfully than any other race, and they are as a result of this the only race who have survived from the ancient world. For centuries it was a felony for a Jew to land upon the soil of England.

"Pride and humiliation, hand in hand,
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent."

But in a few years after they ceased to be persecuted, they came rapidly to the front, and the destinies of the British Empire are in the hands of three Jews—Judah P. Benjamin was her lawyer, Rothschild was her banker, and Disraeli was her prime minister. Upon the other hand, think how other nations have degenerated and disappeared.

Think of the Roman senator, and then look out upon the street and see the modern Italian organ grinder, with his monkey, the descendant of the ancient Roman. Reflect for a moment what Portugal was in the days of Vasco da Gama and of Camoens, when her victorious banner floated in the breeze in every clime and the sails of her merchantmen whitened every sea. But that race soon began an almost indiscriminate marriage with negroes and Indians, and Portugal has not only ceased to be a nation of importance, but her half-breed and mongrel people have been the curse of all the South American and other countries she has attempted to colonize. Let us further reflect that the richer and more luxurious the white population becomes, the more the ladies take to raising poodle dogs instead of children.

For example, we have an ominous fact shown in the last census that in Massachusetts, after a lapse of more than three hundred years of civilization, more than half of the population of that State is foreign born. Everybody knows that, as a rule, the poor and hard-working people raise proportionately the most children in every country. So, in Kentucky, we can not shut our eyes to the importance of watching and curbing every tendency to social equality between the white and colored races. "We believe that no culture, no education, no refinement, no public service can atone for a taint of color in the blood." Our opinion is that any white man who encourages an intermingling of the races is a public enemy and that every step in that direction is a crime. It is not a mere sentiment. This universal race prejudice is the voice of Nature and the voice of God crying out for the preservation and purity of the race, and he is a blasphemer against the laws of the Almighty who, with hypocritical cant, would undertake to tear down and destroy these sentiments.

I want to remind the gentleman from Massachusetts that while Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, with sword in one hand and hat in the

other, was charging and routing the British at Kings Mountain, Massachusetts, farmers were driving cattle across the border to feed the British soldiers in Canada, and Massachusetts statesmen were holding the Hartford convention and were planning and scheming to dissolve the Union.

The gentleman from the Pigtown district of Ohio indorsed the sentiment that "politics are the damndest in Kentucky," and said that we still had some specimens of savages there.

There are no savages in Ohio. But they used to swarm over that State and over all the Northwest Territory, and but for the heroism of Kentucky pioneers the gentleman's State of Ohio would still perhaps be a part of Canada and therefore a part of the British possessions in North America.

Has he forgotten those brave Kentuckians who, with old rifles and powder-horns, with buckskin breeches and coonskin caps, followed the leadership of George Rogers Clark, who waded the swamps of that Northwest Territory up to their armpits for ten days in a bleak winter and drove the Indians from Kaskaskia and Vincennes and moved the northern line of our possessions from the Ohio river up to the lakes? By the way, now that you Republicans are about to send some special envoys to the Court of St. James to assist in the coronation of Edward VII., it is a good time to remind the people, and especially the younger generation, that when our country was young and feeble, it was this same old England which was not satisfied with trying to crush us with ordinary war, but she armed the savage Indians, filled them with whisky, and, while the young and able-bodied of the men were on the Atlantic seaboard fighting her redcoats, it was the same England that turned these savages loose to murder and scalp the women and children that were left unprotected upon our Western frontier.

And General Funston tells us that "there is no more war in the Philippines than there is in Kentucky."

What a commentary that is upon the administration to keep 60,000 soldiers at an expense of more than a hundred millions of dollars a year in the Philippine Islands when there is no war there! Certainly there is no war in the State of Kentucky, and Kentucky needs no defense from such a wanton slander as this to those who know her history.

Did you know that Kentucky was the first State in the Union to establish a general system of common schools under which all of the property of all the people was taxed for the education of all the children? Kentucky was the first State in the Union to clamor for the free navigation of the Mississippi river and for the purchase of the Louisiana territory.

Kentucky was the first State in the Union to demand reparation and apology for impressing American sailors, and when these were denied she was the first State to agitate the necessity for the second war with England, and when the war came her soldiers were the first to take their flatboats and float down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, and but for the soldiers of Kentucky and Tennessee General Jackson's great victory at New Orleans would never have been achieved. Kentucky was the first State in the Union to agitate the gradual emancipation of the slaves and to urge compensation to the owners instead of war. For more than a generation the great Commoner, Henry Clay, stood upon the floor of this Capitol and, with one hand upon the shoulder of the Northern abolitionist and with the other hand upon the shoulder of the Southern slaveholder, he, with unequaled eloquence, begged for peace.

Kentucky furnished more soldiers in the Texas revolution than any State in the Union, and was the only State that had as many as a regiment of soldiers at the great battle of San Jacinto.

Kentucky furnished more soldiers in the war with Mexico than any other State in the Union, and it was a gallant young Kentuckian who scaled the walls of Chapultepec and planted the Stars and Stripes above the palace of the Montezumas. The first steamboat ever seen in the world was invented and constructed by John Fitch, who was a Kentuckian, and who now lies buried at Bardstown.

The greatest American ornithologist was James Audubon, a Kentuckian, whose studies and illustrations of birds are the admiration of every civilized country.

The finest piece of statuary ever seen in America is the "Triumph of Chastity," carved by Joel T. Hart, a Kentucky sculptor.

The finest portrait in the Corcoran Art Gallery is a painting of Henry Clay, by Jouett, a Kentucky painter. It was of this picture that Charles Sumner, himself an art critic, said: "This must be the work of Rembrandt, for no American artist has attained such excellence."

The greatest lawyer who has sat upon the bench of the supreme court since the death of John Marshall was Samuel F. Miller, who was first a Kentucky doctor and then a Kentucky lawyer before he moved to Iowa.

The learned and classical opinions of Chief Justice Robertson, of Kentucky, have been read with admiration and followed as precedents in all the great courts, from Washington to Westminster Hall.

The first successful operation of ovariectomy was performed by Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a Kentucky doctor, and the first successful hip-joint amputation in surgery was performed by Dr. Brashear, of Kentucky. An account of these achievements in surgery was read with admiration and followed as precedents in the great medical schools of Paris, Edinburgh and Berlin.

The greatest and most respectable religious denomination that ever originated on the Western hemisphere was founded and promulgated by a Kentucky preacher, Alexander Campbell. The most learned and eloquent preacher the Presbyterian church has produced in a hundred years was Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The most gifted pulpit orator the Methodist church has seen since the days of John Wesley, and the man who Henry said was the greatest orator he had ever heard, was Bishop Bascom, of Kentucky. The most learned Hebrew scholar and greatest theologian the Baptist church can boast of in America was the Rev. John A. Broadus, of Kentucky. The great historian of the Roman Catholic church, the man who wrote the splendid reply to Daubigny's history of the Protestant reformation, was Archbishop Martin J. Spaulding, of Kentucky.

We have fewer millionaires and fewer tramps and paupers than any State in the Union; property is more equally distributed; every one who tries lives in peace and comfort, and there is no newly-rich class with ignorant impudence undertaking to lord it over the rest. We are all poor and proud, and the poorer the prouder. All of us white folks are in this sense aristocratic alike.

Kentucky was settled by men and women of dauntless spirit and heroic mold.

When Abram was called from Ur of the Chaldees to found a new

nation in the Land of Promise, he took with him his servants and his cattle and he found the land flowing with milk and honey.

When Romulus and Remus laid the foundation of the Imperial City, the fight of birds marked out the division lines, trust in the golden fleece assured them of wealth, and the wild wolf had been domesticated to furnish them with milk. But our ancestors left home and civilization far behind them and over the mountains. They lighted their fires in a trackless wilderness, while there lurked concealed upon every side the deadliest and most relentless of savage foes. Only at long intervals had they any bread at all, and this was of corn cakes baked in ashes. Their meat consisted of wild game brought down by the unerring aim of the rifle. Their houses consisted of the rudest log huts, without glass in the windows, without carpets upon the floor and without parlor or piano. Like the rebuilders of the temple, they toiled through the day with the implements of their labor in one hand and their weapons of defense in the other. At nightfall, these pioneers locked themselves within their cabins against prowling wolves and roving savages that then really existed in Kentucky. They had no books or newspapers to while away the long hours of the evening, and when sleep came at last to their tired and careworn bodies, they flung themselves down on the skins of wild animals, while their children were hushed to sleep by the weird lullabies furnished by the hooting of the owl and the scream of the panther.

And yet they were a brave, chivalrous splendid people. They were the knight-errants of the wilderness. The lady love of the Kentucky pioneer was the wife of his bosom. His children were the hostages that pledged him to the love of home and country.

If he was a terror to the wild animals and the wild Indians, he was a still greater terror to the despoiler of home or honor; and—

“What, though on humble fare they dined,
Wore hodden-gray, and a’ that;
Give fools their silk and knaves their wine—
A man’s a man for a’ that.”

C. C. GRASSHAM.

[C. C. Grassham, Paducah, Ky., was born in Salem, Livingston County, Kentucky, March 20, 1871; educated in Salem, Ky., Madisonville, Ky., and Lebanon, Ohio; taught school from the age of fifteen to twenty; read law with Captain J. W. Bush and Hon. John K. Hendrick; practiced in Livingston and adjoining counties; Election Commissioner Livingston County, four terms; Assistant Elector, 1900; Elector First Congressional District (Democrat), 1904; on staff of Governor W. C. P. Beckham with rank of Colonel.]

PRESENTING GOVERNOR BECKHAM.

An address delivered at a Democratic meeting at Smithland, Ky., on Friday, October 23, 1903.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Your presence on this occasion bears witness to your interest in the welfare of Kentucky and her people. For this you are to be commended. The final analysis of the sovereignty of a free people is the virtue and independence of a worthy citizenship. No freeman, obedient to the laws and loyal to the Constitution, can rightfully withhold his vote or influence in the shaping of public affairs or the selection of public servants. He who does, substracts from the common welfare and public good and negatives his claim to the priceless inheritance of American freedom.

Upon a proper choice and an intelligent expression of that choice, both as to men and measures, depend your property rights and the personal rights of yourselves and your families. Loving home as dearly as did your forefathers, you have discarded the pioneers' weapons of defense for the protection vouchsafed by law. The law is no better than its makers, and can rise no higher than its source; hence it behooves every voter, whatsoever may be his party obligations or affiliations, to choose none but public servants of unquestioned integrity, and to stand for an enlightened and incorruptible citizenship, a free ballot and a fair count. For from among the people must come their servants, and to the people will they render only such accounting as is demanded. The people, in their sovereign capacity, each citizen an integral part of the irresistible whole, working in harmony and for the common welfare, can arrest the greed and power of the greatest monopolies and aggregations of wealth that have yet ventured beyond the privileges allowed to capital under the law. If the law is adequate to arrest the encroachments of unlawful combinations, then demand its enforcement by your public servants; if inadequate, then demand the enactment of those laws necessary to prevent the destruction of the citizen's identity and to insure to him the full enjoyment of the inalienable rights that must remain inviolate in every country that floats the flag of freedom.

Indifference and ignorance are the twin destroyers of government—as one leads to slothfulness, so does the other to viciousness, thus impairing, if not destroying, its potency. Then it is that wealth and luxury, headed by the Captain Kidds of Industry, seize upon its emasculated remains and parcel it with the same fiendish gleefulness that prompted Nero to make

merry at the burning of Rome. This result finds in history its precedent and parallel, for along the highway of human effort, piled in moldering heaps, may be found the ruins of empires, as dazzling in splendor and magnificence as a Caesar could conceive, their fall traceable alike to one or the other destroyer. From this we may take a lesson of vigilance. Lycurgus, the Spartan law-giver, wisely and truly said that no man should live for himself alone, but for his country.

A standing army and a matchless navy guard our shores and possessions in distant lands. The rulers of Orient and Occident vie in paying homage to our Union of States. Yet more powerful than army and navy in preserving free government, and more to be revered than kingly worship, is the exercise of the elective franchise by the plain people at the polls. This is a country of plain people, with no patricians or feudal lords

"To mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys or destiny obscure."

Jefferson, author of our chart of freedom, by stroke of pen, destroyed and prohibited all titles of nobility in this American republic and, with his coadjutors, made it for Americans as it was for Romans when Rome was at her zenith, and 'twas said that to be a Roman was greater than to be a king. To preserve this heritage, we must merit it, individually and collectively.

These admonitions are given more by way of emphasis than caution. Kentuckians to the manor born, our love for the Union is not limited to the material, for we love alike its past and its present and prize as a glorious heritage its history and traditions. Kentucky has occupied no obscure place either in the formation or preservation of our republic. In peace and in war she has furnished her full quota of illustrious leaders. Whether in the council halls of the nation; in the high court of last resort; at the forum; upon the hustings; leading a charge upon the field of carnage; at the altar expounding the word of the Great I Am, or wherever they have striven, the sons of Kentucky have taken no second place. No State could boast such offspring were it not for the fact that its citizenship had been cast in the mold of the homely virtues of square living and square dealing. What Kentucky has done, Kentucky again can do. Proud as we are of her grand achievements, treasuring as the apple of our eye the deeds and daring of her matchless sons, we must not forget, aye, we must keep in the tower of memory, the truth that the noble dead but blazed the way to greater things. Still farther on, still higher up the steepes of dare and do, are victories yet to be won, transcending all the rest. Not forgetful of the past, steeped as it is in trials and abounding as it does in triumphs, I would remind you that the high places once held by these kingly men, will find in the Kentuckians of this generation fit and worthy successors.

We are honored on this occasion by the presence of the Governor of Kentucky, bearing the standard of his party in the battle of ballots to be had November 3d. In the past our little village, though remotely situate from the great centers of commerce and learning, and possessing no peculiar merit as a vantage ground in politics, was honored by the presence of such distinguished gentlemen as John Bell, Zachary Taylor, Ulysses S. Grant, Judah P. Benjamin, Henry Clay, Sargent S. Prentice and William J. Bryan, but never before has it been the pleasure of our people to be honored by a visit of the State's chief executive.

An introduction of him to this magnificent assembly of ladies and gentlemen is unnecessary, yet I feel that I should recall to your memory the rapid rise of this worthy son of a noble sire. In quick succession a partial and devoted democracy has placed upon his youthful brow unfading laurels that have been coveted by thousands in the past and that will be sought by thousands in the future. First, a member of Kentucky's General Assembly; preferred to the Speakership of the House; elected Lieutenant Governor; succeeded to the governorship; elected to fill an unexpired term, and now the nominee of his party to succeed himself as Governor is, in brief the story of his public career. A gentleman by nature and cultivation, gifted with the power of persuasive speech, able, sincere and enthusiastic in his labors for the people and their rights, he is, indeed, a man of parts who has rendered and will render to the State a just accounting of a faithful service.

I present to you Governor Beckham.

JAMES GUTHRIE.

[James Guthrie, United States Senator, was born in Nelson County, Kentucky, December 5, 1792; died in Louisville, Ky., March 13, 1869; educated at Bardstown, Ky., and studied law under John Rowan; began the practice of law in Louisville in 1820; elected to the lower house of the Kentucky Legislature in 1827, and was a member of the upper house from 1831 till 1840; President of the Kentucky Constitutional Convention of 1849; Secretary of the United States Treasury under President Pierce from 1853 till 1857; elected United States Senator in 1865; resigned in 1868 on account of declining health; President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad from 1860 till 1868.

THE RESTRICTION OF REPRESENTATION OF CITIES, AND A DEFENSE OF THE LOUISVILLE LEGION.

Speech delivered in the Kentucky Convention, November 12, 1849, on the proposition to restrict the representation of cities in the Legislature, and incidentally defending the Louisville Legion in an attack made upon it by Ben Hardin in his speech favoring the restriction of representation of cities.

I am exceedingly sorry that the elder gentleman (Mr. Hardin) from Nelson has seen fit to cast a base and infamous stigma upon the gallantry of the soldiers of Louisville and Jefferson county. He says he sees on that hill in the cemetery (Frankfort) no name of any citizen of Louisville. If he had waited till the monument which is to be erected there was completed, he would have seen the name of the gallant Clay, who fell fighting in the foremost ranks; and he would have learned that he was a citizen of Louisville—not born there, it is true—but a citizen by adoption and by choice, as many other of her citizens are, and he would have forborne the stigma on the city of Louisville, a stigma insinuated, and for that reason more damnable than if it was charged direct.

I was not born in Louisville, sir, but it is the city of my adoption, and I can tell the gentleman that the spirit of freedom burns as pure and as independently in the bosoms of the citizens of Louisville as it does in the bosoms of the citizens of any portion of Kentucky. It is true, sir, the Louisville Legion shed no blood at the battle of Monterey, and it is true that the battle continued for two days. But where was the Louisville Legion? They were placed by the order of General Taylor to guard the battery that shielded those that made the charge, and for twelve hours they endured the fire of the enemy without action unflinchingly. Why they were placed there is in the breast of that man, but upon the battery and its safety depended the safety of the army, and he confided it to those whom he believed sufficient to defend it.

Surely, in carrying out an act of political importance, it is not necessary to slander the citizens who, with bravery and gallantry, rushed en masse to the rescue of the country. The proposition is a proposition to demolish our fair portion of political rights in the Commonwealth of Kentucky. It is a proposition now directed solely and exclusively against the city of Louisville, that she shall not have an equal voice in making the laws that are to govern a free people. It is an act of political injustice and, though the

gentleman may have had to sleep upon it, in order to bring himself up to it, it shows that that sleep has enabled him to bring himself to perpetrate this act of political injustice which he had some grudging about in the first instance.

The principle upon which our Government is established is universal suffrage. We proclaimed it in the old Constitution, and we are about to proclaim it in the new. But it will have to be struck out if this act of political injustice is perpetrated, because it will be false, utterly, totally, unconditionally, irremediably false, to the people of Kentucky and to the world. If a free people are equal and entitled to equal rights, that is a principle, and no man who acknowledges the principle, if he acts consistently, but must carry it out in all its consequences, or he denies the principle, and says that we are not entitled to equal political rights. Well, if we are not entitled to them, and you deny that principle, where is it to end? Where is the limit to the inroads you will make upon the political rights of a portion of your citizens? It will be in the will of a majority, based on no principle but that of expediency. And that majority will have a will not anchored by principle, but expediency, and it will lead to the very same degree of despotism that rules the autocrat of Russia, that tramples upon the rights and liberties of the continent of Europe, and has hitherto had no footing on the shores of America, or, if a footing, the march and extension of free principles have been, since the days of the Revolution, constantly in advance.

What is the reason endorsed by the gentleman from Madison for obliterating these principles? He says that the slave population will not be safe to their masters if this principle is carried out. Three-fourths of the votes that were cast for the delegation on this floor from the city of Louisville were cast by men who held no slaves—by men who did not worship at the shrine—and they cast their votes on principle. They believed that our fathers, when they framed this Constitution, laid its foundation in justice, and they determined that they would stand upon the platform that private property was not to be taken without just compensation—that it was the privilege of a free people to lay it on that foundation and keep it on that foundation. And as the law had authorized this property, and individuals had invested in it, if it was the public impulse that this species of property should be excluded, they thought they should compensate those who had acquired it; and, soberly appealing to that principle of innate right, based on the foundation of the Constitution, we appealed to men to stand by the rights to property as they would stand by the rights to liberty, equality and equal rights, and we did not appeal in vain.

We stand here representing that people and that great principle, and it is thrown in our teeth that it is necessary to violate that principle in order to secure our negroes. I would want no other reason and argument to give me double power and double force in agitating upon the subject of emancipation than to tell a free people, free white men, that their rights have been violated and trampled in the dust, and their equal political privileges in this Government have been silenced in the legislative halls of the country in order to save that property. How do the gentlemen expect to send back the delegates from the city of Louisville to their constituents? What answer do they expect them to make in relation to this question? They will say, You told us the foundations of this Government were laid in justice, and that you would lay the foundations of the one

you are framing on the same, and would give equal laws and equal rights to all. We should say the balance of the State has deprived us of the voice of freedom, has trampled our rights in the dust. And for what avowed reason? Because they feared the day would come when emancipation would have a head in the city of Louisville and upon the bordering counties. Thank God, emancipation has not drenched the fields of Louisville, or the bordering counties, with blood. The principles involved in this, and the reasons for carrying it out, are fraught with more evil to this institution than any other act that this convention could possibly do. I tell these gentlemen who are in favor of the institution of slavery that, if it can abide at all, it can only abide on the sentiments of justice and right to the holders of slaves. Slave-holders are not a majority in Kentucky. They never will be, and whenever you destroy that principle of right which deprives a man of the power of defending private property, when you trample on the political rights of man in order to shield it, you have unloosed a force and power which will overturn this principle. If we are to be sacrificed, if our political principles are to be crushed, and our voice is no more to be heard in the country, for God's sake let it be for some other reason, and do not sanctify and make holy that abominable reason that will work against you most fearfully and awfully. There is jealousy against the cities. Has Kentucky ever had any reason—any just reason—to be jealous of any of the cities in the State, large or small? And is she likely to ever have? Are they less spirited, less desirous of enlightening the public mind and sustaining free institutions? The city of Louisville established the first public schools where all went and received an education without charge, except from the public purse. Louisville now lays a tax on the property of her citizens of twelve and a half cents per annum to sustain the public schools in order to enlighten the rising generation and make them acquainted with their rights. She is in advance—she took the first step and is now in advance—of the balance of the State in reference to education.

Upon the subject of internal improvements, which some men delight to denounce, but which have in their effect more than doubled, or nearly doubled, the value of the whole real estate in the country, where did Louisville stand? She was in favor of them, and in her voice and her aid and assistance enabled them to be carried on. And it is obvious to any one acquainted, or who would look at the records of the legislation of that time, if she had withdrawn her assistance, there would have been no turn-pikes through the State and no slack water navigation, and she is now furnishing an example of enterprise to the balance of cities in the railroad she is building from the city of Louisville to this capital, and thence to the city of Lexington, and thence through the northern portion of the State to join the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, and thus open the markets of the East. This is a thing that may and will be accomplished if we are wise and it is the enterprise of Louisville that points to this work.

Will the citizens of Louisville derive no advantage from this enterprise? What do they fear? Why, say they, she gets all our produce. Yes, all that you choose to bring, and she pays for it. I hope the trade of Louisville is mutually advantageous to both city and country; and it is obvious to every one who has remarked it that, within the borders of the city, there is a home market, beneficial to the citizens of Kentucky. Six thousand hogsheds of tobacco inspected and sold at a home market, where the planter can receive his money, is an evidence that Louisville is growing

and producing a market beneficial to the State. Is it that market that causes gentlemen to look with suspicion on her? 'It is a market where you get supplies. It is more, it is a market for the enterprise of the State. All that are in Louisville were not born there. All that have trusted and confided in that city were not born there. The merchant, the man of genius and enterprise, goes there as to a market for his genius and talents which the country does not afford.

She has her medical hall and four hundred students, and I hope and trust she yields to those who come there an equivalent, and in the intelligence that she imparts she does no harm to the cause of liberty and equal rights. She educates young men in other departments, and to them the same remark is equally true. What is there that Louisville does to cause jealousy of different portions of the State? When danger calls, her citizens fly to the rescue as soon as those of any other portion of the State. I do not say more quickly, for I do not believe it, but on a proper occasion, and in a proper field, I believe they will meet the contingencies of battle as boldly as any other citizens, and I claim no more for them.

Mr. Chairman, I know the balance of the counties of this State have it within their power to put such provisions in this Constitution as they may choose, and they may deny to Louisville, or any other city in the Commonwealth, any representation at all—any voice in it. They have got the power. Is it expedient they should exercise it? They may exercise it by violating the principles of equal rights. The gentlemen do not propose, I understand, to go the whole, but half way only. They will take from the present generation nothing they are entitled to, but they will disfranchise the generation to come, or lessen one-half, or three-fourths, or four-fifths of the political power in the Commonwealth of Kentucky. Is there anything to be more safe? Are the political rights of the people to be more safe? It is a violation of principle that shows a man is not at heart willing to allow the balance of the community that freedom which he enjoys himself. If you do these things in the small, let the temptation be equal to it and you will do it in the great. I have no more confidence in the men that have made up their minds to invade the rights of their fellow citizens and stifle the voice of the people of Kentucky than I have in the voice of the autocrat of Russia who thinks and acts for the whole. If you do it in one thing, let the temptation be great enough and you will do it in another. I know gentlemen have been contemplating this project. One gentleman places it upon the necessity of securing their negroes. Another wants to supply that population which they have driven to other States, in the extension of their farms, and give to them votes for the men they have lost and which they have replaced with bullocks. I understand it, sir. And it would be just as sensible, and no greater outrage, in my view of the subject, if they should say their bullocks should be represented in the Legislature of Kentucky, to make up for the voices of the freemen congregated in the cities, if there were any way of casting the votes. I beg, gentlemen, to consider this principle. I know the balance of the State have the power; I know many men claiming to be Democrats, and many men claiming to be Whigs, who are contemplating this proceeding, and who are sworn upon the principle of equal rights and equal justice to all, and yet, because they think they can do this act with impunity, they are preparing themselves to carry their purpose into effect. I know it; I have seen it.

I can sign no Constitution that denies to my constituents those equal

political rights that other freemen have. I can sign nothing which degrades and stigmatizes my constituents as unworthy to be partners with the freemen of Kentucky in a government of freemen. I can not ask them to take this Constitution. I can not tell them that it is just. I shall be bound in my conscience, and before God, to tell them it is unjust—that the liberties and equal rights of freemen have been trampled on. And why and wherefore? It has been avowed there is just as much danger to this Government if it is ruled by acres, where there are no men, or but few, as there would be if it were ruled by the voice of freemen who buy those acres. I have always understood it was intelligence and virtue embodied in just, upright and correct laws which constituted the basis of good government and not acres of land. Still, we pay one-tenth of the taxes of this Commonwealth, and we have one-thirty-eighth part of political power in the Senate and one-twentieth in the House. Has that political power ever been found injurious to the State of Kentucky? Has the city of Louisville or the county of Jefferson ever failed in aught which leads to the prosperity of the State, to its glory, to equal laws and equal rights? Where a stigma is placed on our representation in the halls of legislation, or in the halls here, we may be ardent in our support of our rights, and we may speak out as freemen should speak out when they feel there is a principle asserted which leads to the stifling of the voice of freemen. But they will teach us some other language, and it will be a long reign of servitude and oppression, which will stifle our voice or induce us to lessen our opposition to oppression, wrong and injustice when we see it. There is no danger in giving the city of Louisville, and every city that shall arise in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, whether they arise on the borders of the Ohio, or, like the great manufacturing cities that have grown up in England, shall rise in the interior, there is no danger in giving them equal rights and equal privileges.

Thirty years ago next March, I went to Louisville, and at that time there were scarcely four thousand inhabitants in it, and now there is more than fifty thousand. Maysville has grown, within a less period of time, with an equal rapidity. Covington and Newport are also growing and a great many of the most useful manufactures are carried on within their borders.

One gentleman says that this thing of equality of rights and equal representation according to number is an abstraction. It is at least a very practicable abstraction. Here are the counties of Nelson and Larue, having 3,048 voters, with a senator in the General Assembly. The counties of Hardin and Meade, with 3,633 voters, have a senator, and Spencer and Bullitt, with 2,248 voters, have a senator. These three districts have a less number of voters than Jefferson and the city and have three senators, whilst Louisville and Jefferson county has but one. And yet gentlemen tell us it is an abstraction to claim equality of representation. Now, sir, votes go by majorities, but when we enter upon doubles and trebles, it is a palpable outrage upon the principles of equality. I know that the five or six thousand voters that are in Louisville are not much regarded in this contest, and when you go before the people of Kentucky with your Constitution, the balance of the State can afford to dispense with those votes. But reflect that there are individuals who are hostile to the Constitution that we are about making and who desire and wish it would fail, and reflect, when departing from the great principle of the equality of political rights, you will array numbers of enemies who will sympathize with us,

JOHN F. HAGER.

[John F. Hager, Lawyer, Ashland, Ky., was born in Floyd County, Kentucky, 1853; City Attorney, Ashland, Ky.; State Railroad Commissioner in 1888; Instructor at State College in 1891.]

LOCK AND DAM NO. 1.

A speech delivered on behalf of the State of Kentucky at the exercises attending completion and reception of Government Lock and Dam No. 1, Big Sandy river, at Catlettsburg, Ky., Thursday, November 17, 1904.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I shall testify by good intent, if not in apt words, the interest of a Big Sandian and Kentuckian in the great work of the permanent improvement of our dear Big Sandy; but first as a Big Sandian and secondly as a Kentuckian.

We are met to receive from the honored representative of our glorious republic the tender of this munificent gift and to pledge anew our co-operation that the work so auspiciously begun shall be carried on by us, by our children and the children of our children, if need be, to a full and glorious consummation.

Kentucky is, and ought to be, proud that this work has been undertaken by the strong and capable hands and is backed by the plethoric purse of the national Government. She has a vital interest in the improvement of these waterways, having more than six hundred miles of river frontage on the Ohio, her western border being the Mississippi and the eastern border being completely bounded by the stream on which we are met.

We congratulate ourselves that we who meet here are descendants of that sturdy band of pioneers who, before they had scarcely won Kentucky from the bloody hands of the savage Indians, set up a demand for the free navigation of the Mississippi, a demand which had its accomplishment in forcing the purchase of the territory of Louisiana and making the navigation of that great stream open and free for all time.

It was her great Clay who advocated and gave impulse to the policy that the national Government should undertake and conduct internal improvements looking to the development of the highways of interstate traffic and commerce. It was a fault of our statesmen of a later period that they enforced a construction of the powers of the Federal Government prohibiting the undertaking of works of general public utility by the general Government.

We are now happily able to see the practical benefits of a reversal of this policy.

Within the sweep of our vision are three great Commonwealths. Let us remember that old Virginia, the common parent of all the States concerned in this work, in ceding the territory which lies to the north of the Ohio river, gave a double pledge to freedom—one in the free navigation of the river Ohio, and the other in dedicating the territory of the Northwest to freedom, so that man as man, and without regard to color, should ever be free therein.

It has been said that the ordinance of '87 is one of three title deeds of American constitutional liberty.

Let us recall the ambitious plans of our forefathers, who dreamed of a waterway up the James, through the Kanawha, down the Ohio and up the Missouri and Mississippi that should furnish means of transportation for the generations to come after them.

The age of steam, of the iron horse and the rail answered all demands for transportation facilities for some generations following, but these ways are under private, even monopolistic, control, and, while we may not deny their benefits, they are purchased with a price, and often at too great a price. Charges for the use of these means of transportation are confessedly laid upon the theory of imposing all the traffic will bear, and railway traffic, without water competition, often becomes burdensome, even oppressive, in its cost.

It is a manifest duty of the general Government to help the people to the best possible use of the natural highways with which they have been favored.

We to-day dwell with pride upon the history and achievements of the fathers who conquered and preserved the goodly heritage of this wonderful valley of the Ohio. Without disparagement of all they achieved, we claim the right to turn our face to the rising glories of the East in this, the dawn of a new century of national existence. In the light of these grander days, we are thrilled with the pride and consciousness of growing power, greater prosperity and all that makes for the grandeur and greatness of our common country.

Within three years, private capital amounting to ten million dollars has been invested in the valley of the Big Sandy in the purchase of rich mineral treasures and in constructing means of transportation thereof to market. Within a few months, we shall have two railroads opened for traffic—one on the west bank and up the western fork, the other on the east bank and up the eastern fork of this river.

The old question, "Can there be any good thing come out of Nazareth?" is about to be answered, and that section of the two Commonwealths of Kentucky and West Virginia hitherto neglected, yea, even despised by the opulent denizens of the bluegrass and of certain parts of West Virginia, is, by the investment of private and public means, soon to be disenthralled, regenerated, made radiant and gloriously prosperous, so that the stone which the builders rejected is to become the head-stone of the corner of a glorious temple, dedicated to industry, the arts and manufactures.

Great as are the material resources of this beautiful valley, along and up it even unto the mountain tops, are young men and women awaiting opportunities for education and improvement, which we can foresee as coming in the near future, and which, in their development and fruition, will give to these two Commonwealths the priceless heritage of a citizenship composed of law-abiding, God-fearing men and women, of brain, brawn and purpose to glorify the country which the Lord their God gave unto them.

It is worth our while to labor for the consummation of an end so promising and so devoutly to be wished, and we hail these improvements as the harbingers of our dearest hope.

BENJAMIN HARDIN.

[Benjamin Hardin, Lawyer, Congressman, Debater, was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1784; died in Bardstown, Ky., September 24, 1852; he removed to Kentucky in Childhood; received a primary education; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1806; began to practice at Bardstown; served in the State House of Representatives in 1810-11 and 1824-25; member of Congress 1815 till 1817, and again from 1833 till 1837; Secretary of State of Kentucky, 1844 till 1847; member of the State Constitutional Convention of 1849.]

THE WILKINSON AND MURDAGH CASE.

A speech made to the jury in the court house at Harrodsburg, Ky., March 15, 1839, for the prosecution in the trial of Judge and Dr. Wilkinson and Mr. Murdagh, of Mississippi, for murder of citizens of Louisville, Ky.

I shall, gentlemen, very humbly and very cordially congratulate you upon having this case brought so near a close. It has already been protracted beyond the usual limits of criminal trials by the extraordinary ingenuity and uncommon array of talent enlisted on the occasion. The gentlemen on the opposite side have felicitated you upon the politeness of your patience and, among others, I, too, return you my thanks for your attention.

I little expected, when I engaged in this case in Louisville last winter, that I should ever have to address you on the subject. Although I have been fifty years practicing at the Kentucky bar, this is the first time I have ever had to address a jury in this place, and I can not help feeling that I am as much a stranger here as any gentleman who has addressed you. I shall, however, in speaking to you, apply myself to an exposition of the facts and of the law bearing upon them, and, whatever may be your feelings, you will, I am sure, keep in mind that you are bound to exercise your reason, and that you owe a duty of no ordinary responsibility to yourselves, your characters and your country. That duty is a sacred trust reposed in you which you can not weigh lightly without injury to yourselves as well as wrong to others. Nor must you surrender up your reason to your passions and allow yourselves to be carried away by the shouts of applause from fashionable audience as if you were in a theater where a Junius Brutus Booth and a Miss Ellen Tree exhibit the practiced arts of controlling feelings and successfully eliciting the noisy plaudits of excitement. This is not a theater, this trial is not a farce, nor are you seated on those benches for amusement. This, gentlemen, is a solemn court of justice, a solemn tribunal in which your judge, presiding with becoming dignity, represents the majesty of the law, and in which you are expected to deliberate with becoming gravity upon circumstances of awful import. The appalling death of two fellow creatures is the occasion of your being assembled here, and the guilt or innocence of those at whose hands they fell is the object of your solemn investigation.

By law, and in conformity with the original institutions upon which all law is founded, this trial was to have taken place where the occasion of it

occurred—in the county of Jefferson. The Legislature, in its wisdom, has seen fit to change the venue from Jefferson to Mercer county, but why, I am unable to say. For even Colonel Robertson, the very able counsel for the defense, has admitted that, although for a time great excitement existed in Louisville, yet, after the investigation at the examining court, that excitement was altogether allayed.

In this country experience has always taught us that, when a change of venue is sought, the object is not to obtain justice, but to evade it. The object is to thwart and embarrass the prosecution and multiply the chances of eluding the responsibility of the law. How is this effected? Is it not by a removal to some place esteemed favorable to the accused, by a removal so distant from the scene of action that the expense and inconvenience render it probable but few of the witnesses can attend? By a removal to where witnesses of a character dubious, if not infamous where known, may find credit because they are unknown? Here we are some seventy or eighty miles from the stage on which this tragedy was acted, yet we are asked why we did not bring the stick and the cowhide and Bill Holmes, the pilot, as if we were afraid to produce them were they within our reach. I would ask the opposite side, in my turn, why gentlemen have brought us eighty miles from the scene where we could have elicited the truth in every particular?

Mr. Prentiss (for the defense) really astonished me with one proposition he laid down with respect to the common law of this country, that every man is to judge for himself where the point of danger lies that entitles him to disable another, or to kill him, lest he might, in turn, by possibility, become the killed; so that, in fact, if it were so, the point of danger never could be defined by law, because what a brave man would consider no danger at all, a timid man would consider the point of danger bristling with a thousand deaths. Was there ever such a monstrous doctrine recognized by the laws of any community?

No, gentlemen, the law recognizes no such absurdities. The law was laid down yesterday correctly by the district attorney, that when the killing of a man has taken place, it is murder, till the contrary is shown. What, then, becomes of this new doctrine, unknown to the law, that the slayer, and not the law, is to judge and presume the justification? The law itself says, all killing of one man by another is murder. The slayer, according to Mr. Prentiss, says: "Oh, no, I killed my man because I fancied he would kill me—it is not murder, it is justifiable homicide!" Yet the law again says if a sheriff who hangs a man by lawful authority and, in doing so, commits only a justifiable homicide, should, even for the best motives, instead of hanging the man, as bound to do, chop his head off with a sword, though death must necessarily follow either way, yet is he guilty of murder, and liable to the punishment, for the killing contrary to the prescribed mode of his duty.

There are certain maxims of law laid down in the books which are never disputed, because they are founded upon reason and just principles; such, for instance, as these: If A kill B from necessity, to save his own life, the danger being undeniable, it is excusable homicide. If A kill B in a sudden heat of quarrel, it is manslaughter. If A kill B without what in law is called competent provocation, it is murder. If a man fire a pistol-ball into that crowd and kill a man, though it were his bosom friend against whom, personally, he could have no previous malice, it is murder,

though he did not intend that death. It is murder in the eye of the law, because the recklessness of human life implied in the rashness of the act shows that general malice to mankind, which is equally dangerous to the community as any private malice could be. All killing is murder, unless an excuse is shown, but words are no excuse, because they never bring a killing below the crime of murder; neither are indecent and contemptuous actions justification, according to Raymond and Blackstone. Here is a maxim in point: If there is a previous quarrel between A and B and, some time after, in consequence of the previous quarrel, they fight, then nothing connected with the previous quarrel justifies a killing, and it can not be excused unless it clearly appear that B in killing A had to do so to save his own life.

Mr. Prentiss labored a position, and labored it ably, I admit, but Mr. Bullock had previously combatted its application successfully. The position is advanced upon the well-known quotation from Lord Hale: "If A, B and C be walking in company together, and C assault B, who flies, and is in no danger of being killed from C's pursuit, unless present help be afforded, and A thereupon kill C in defense of the life of B, it seems that in this case of such inevitable danger of the life of B, the killing of C by A is in the nature of self-defense; but it must plainly appear by the circumstances of the case as the manner of assault, the weapons with which it was made, etc., that B's life was in imminent danger."

A man seeing another kill a third person may kill the man about to commit the felony, but then it is at his peril he does it, and he is responsible to the law for his interference. Upon this text, if you are to acquit Judge Wilkinson, it must appear that, when the stabbing took place, there must have been manifest danger to his brother's life; there must have been an apparent, an absolute necessity. To show that there was no such necessity, and to place before you in a clear view the leading features of the facts, I will now claim your attention to the review I shall make of them.

Mr. Redding keeps what is called a merchant tailor's shop on Main street in Louisville. His store is not far below the Galt House, on the opposite side.

These three gentlemen now arraigned before you are residents of the State of Mississippi and formerly, as I am informed, were residents of the State of Virginia, and, for aught I know, of the same county, town or village. They came to Kentucky early in December, for what is no import that I can see, although it is made to cut a conspicuous figure here as a favor conferred on Kentucky—a contemplated marriage at Bardstown. They arrived at the Galt House. Where Judge Wilkinson had his clothes made up, if he had any prepared for the occasion, is not shown. Where Mr. Murdaugh had his made, if any, is not shown. But it is shown that Dr. Wilkinson was to have clothes made at Mr. Redding's store. They were made with great punctuality, and the doctor came to Redding's store at the appointed time. He tried on the new coat and seemed well pleased with it. So satisfied was he with the coat that he wore it on the spot and left a \$100 bank bill on account of payment, requesting Mr. Redding to hold over the bank bill, which was of a Mississippi bank, till some expected change for the better would take place in the rates of discount. Dr. Wilkinson then went away, wearing the coat, and desiring the other things to be sent to the Galt House.

When Dr. Wilkinson returned to Redding's store, accompanied by his brother and Mr. Murdaugh, some objection was made to the collar of the coat. It was no serious objection, we may suppose, for we hear from Mr. Prentiss himself, "the expectancy and rose of the fair State," that he, perhaps, would not have been quite so fastidious. Perhaps some young fellow like my friend, Colonel Robertson, "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form," might have been a little squeamish, but, for myself, every one knows I am not particular. I never should have knocked down a tailor with an iron poker because there was a shade of fashion lacking in the collar of my brother's coat. The whole thing, I admit, is a matter of taste, the poker included.

But there was, however, some objection to the fashion of the coat, and that objection was thought grave enough to enlist the triple wisdom of a dignified judge of the land, an eminent doctor of a distant State and a sage member of the Mississippi bar. Yes, with this formidable array of judicial wisdom, pharmaceutical skill and legal research, these three gentlemen came to a little store in Louisville to fight a poor tailor! And all about an unfashionable twist in the collar of a coat.

To be sure, they came from the Eldorado of the South, with their thousands of bales of cotton condensed into their pockets. They were perfect magnets of attraction, for the secret of their lodestone lay wrapt up in their Mississippi bank notes. Hotel keepers were bowing to them on all hands, tradesmen and storekeepers honored the pavement they trod and, as to tailors, I am ready to believe they became perfectly fascinated with them. Nay, I even make no doubt that the keepers of watering establishments and medical springs submitted to the soft impeachment and became devoted to their interests. It is the necessary consequence of the influence of cotton bales.

Here was this hard-working tailor, ever on the watch for good customers, bowing to them assiduously, if not more so, than the hotel keepers or spring doctors, taking back his coat, I have no doubt, with tears in his eyes; but is it reasonable to suppose that, fascinated as he was by the ability of such customers to pay, he would be so blind to his own interests as to give unprovoked quarrel to such customers?

Judge Wilkinson is sitting on a stool at the stove and, when he sees his brother about to pay for his pantaloons and vest, he interferes, without being called upon to do so, and opposes the payment for these things, upon which the tailor very naturally asks him what business he has to interfere. The judge, without telling him that he was the doctor's brother, which Redding did not know, and that as such he had a right to advise him, jumps up, snatches an iron poker, with which a man could be knocked down as readily as with a crow-bar, and for the small provocation of a tailor saying: "You make yourself a little too busy in the matter," ignorant that he was addressing a dignified judge, the judge aims a deadly blow at his head which, if not fortunately warded off, might have involved consequences to which I must advert. What does this prove? If it proves nothing else, does it not show plainly that Judge Wilkinson is not quite as mild and forbearing in his disposition as his friend, Mr. Prentiss, would have you believe? Did Judge Wilkinson's conduct show that it was his belief men's passions should be subject to the control of law, if not reason? That he was in principle a respecter of the law in this instance?

Judge Wilkinson, so remarkable for his mildness and forbearance, as

a sample of these qualities, aims a blow, as I said before, at the tailor's head which probably would have killed him had he not warded off the blow with his arm in a manner to give great offense to Mr. Prentiss, who can not see the propriety of a tailor grappling with a judge to prevent a repetition of blows that might break his head. The little tailor, however, did grapple with the judge and, dragging him to the side door, he falls with his adversary out on the pavement. The tailor, though small, being strong and active, turned the judge under and, as he did so, Murdaugh hallooed out: "Kill the damned rascal;" a command which the doctor was about to obey, and when he was within a couple of inches of plunging his dirk into the tailor's heart, Mr. Redmond caught the doctor's arm. But for this interference it would have been the last of Redding's career. Mr. Murdaugh had hallooed out to the doctor: "Kill the damned rascal!" and, in the next breath: "Part them! Part them!" This is easily accounted for. When he saw that Redding, by Redmond's interference, had gained the advantage, he perceived that the tables were turned and, fearful of the consequences, became as impatient to have them parted as he had before been anxious to have the tailor killed. Well, they are parted; and, when they get up, Dr. Wilkinson still has his knife drawn; Mr. Murdaugh has his knife drawn, and the judge has his favorite weapon, the poker.

The little tailor's courage, notwithstanding this formidable array is up, and he steps forth a David before Goliath and offers to fight the whole three of them, if they lay aside their weapons. This, I think, however, was a mere brag with the "poker-players," for I do not believe he could have done it. Five witnesses swear that Dr. Wilkinson and Murdaugh had out their knives. Several concur that Dr. Wilkinson re-entered the store, with his knife drawn, demanding his \$100 bank bill. All agree that he got it, and many agree that when he and his companions left for the Galt House, two went away exhibiting their knives and one rejoicing in the poker. The knives, to be sure, have been identified as white-handled knives. Mr. Prentiss, in that speech which you have all heard and admired, and which, it must be admitted, like a West India tornado, swept through this house, carrying everything before it, even to the reason of many who heard it, seemed to think that we had some particular fancy for the handles of the knives, because they were white handles. He thought we dwelt uncommonly on the whiteness of the handles, till like spectres they were continually flitting before our visions. With all this poetical or forensic coloring we have nothing to do; we only identified them, and the gentleman has failed to contradict us by proving that they were black, green or red.

We have now, gentlemen, traced a small portion of this affair at the tailor's shop. In what occurred there immediately after what has been mentioned, we find the following facts established: Mr. Redding swears that he was advised to enforce the law against these gentlemen. Mr. Redding and Johnson went towards the mayor's office. They applied at the mayor's office to Mr. Pollard, clerk of the city court, and told him one of the gentlemen was named Wilkinson, and that the names of the others they did not know. They were told that they should have the names or, if they wished, they might have a blank warrant to be filled up with the names when ascertained. This Redding declined upon being told that if he could meet the marshal, he could arrest the parties without a warrant. Redding and Johnson proceeded to the jail in search of the marshal. Not finding him there, Redding returns by Market street, where

he met Rothwell near his residence. As he tells Rothwell, his brother-in-law, the nature of the affair, Rothwell goes along with him; they were seen unaccompanied by any one enter the Galt House. Mr. Redding says when he went into the bar-room, he looked over the register and called for the names. Scarcely had he got them when Judge Wilkinson entered and stepped up to the counter to take a drink of water. Redding addresses him thus: "Sir, I believe you are the gentleman who struck me with the poker in my own house this evening." If Judge Wilkinson was sorry for his impudence, why did he not say it was in a hasty moment and, upon reflection, he felt that it was wrong? Could Redding have resisted the ingenuousness of such an answer to his inquiry? Could he have harbored for a moment longer any irritation for an acknowledged injury? But what did Judge Wilkinson say or do? Why, he heaped insult on injury by an aristocratic allusion to the tailor's profession. "I will not," he replied, "fight or quarrel with a man of your profession." Now, although I agree with Mr. Prentiss on the subject—

"Honor and shame from no conditions rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

And as Burns says—

"The heart's ai the part, ai that's right or wrang;"

yet we can not help imbibing with our literature and our sentiments many trifling prejudices from the mother country where aristocratic pretensions have too successfully attached disgraceful notions to certain pursuits of industry and, among these, the profession most sneered at by the would-be wits of the last century is that of a tailor.

We have our bankers, lawyers and doctors arrogating one rank in our society; the statesmen, heads of department and officials another. Our mechanics and those who toil by the sweat of their brow to produce our riches are cast in the shade, and knowing as they do that such an attempt, however noiselessly it is made, still exists palpably, is it any wonder they should become sensitive to every whisper that is breathed to mark the invidious distinctions? Call a man a knave, and he may forget it, but call him a fool and he never forgives you. Call a young lady a coquette, and she may pardon you, but tell her she is ugly and she will never abide you the longest day she lives. Tell a tailor he is a botch and he may not even get angry with you, but sneer at him about his goose and his profession and you insult him, though the words themselves are harmless. It is the illusion to prejudices that have existed which carries the poison of insult in its barb. Sir, we must not disguise the fact that there is a line of demarcation drawn by the proud and arrogant between themselves and those who live by the sweat of their brow. And to which, pray, is the country in its strength, prosperity and wealth indebted for its teeming productiveness? Go to Louisville when a portion of the city is enveloped in flames and you will see a thousand mechanics rushing in the devouring element for the protection of property, while the lawyer and the judge and the haughty aristocrat walk about as spectators with their hands in their pockets. The mechanics compose the moving power and labor-working machine upon whose industry we all feed and fatten. Their labors are the wealth of the country, and when we cease to honor and cherish them, we poison the springs of our own invigorating prosperity and cut

off the sources of our own enjoyments. Has not the history of our country shown, and will it not show again, that when the thunder-cloud of war gathers around our course, with a monstrous pusillanimity, we fling ourselves into their arms as our only hope and rescue? Where, then, are your bowie-knife-and-pistol gentry, your duelists and your despisers of the man who lives by the sweat of his brow? Sir, they will be found cowering and lurking where they may sniff the battle afar off and hide their once lofty heads in ignoble safety.

Judge Wilkinson goes to his room where he finds Dr. Wilkinson and Mr. Murdaugh. Judge Wilkinson relates to them what had happened, and the three go down stairs, and when they got into the bar-room, Mr. Redding was at the counter, Mr. McGrath was inside of it, Mr. Reaugh was at the fire. Judge Wilkinson walked across the bar-room, some twenty-five feet, and then stood awhile with his eye fixed upon Mr. Redding, his foot advanced and, I make no doubt, grasping the handle of his bowie-knife. At that moment, Mr. Murdaugh went up to Redding and addressed him, saying: "I understand that you said I drew a bowie-knife on you in your shop this evening? If you say so, you are a damned rascal and a liar!" And, as he said so, he opened his knife and elevated it, as one said, or held it down, according to another. One person said of the knife: "Lord, how it gleamed in the candle-light!" The highest evidence of a man's dexterity and intent to use his weapons.

We learn that Mr. Meeks was unknown to many; a slender, small weakly man, with a bit of cowhide, the lash of which some one says was knotted. From what we can learn of this cowhide, I verily believe it would take at least five hundred knocks of it to kill a man, and I doubt if he could be well killed, after all, even with five hundred knocks of it. Meeks, unfortunately for himself, stepped up to Murdaugh and said: "Yes, you are the d——d little rascal who did it." In reply to this, the very first lunge Murdaugh made at him severed vital artery and caused his instant death. A man stabbed through the heart no longer breathes, but he may stand a minute. Meeks fell and, in attempting to resume his feet, as he leaned on a chair, pitched forward on his face, and when examined he was dead.

When did Rothwell strike Murdaugh? Not until Meeks was killed. Then, it is proven, Rothwell struck with a cane and Murdaugh was beaten back; then Rothwell was seen losing his grip of the cane in his right hand; he was wounded. Who gave Rothwell that wound? Why, Murdaugh and nobody else. This accounts for Rothwell losing his grip of his stick or cane. Just then Judge Wilkinson came up behind with his bowie-knife in his hand, and General Chambers says he saw him make a lunge at Rothwell and stab him in the back. If two men are engaged in a fight, one with a dirk-knife like this, and the other with a stick, in the name of God let another with such a bowie-knife as this stand off; but if he must interfere on behalf of him who has the deadly weapon and against him who has not a deadly weapon, let him do the work of death front to front—let him stab in the breast and not in the back.

By this time Dr. Wilkinson was down in the left-hand corner and Holmes over him. What does Judge Wilkinson do? He stabs Holmes in the arm; but he is not indicted for that. He stabs Rothwell when he is engaged with Murdaugh in the right-hand corner of the room, and again when in the left-hand corner, standing over Holmes, trying to get him off his brother. Rothwell had been disabled by two stabs. Judge Wilkinson,

standing at the dining-room door, when Rothwell was saying nothing except in mercy trying to persuade Holmes to spare Dr. Wilkinson, comes across the room to the opposite door, finds Rothwell's back turned to him, and makes the last, the second thrust of the bowie-knife into his victim's back causing his death.

Gentlemen, I have endeavored to trace facts as far as I have gone with minuteness and, having presented these facts to you, it is for you to determine whether they do not establish these conclusions. When the fight occurred in the bar-room, it was brought on by Judge and Dr. Wilkinson and Murdaugh intentionally. If they brought it on, did they fight in their own defense, or because they had drawn the conflict on themselves? Could Meeks have inflicted death with a cow-hide, or Rothwell with a walking stick, so as to render the killing of them necessary or justifiable according to the true spirit of the law?

But here there is a proposition of law advanced by Mr. Prentiss which I must combat. He says that the law recognizes that the point of resistance unto death begins where a man himself believes the point of danger ought to be fixed. Then we have no law at all—we may burn up our law books, this revokes all they contain on the subject of homicide. Is it possible you, an intelligent jury, can be imposed upon by such sophistry? Is there so low an estimate of your understanding as to suppose it?

A is tried and acquitted because he is a base coward and apprehends danger at a point where there was no danger at all. B is tried for precisely a similar homicide in every particular, and because he is not quite as big a coward as A, but apprehends some danger, is found guilty and sent to the penitentiary for a term of years proportionate in duration to his lack of cowardice as contrasted with A. C, for precisely a similar homicide, because he is incapable of fear, is to be convicted of murder and straightway hanged!

Sir, the principle of self-defense does not warrant a man killing under the name of self-defense, if he is himself in fault by being the aggressor.

Are we not relaxing the laws—which leads to anarchy, and from personal violence to popular usurpation? Are we not relaxing our financial vigilance—which leads to corruption at the fountain head, and from private peculation to public defalcation? I tell you again and again, when you can lay your hands on great delinquents, make them an example; when you can grasp great defaulters, punish them; then will you more easily check pernicious discords and restore to its proper tension and tone the harmonizing power of your laws and your government. Whenever you see men wearing bowie-knives and daggers, hunt them down as you would bears and their cubs, from whom you can expect nothing but injury. The whole State of Kentucky looks to you this day for justice, for this is an awful investigation concerning the loss of two of her citizens. Two of our fellow citizens have been murdered and these gentlemen are here to answer for it. Some of the best blood of the country has been spilled as if in the pen of slaughtered hogs, but because relatives of one of these butchered men employ counsel to aid the prosecution in developing the truth and guarding against the delusions of sophistry from the greatest array of talent the country can boast, or that wealth unbounded can procure, to elude the punishment due to the offended laws, you are told to take but a one-sided view of the evidence and to decide at any rate against the paid advocate. I have not asked these gentlemen what they are to

be paid for eluding justice, because I did not consider that a sort of evidence which ought to influence your verdict.

Gentlemen, one question is, Are we to tolerate this bowie-knife system under the false pretense of self-defense? I say, let your verdict act like the axe laid to the root of the tree and many a prayer will bless you for your timely check of its growth. Many a woman is made a mourning widow, many a child made a pitiable orphan and many a father childless by the use of the accursed weapon. You have it in your power to prevent the recurrence of such scenes.

We have had an exhibition here in miniature of those Roman scenes which prepared the public mind for the downfall of that great people. There was a vast amphitheater where the Roman people could be crowded together and, in the presence of some hundred thousand persons of both sexes, a man would be brought into the arena and a ferocious tiger turned in upon him. He might, or might not, possess skill or courage to meet the formidable beast and evade the deadly spring, but, if not so fortunate, when the tearing of his vitals was seen and the clenching of his bones heard, the solitary shriek of the victim's wife, as it arose upon the air, would instantly be drowned by the acclamations and thunders of applause bestowed upon the ferocious beast, prolonged by its renewed efforts to suck blood, tear the flesh and grind the bones of its prey. As we have no amphitheater, a hall of justice is made to answer for a miniature arena, and, as we can have no tigers, nor men who will submit to their victims, we have forensic gladiators and witnesses whose private feelings and characters may be wounded, lacerated and tortured to the infinite delight and encouraging shouts and plaudits of a fashionable auditory, while the victim is helpless and gloomy in his unmerited prostration. Yes, it is all for the amusement of enlightened minds, and it is intended, perhaps, for the education of the rising generation. But, I protest I can not yet perceive that it is any more for the honor of the applauders than it is necessary for the good of the country that these gentlemen should be honored and glorified for their dexterity in the use of the bowie-knife and dirk. In the time of public danger, or foreign invasion, is it these bowie-knife gentry, these pistol-men in private life, that mount the breach and face the danger? Are they the brother Jonathans that face John Bull and eye him and his scarlet coats with defiance? Where are they then? Why, like the gnats and mosquitoes, who glisten in the sunshine and the calm, but when the storm rages and the thunder growls, and the lightning flashes, and the earth is rocked to its center, they are stowed away from the danger, though they are sure to emerge from their hiding-place to annoy with their stings when the succeeding calm and sunshine invite them out once more.

Gentlemen, I beg of you in the name of Him who sits upon the cloud and rides upon the storm, mete out the measure of justice to these men and vindicate the honor of Mercer county. But do not stigmatize your county by doing, as Mr. Prentiss would have you do, by shouting: "Glory! Glory! Go, ye righteous, go to your homes in honor and innocence." Whatever you may do, I shall content myself with the conviction that, in my professional capacity, I, at least, have done my duty.

I have been deputed by the widowed mother of the murdered Rothwell, and at the instance of the mourning sisters, to implore your justice. I have closed my mission. Between you and your country, between you and your God, I leave their cause.

BEN LEE HARDIN.

[Ben Lee Hardin, Lawyer, Harrodsburg, Ky., was born in Columbia, Adair County, July 21, 1844.]

MOTHER EVE.

An after-dinner speech, delivered at the E. L. Powell banquet in the First Christian Church, January 19, 1906.

In this family reunion of the descendants of Mother Eve, we are happy in the thought that all of our other cousins throughout the world will not feel hurt because they are not invited. Think of the inconvenience in procuring interpreters to explain to such a large number what I am talking about. Now, what you want to know this evening are facts—unquestioned and unimpeachable facts. And who is better able to give facts than I?

We have never had a complete biography of the first woman, and, being a kinsman, it is my pleasure and your profit that I detail certain incidents that occurred in that lady's life, heretofore unrecorded. In laying my premises, we will all agree that in the distribution of her estate we received share and share alike of one of her principal assets, and, although it has become a heavy heritage to many by reason of its own increment, they seem to be in the full enjoyment of their undisputed title. Hence the humiliation in studying our family tree too closely, to find that so much of the fruit has dropped off—and why? Because the rope broke.

According to our best information, Mrs. Eve M. Adam died about six thousand years ago. In her girl life there can be no history of interest. She attended no kindergarten with jam and biscuit for lunch, nor did she finish with Vassar trimmings. Science of language in any tongue has absolutely failed to put a "y" in her name, for which we are indeed thankful. We find her before the footlights on the stage of action in the twinkling of an eye, from a spare rib to a roast—and what a fearful roast it was!

The first banquet ever had was given by Eve, and Adam was the honored guest, and he ate all the fruit but the core. Before that apple-eating contest, Eve had wandered about the garden inhaling the sweet perfume of flowers with an awakening sense of beauty and ecstatic pleasure of and from Nature as it vitalized and blossomed in her presence. There were moments, perhaps, to her in which innocence and loveliness were so interwoven that the realization of a distinctive personality had not crystalized, nor given vanity a throne and sceptre in the citadel of thought.

With footfall light as the dew, she threaded the vine-embowered paths until she stood beneath the mistletoe. The new god of day, scheduled in its journey by divine edict, lanced and pierced the mist and foliage with beams of silver pencilings and tremblingly kissed the upturned face; then, with romping zephyrs, joined in confusing, weaving and hueing the auburn tresses, woman's crown of glory. Perhaps the morning's mist

from the Hiddekel and Euphrates intensified and emphasized her beautiful and close-fitting costume of atmosphere. Without further detailed description of that intangible and inconspicuous gown, we will say that it was balmy and significant in its want of opacity. Thus standing in this pleasure garden, herself so new that retrospection could not be had because of no past, no evolution by progress to perfection, no consciousness from precept, teaching or experience, save that given by the imperial decree of Him who was the beginning and the word; no judgments, opinions or conclusions, no reasoning from cause and effect.

And where was Adam? Presiding at an animal and bug convention, naming and registering live things. What did he know of the mistletoe bough? He was not even in "deshabille"—not even a collar button.

"Till Hymen brought his love delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower.
The world was sad, the garden was wild,
And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled."

Then the serpent appeared, crawling in the dust. And have you ever thought how the daughters of Eve have kept things crawling in the dust ever since? But Eve listened to the subtle tempter, and to her Eden was a paradise no longer. Methinks I can see her, with bowed head, in the light of the flashing sword of the cherubim, as she passed out of the garden, her heart surcharged with a grief so great and overwhelming that her companion in sorrow was lost in the shuffle. Methinks I can hear the wild lamentations:

"Must I leave thee, paradise? Is the garden of pleasure to be a tomb for the ashes of innocence and love? Must all those string beans, squashes and onions go to waste? Is there no chance to re-visit the bargain counter in that mantua-making emporium among the fig trees to replenish the slimmest of wardrobes? Oh, Adam, Adam, my vagabond husband, go to work. Do something. I can bear up if you will only hustle. Get to be a life insurance president, even if you have to sweat in the face while under investigation. Have you not, oh, my thin-clad husband, been selected and elected to have dominion over everything? Are you afraid of a contest when the returns are all in and your certificate made out in your own handwriting? Skin a few goats, dear old boy, and let's have some more clothes."

Adam skulked. Out upon the heath of thorn and thistle, silken threads of hope became as ragged moonbeams dancing and flickering through dead vines upon sombre cliffs, and in the gloaming the water-wraith from the vasty deep hovered o'er her head and, shaking its black pinions, completed her baptism of despair.

And yet it was but the beginning. There must yet be a fulfillment of the curse of disobedience. Multiplied sorrows yet unfelt, because to Eve it was a separate condemnation. But we are not warranted in the thought that in the climax of an agonized heart a merciful God mellowed and softened the poignancy when she became a mother?

"Ere yet her child had drawn its earliest breath
A mother's love begins, it grows till death;
Lives before life, with death not dies, but seems
The very substance of immortal dreams,
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above
May stoop to gaze on from their bowers of bliss,
When Innocence upon the breast of Love
Is cradled in a sinful world like this."

(Original and borrowed—pick it out.) Disobedience was her first and only sin, yet she justified it not. She put in no plea but that of frailty. Could she not so have defended her overt act as to truthfully declare a want of intent?

And old darkey was once arraigned before a police tribunal, charged with misappropriating a pair of trousers. On being asked to show cause why judgment should not be rendered, replied:

"I stole dem britches; I acknowledge the corn;
But it warn't no crime as shore as you born.
If de motive wuz right, den's whar de sin?
I stole dem britches to be baptized in:"

But in that condemnation and decree that her sorrows should be many, that her banishment from the beautiful and enchanting Eden was for all time, that no penance or atonement could modify the decree and sentence of an unchanging God, yet she murmured not. She was created to be a help-meet and companion, and loyal she was to the pronouncement of creation's executive. And the further condition of the (to her) mysterious dispensation was motherhood. She accepted the sublimest and ever-to-be-reverenced purpose of her creation, and enwreathed upon her brow a diadem so effulgent that it lights the way from a sin-cursed world to the Eden above. Is there a name this side of heaven as sweet and tender as mother? It is lisped in helpless infancy, it dwells upon the lips of childhood, is reverently spoken in matured life, is not forgotten in old age, and when passing to unknown shores it is echoed back to earth again. And this is another legacy, another bequeathment to the daughters of Eve; and do we all not feel that the pure gold of that heritage is love?—a love so great, so emphasized that it greets death itself as a privilege. Now it may be that during the time that Eve was attending to her household duties and seeing to the children, there were some domestic infelicities existing between the parents. It may be that Adam, in trying to exercise dominion over every living thing, found that his wife was very much alive, and that his authority over her was hardly a tenure; and, coming out second best, he hid himself to some corner grocery, there to discuss the tariff, territorial expansion or rebates. Judging by certain traits in the line of descent, we can authoritatively state that Adam made but few touchdowns with a hoe during the cropping seasons, but, having a free ticket and a reserved seat at the menagerie, he whiled away his nine hundred and thirty years in fretting over his want of prominence at the family reunions. Mother Eve for many thousand years has been enjoying the forgiveness of him whose law she transgressed in her hour of temptation. Her earthly crown of maternity has been exchanged for a thornless one of eternal glory. And, yet again, she has left a heritage to her daughters which her sons should hold in sacred trust. But a hushed adulation pointing to the pure and glorious women who adorn, elevate and link our hopes to a higher and better life only adequates the truth in heart's language by the tender and respectful silence.

The life of Mother Eve was but the life of us all, and is but a tale that is told. Dust she was and unto dust she returned. That dust maketh not unclean any page in history, and may be not believe that it has been scattered by the winds of heaven to aid in sustaining the purity of her daughters when confronted with the tempter's wiles?

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN.

[John Marshall Harlan, Associate Justice United States Supreme Court, since November 29, 1877; born in Boyle County, Kentucky, June 1, 1833; graduate Centre College, Kentucky, 1850; LL. D., Bowdoin, 1883, Centre College and College of New Jersey, 1884; studied law at Transylvania University; practiced law at Frankfort; County Judge, 1858; Whig candidate for Congress in Ashland District, 1859; elector on Bell and Everett ticket, 1860; removed to Louisville in 1867 and practiced law there; Colonel Tenth Kentucky Regiment; in Union Army, 1861-63; Attorney General, Kentucky, 1863-67; returned to practice; Republican nominee for Governor, 1871; and again in 1875; member Louisiana Commission, 1877; one of America arbitrators on Behring Sea Tribunal, which met in Paris, 1893.]

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

A speech delivered at a banquet given by the members of the bar of the United States Supreme Court to Justice Harlan at Washington, D. C., on the 9th day of December, 1902.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Bar:

On your behalf, as well as on my own, I thank the President for honoring this occasion by his presence. We are all glad that, notwithstanding the pressure of public engagements, he has given us the pleasure of seeing him here. In him are most strikingly illustrated the possibilities of American citizenship. At the time of my accession to the bench, the distinguished citizen who is now the chief executive of the nation was still at the university, little dreaming that there was before him a career which, within a very few years after his graduation, would make his name known throughout the civilized world—a career remarkable for its courage, its directness of purpose and its fidelity to the highest ideals of duty to his fellowman and to his country. We welcome him to this banquet. In common with our countrymen everywhere, we recognize his elevated character and his patriotism, and earnestly hope that his life may be long spared to the American people.

My first duty as well as pleasure is to thank you, gentlemen of the bar, for the signal honor you have done me. I had supposed that this, the last day of the twenty-five years of my judicial service, would pass without observation, except perhaps within the limits of my own domestic circle. But you ordered otherwise, and I am here, at your invitation, grateful for this generous expression of good will and personal interest. It is more than my poor services have deserved. If my countrymen think that the duties of the great office so long held by me have been discharged with conscientious regard for the law, or for what I deemed to be the law, and with an eye single to the ends of justice and right and truth, my descendants will have in this estimate of my judicial life a legacy more precious than any that I could possibly leave to them.

It is natural, gentlemen of the bar, that on this occasion my mind should run back over the period of my service on the bench and recall something of the men and measures that have made this last generation so memorable in the history of the country.

This is not the occasion to do more than mention the names of the great captains on both sides of our Civil War—Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Meade, Sheridan, Lee, Jackson, the two Johnstons and Longstreet, all of whom, save Longstreet, have long ago passed over to the silent majority, leaving the memory of their splendid courage, their marvelous military skill and their high character, as a rich legacy to the whole American people. And yet, as I must on such an anniversary think of the march of events as well as mark the flight of the years, I can not but rejoice with every true American at the thought of the perfect healing of those old wounds, and at the fact that

“The severed sections, weary of debate,”

are again one people, loving the one flag, acknowledging the one Constitution, and abiding loyally by the decisions of the one supreme tribunal. But my mind recalls more especially those with whom I have been associated in the administration of the law. In doing this, memories crowd upon me that can not well be repressed. There come before me the faces of many, now gone, who were dear to me and with whom I had the privilege of being associated in judicial work, and, also, the faces of others, now gone, with whom I had cordial personal relations and whose luminous arguments at the bar of the supreme court will long be remembered by me. The country will not forget—I can not forget—the services of Waite, Swayne, Clifford, Miller, Field, Strong, Bradley, Woods, Hunt, Matthews, Gray, Blatchford, Lamar and Jackson. Nor can we forget such splendid leaders of the bar as Harrison, Campbell, Bartlett, Evarts, Thurman, Trumbull, Rockwood, Hoar, Black, Carpenter, Ranney, Conkling, McDonald, Phelps, William Allen Butler, Phillips, Wallis, Semmes, Goudy, Swett, Storrow, Tucker, Hoadly, Hitchcock and Davidge. It was to me delightful as well as instructive to hear those distinguished lawyers discuss important principles of constitutional and general law. In recalling the services of such eminent judges and lawyers, the thought comes to me that we may draw from their lives inspiration for renewed and higher efforts to elevate the standards of our noble profession, and to increase the respect of the people for the law as the only foundation upon which free government can securely rest.

I have not been insensible, gentlemen, to the distinction, the mere worldly distinction, of a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States—a tribunal once characterized by that great lawyer, Horace Binney, as the “august representative of the wisdom and justice and conscience of the whole people, in the exposition of their Constitution and laws;” as the “peaceful and venerable arbitrator between the citizens in all questions touching the extent and sway of constitutional power;” and as the “great moral substitute for force in controversies between the people, the States and the Union.” It is, indeed, a high honor to be a member of such a tribunal. But permit me to say that there has been no moment during my term of service when I have not been deeply sensible of the awful responsibility resting upon every member of that court. The power of the supreme court for good, as well as for evil, can scarcely be exaggerated. If it can not actually shape the destiny of our country, it can exert a commanding influence in that direction. It can by its judgments strengthen our institutions in the confidence and affections of the people, or, more easily than any other department of the

Government, it can undermine the foundations of our governmental system. It can undo the work of the fathers by abrogating old canons of constitutional construction that have helped to make this the foremost nation of the earth. It can—to use the words of Chief Justice Marshall—“explain away the Constitution of our country, and leave it, a magnificent structure, indeed, to look at, but totally unfit for use.” But we all rejoice that it has it in its power to hold, and, in the judgment of America, it has steadily held, the country in the path of safety so that to-day our people believe, as we trust they will always believe, that the preservation of the Union, under the Constitution, is the surest guarantee of liberty regulated by law as well as of the success of all movements and all policies demanded by the common good. If our institutions should be assailed and overthrown—no matter by whom or in what way—whether by arbitrary power, by corruption, or by lawlessness, the last citadel to be taken by the assailants will be our incomparable judicial organization.

That the court holds the unique position it does, that it is invested with the extraordinary authority it wields, and that we have a judicial system which Washington declared was the chief pillar of the national Government, is due primarily to the far-seeing statesmen of the Revolutionary period. Prior to that time a few individual writers like Montesquieu had expressed the thought that the separation of the judicial department from other departments of government was essential to liberty. But it remained for the American people, in advance of all other peoples, to distribute the powers of government among three separate, co-equal and co-ordinate departments, and to secure that distribution against sudden change by means of a Constitution that should be the supreme law of the land and therefore binding upon all. That doctrine is the foundation of our freedom. Remove that foundation, and our institutions will be so impaired as to become the prey of absolutism or anarchy. The experience of more than a century places it beyond question that the independence of the judiciary, and its authority, uncontrolled by other departments of the Government, or by popular whim and passion, to declare the meaning, scope and limitations of our Constitution, are vital to the existence and well-being of the republic.

It may be said—indeed, it has been said by way of criticism—that the action of the supreme court has not always met with universal approval, and that its members have often differed upon grave questions of constitutional law. Such occasions will always arise in the case of any tribunal constituted by human authority. But it is gratifying to know that those occasions have not weakened the position of the court before the country. There is abundant reason to believe that the people confide in its patriotism, its integrity and its learning, and have an abiding faith that no permanent or irreparable harm will come to the republic by any action that court will ever take. In the early history of our country it was the fear of some that the supreme court, exerting the enormous power conferred upon it, might ultimately so change our form of government as to destroy or endanger the essential rights of the States and imperil those fundamental rights of life, liberty and property which belong to free men. But few, if any, now entertain such apprehensions, and there is practical unanimity among statesmen, jurists and the people as to the essential nature of our institutions. It is now the established and accepted doctrine that the Constitution, emanating from and representing the people of the United States, creates a government with certain powers for defined purposes

and with paramount authority within the sphere of the exercise of those powers, leaving to the States full control in all matters the supervision and determination of which they have not surrendered and which have not been committed by the people to the national Government. No American lawyer now questions the supremacy of the Constitution in respect of every subject entrusted to that Government, or the wisdom of the provision made for its final interpretation, or the absolute necessity for the maintenance of our liberties, that all the rightful powers of the States be preserved and respected. Every patriot recognizes the fact that the best friend of the Union is he who recognizes the just rights and powers of the States, and the best friend of the States is he who recognizes the just rights and powers of the Union.

God bless our dear country. God bless every effort to sustain and strengthen it in the hearts of the people of every race subject to its jurisdiction or authority.

Gentlemen of the bar, my relation to this occasion suggests that I must not further detain you. Let me again thank you with all my heart for the great honor you have done me and for this marked evidence of your respect and confidence, and to assure you that, while life lasts, I will hold you in affectionate remembrance.

JAMES HERVY HAZELRIGG.

[James Hervy Hazelrigg, Lawyer, Frankfort, Ky., was born in Grassy Lick, Montgomery County, Kentucky, December 6, 1848; graduate of Kentucky University, 1871; LL. D., Central University of Kentucky; served in Confederate Army 1864-5; held numerous city and county offices; Chief Justice Kentucky Court of Appeals, 1892-1901; Curator of Kentucky University; member Faculty of Kentucky University Law School.]

ALL HONOR, THEN, TO THE OLD SOUTH! THE OLD DIXIE!
THE WAR-TIME LAND OF "CINNAMON SEED
AND SANDY BOTTOM!"

An address of welcome delivered to Confederate Veterans at the Confederate Reunion, at Louisville, Ky., May 29, 1900.

In recent years, we have heard much about an Old South and a New South. It seems to me that on this occasion the whole South—both the old and the new—have come up to see us. And I am glad, indeed, that nobody has stayed at home! While it is to be understood at the outset that the tenderest and choicest bits of the fatted calf are intended for the old, yet I have no doubt the new will manage to do fairly well. Truth to say, this New South is rather a pushing, aggressive quantity, and don't have to be looked after to see that it gets its share of goodly things; in which respect, I may be permitted to say, it is somewhat a "chip off the old block." Indeed, we look to the new as differing from the old only in point of years.

We know full well that, whatever of grit and courage and fire there may be, and is, in the new, the inspiration of it all springs from the chivalry and the glory of the old.

Whatever there was of gallantry and dash in young Hobson, of the Merrimac, found its source in the heroism of that old Confederate tarheel—the elder Hobson—who gave his life for the cause!

All honor, then, to the Old South! the Old Dixie! the war-time land of "cinnamon seed and sandy bottom!"

All honor, too, to the new—albeit, if there be good in the new, it is because "truth crushed to earth" has risen again! And it could not be otherwise than that there should be an offspring of glorious fruitage from the sacrifices and struggles of the fathers of the '60's! It is an absolute law of Nature that nothing ever existing is lost—no righteous cause is ever lost. The lessons of that long struggle, the trials and sufferings of the "soldiers in gray," the heroism of the men and the tears and loving sacrifices of the women of the South, will forever live in story and in song to inspire true manhood and womanhood to noble deeds.

What wonder is it, then, that, founded on the old, there is of the South of to-day a race of brave men and true women?

It is to these men and women of that fair land—veteran and son of veteran—that Kentucky veterans give the glad and welcome hand. We meet, my comrades, while we may, to inculcate and emphasize the lessons

of the great struggle. To-morrow the duty must be committed to younger, though not less loyal, hearts. Even now a great host has passed away!

Davis and Lee and Jackson have crossed over the river and are at rest under the shade! While Longstreet and Gordon and Buckner, with the glorious remnant gathered here, are waiting at the gates!

Therefore, tears and love for the old, and greetings of joy for the new! All are equally and thrice welcome!

EDWARD W. C. HUMPHREY.

[Edward W. C. Humphrey, Lawyer, Louisville, Ky., was born in Louisville, Ky., May 23, 1844.]

ROBERT E. LEE.

An address delivered at the Confederate reunion held at Louisville, Ky., June 14, 1905.

President Roosevelt said on one occasion: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee; and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest of all great captains that the English-speaking have ever brought forth, and this although the last chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

A captain concerning whom such a thing could be said, and by a man so well qualified to judge, by a man who has won for himself a splendid name in public life, must have possessed that rare combination of qualities, mental, moral and physical, without which no one can be called truly great. His career as a soldier terminated at Appomattox on the 8th of April forty years ago. And, across the long interval, there comes to us a picture in whose outlines we perceive the highest type of a military commander and the noblest conception of a Christian gentleman.

Indeed, there comes to us a light so dazzling that our mental vision is blinded, and the real proportions of the man are in danger of being obscured in the halo which has gathered about him. This is true of, in some degree, every one who in public life rises head and shoulders above all the men of his age. But when voices from every quarter of the globe, from friends and foes, from the home folks and the strangers, from both sides of the Atlantic and the Pacific, unite in one unbroken chorus of admiration, then it becomes no easy matter to look back at Robert E. Lee over that long period with unclouded eyes, and discern the man as he was, the captain in the splendor of his achievements. Moreover the difficulties which confront the author of an article such as this are enhanced by the fact that his fame has extended until it has acquired a wideness like the wideness of the sea, and by the fact that, beyond his official reports and a few letters, no written narrative, which might guide us through the tangled labyrinth of controversy concerning the Gettysburg campaign, and which might have thrown a flood of light into many a dark corner and into many a forest, where doubts and misconceptions have gathered thick and fast as to his purposes, designs and actions at critical points, and which would have preserved so much of priceless value, which is rapidly passing, or which has already gone over the hills into an eternal oblivion, and also by the fact that into the mightiness of his exploits there enters so much that is purely technical and military in its character, such as only a trained soldier could comprehend and only a genuine historian could adequately reveal.

Robert Edward Lee, the fourth child of Henry Lee and Anne Hill Carter, was born on January 19, 1807 (nearly one hundred years ago),

at the manor of the Lee family, in the same room where two of the signers of the Declaration of Independence first saw the light—Richard Henry Lee and Francis Lightfoot Lee.

This ancient manor house, called Stratford, is situated in Westmoreland county, on a neck of land between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, along whose banks armies so mighty have gathered and battle so bloody have been fought that they might be called the "warlike" rivers of Virginia. Among the colonial manors now left in the Old Dominion, there are two which in memory at least can never die—Mt. Vernon and Stratford.

Mt. Vernon, almost in sight of a capital now one of the greatest in our modern world, kept in complete repair by a grateful nation, visited year by year by pilgrims from every land and every shore, it commemorates the immortal renown of a great chieftain who carried his people through a mighty revolution, crowned at last with complete success.

Stratford, buried deep in the woods, in a lonely region, rarely seen, crumbling slowly into decay, a fit memorial of that "Lost Cause" to which its most illustrious son devoted a character so elevated, a military genius so noble, that his fame will ever be cherished as a part of our national glory.

Nearly seventy-four years ago, a morning paper in Washington contained the following announcement:

"Married June 20, 1834, at Arlington House, by the Rev. Mr. Keith, Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, of the United States Corps of Engineers, to Mary A. R. Custis, only daughter of G. W. P. Custis."

One present on that occasion said: "Beautiful old Arlington was in all her glory that night. The stately mansion never held a happier assemblage. Its broad portico and wide-spreading wings held out open arms, as it were, to welcome the coming guest. Its simple Doric columns graced domestic comfort with a classic air. Its halls and chambers were adorned with the portraits and heroes and with illustrations and relics of the great Revolution and of the Father of his Country, and, without and within, history and tradition seemed to breathe their legends upon a canvas as soft as a dream of peace."

George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington and the grandson of Mrs. Washington, devised the Arlington estate to his daughter, Mary A. Randolph Custis.

The old mansion at Arlington stands as of old upon the brow of a hill overlooking the wide and historic Potomac river and the city of Washington, "with its roof and spire and dome, and the homes of the living half revealed amid the foliage," once the home of the Lees, filled with life and joy and gladness, but now in the midst of a national cemetery, where but a little while ago

The surging night winds
Pale winter robes have spread
Above the narrow palaces
In the cities of the dead.

The position which Lee occupied at the opening of our Civil War was so commanding in its character, and so unique of its kind, as to be almost (if not entirely) without parallel in human history.

His high reputation for military skill and knowledge, his personal and professional character were so pure, his mind so sound and well balanced, his fidelity to duty and to every trust imposed upon him, that his ability

and shoulders were broad enough to conceive and carry out great designs—all these had become so well established that both governments sought to obtain his service, and both armies contended for the honor of being placed under his command. It was well known that General Scott had designated Lee as by far the fittest man to succeed himself as commander-in-chief of the Federal armies. It was a foregone conclusion that he would at once obtain high command in whichever army he might choose to enter, and whichever way he might turn his face a wide road to station and renown seemed to open out before him. He was not destitute of ambition (no great captain ever has been), and yet he was so modest and conscientious that he strove with all his strength to find the path where duty and honor called.

That General Lee was true and sincere in his devotion to the Union, and to the general Government which he had served so long, and that he foresaw the coming of civil war with the keenest sorrow and distress, can not be doubted. He would have been the very last man to desire a disruption of our Federal Union, or a conflict at any time, or in any way, over the institution of slavery. A slaveholder himself, he knew full well (as did General Washington before him) how great were the evils and responsibilities inseparably connected therewith. His clear and lucid intellect could not for an instant be clouded by the political theories of the extreme Southern men. He had no faith in secession, either as a constitutional right or a practical remedy. In January, 1861, he wrote thus to his son: "Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for a 'perpetual union,' so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by a revolution, or the consent of the people in convention assembled."

Lee had that exalted idea of duty, and of the subordination of the military to civil authority, and that genuine love for his old comrades and for the army wherein they all rendered a common service, that it cost a terrible mental struggle to resign his commission. In a letter written on April 20, 1861, he said: "It (his resignation) would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed." And in a letter written on the same day to his sister, Mrs. Marshall, of Baltimore, he said: "The whole South is in a state of revolution into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and, though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievance, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission and, save in defense of my native State . . . I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

The service rendered by Lee in the first year of the war in West Virginia, along the southern coast, and as military adviser at Richmond, may be passed over down to that ever-memorable June 1, 1862. The

battle of the Seven Pines had just been fought, and General Joseph E. Johnston (an officer second only to Lee) had been severely wounded, and on that day Robert E. Lee was assigned to the command of that immortal army of Northern Virginia.

Robert E. Lee, now for the first time in supreme command of a powerful army, and in a position to show the world what was in him, was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, "in perfect health, vigorous, robust and of commanding presence." All he asked was the opportunity, and now that opportunity had come, and the world did not take long to discover that on June 1, 1862, a great captain had been born. He soon acquired, and held unbroken to the last, "the entire confidence of his government and the unquestioned and enthusiastic devotion of the army. He had no rival either in the council at Richmond or in the colloquies around the camp-fires." Military critics have pointed out his wondrous skill in strategy and battle tactics. The broad and comprehensive view over wide tracts of country, its mountains, rivers and valleys, and the power so to combine the movements of a great army that its full strength shall fall at the true point within a given time. And on the battlefield to plan out and forecast his way toward the desired end; and, above all, that divine faculty, given by the Divine hand to but few of the children of men, which enables a great soldier, amid the "confusion chaos" of a bloody battle, to read aright the ever-changing fortunes of the struggle, and to detect with certainty the time when and the point where the decisive blow must be struck.

Again, Lee excelled in what is called defensive-offensive warfare. He could combine defensive with offensive tactics, passing from one to the other with the rapidity of lightning and with the force of an avalanche. Witness in the "Seven Days Before Richmond" where, after standing for a little while, passive, in front of McClellan's army, he suddenly fell upon it in a series of fierce and continuous assaults, and especially at Chancellorsville, where he fell, like a sledge-hammer, first upon that part of the Federal army under Hooker, then upon that part under Sedgwick, and then upon Hooker again.

The devotion of his men, who can describe it! In the winter of 1863-64, while the soldiers of the army of Northern Virginia were dwelling in little huts along the Rapidan and Mine Run, the appearance of General Lee riding through the cantonments was always the signal for a great uproar, and the cheers which greeted him could be heard far and away through the forest and along the banks of the rivers.

"Scarcely a day passed during the sojourn of the Confederate army in camp that did not see a full regiment of Confederates in hot chase across the fields after the swift-footed rabbit, and at every step was heard wild shouts and yells. Often was it said, when this far-resounding enthusiasm came rolling across the hills: 'There goes Marse Robert or an old hare.'" (Henry A. White.)

There came a great crisis on the second day of that terrible battle in the Wilderness. Grant had massed nearly one-half his army on his left under Hancock; that gallant soldier, pushing on with all but irresistible might, had broken the corps of A. P. Hill and seemed about to drive it from the field, when Longstreet and his long-expected corps came rushing up, eager for the fray. Lee galloped to the front, where a brigade under General Gregg was forming for a charge, the light of battle shining in his deep, luminous eyes, as he calls out: "My Texas boys, you must

charge!" He placed himself just behind the line to go with them into the fight. "Suddenly the men divine his desperate purpose, and they begin to shout, 'Mars Robert, go back,' 'Go back, General Lee!' Then the artillery men whom Lee had passed respond with the answering call, 'Come back, come back, General Lee!' Lee rides onward, waving his old gray hat, but the very heavens are rent with the cry, 'Lee to the rear! Lee to the rear!' A tall, lank Texas sergeant, in gray rags, moves from the ranks, seizes the bridle rein and turns Traveler's head to the rear. A look of disappointment crossed the face of Lee, but he yields." (H. A. White.)

"The Texas boys" then sprang forward in a charge wherein more than one-half of them fell.

In the last days of July, 1862, a great Federal army lay at Harrison's Landing, still menacing Richmond. Another army under Pope was pushing south into Central Virginia, and how to strike it without exposing Richmond to capture was the problem. Lee, moving as he always did, behind a cloud of darkness drawn about him by the indefatigable Stuart, slipped away from McClellan for a rush at Pope, who saved himself by a quick retreat across the Rapidan. That wonderful semi-circular march of Jackson's corps clear around into the rear of the Federal army, while Lee held that army in its position by false attacks along the river, must ever remain one of the boldest and most brilliant strategic moves in modern times. Of the battle itself—called Groveton or Second Manassas—the nerve and skill with which Jackson held and baffled Pope, the swift march of Longstreet to the battlefield, the coolness and audacity of Lee holding back the Federal army with the single corps of Jackson, while quickly and secretly he massed the splendid corps of Longstreet on his left, and at the right moment let it slip like a hound from its leash, to rush on like a tempest, driving all before it and speedily deciding the fortune of the day—here we have the great commander at his best.

Of Lee's invasion of Maryland, his capture of Harper's Ferry with 11,000 men and the terrible battle of Antietam, so much only can be considered as may illustrate Lee's character as a general.

It is a remarkable fact, always to be remembered, that, counting the seven days before Richmond as one, Lee fought three great pitched battles between June 2 and September 18, 1862, all within about ten weeks from the day when, for the first time in his life, he found himself in control of a great army, numbering about 80,000 men, for in Mexico General Scott never had over 12,000 soldiers—a record surpassed by no commander unless it be Napoleon in his first Italian campaign.

The battle of Antietam was, taking the numbers engaged, the most bloody and stubbornly contested of his whole career. An extraordinary accident had brought the army of Northern Virginia into a position of exceeding peril. A copy of an order of surpassing importance had fallen into the hands of General McClellan, an order completely mapping out Lee's plan for the capture of Harper's Ferry, and then for a concentration of his entire force behind Antietam creek; McClellan at once pushed on to overwhelm the Confederates before that concentration could be effected. When the battle opened, Lee had but four out of eight divisions in line; three others arrived at very critical points in the nick of time. Lee had about 40,000 as opposed to something over 80,000 men. But he never lost his coolness or self-possession; he shifted his regiments back and forth, across the field to the point where they were needed most, using to the utmost every gun and every man, while McClellan allowed the

battle to close long before dark, with 20,000 men in his army, not one of whom ever fired a shot. Lee had, it is true, the very flower of the army of Northern Virginia.

At Gettysburg, Lee's good luck deserted him, his battle tactics broke down at almost every point because he could not get his plans executed as he designed them. General Lee had a terrible time after the battle of Gettysburg in preventing his officers from rushing at each other's throats. Why is it that we have no official report from General George E. Pickett concerning his celebrated charge on Cemetery Hill? He knew better than any one that the disaster was due to the fact that General Lee's clear and explicit orders to certain generals to give Pickett prompt and vigorous assistance and support were never carried out. So General Pickett wrote a very salty report in which, in plain words, he laid the blame exactly where the blame was due, and sent it to the commander-in-chief. General Lee sent back that report with the following letter: "General G. E. Pickett, etc. You and your men have covered yourselves with glory, but we have the enemy to fight and must be careful, at this critical moment, to guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report would create. I will, therefore, suggest that you destroy both copy and original, substituting one confined to casualties merely." Pickett did as he was bid, and a glorious controversy was nipped in the bud.

In the Wilderness campaign, May 4 to June 12, 1864, Lee, for the first time, encountered a great soldier, with 62,000 against 120,000 men. True, he fought in his own country upon interior lines, but his opponent, with an army greatly superior in numbers and all kinds of war material, had the incalculable advantage of immense resources from which to make good his losses, while Lee, compelled to husband his strength to the utmost, was no longer able to resort to those brilliant counter-strokes which had proved so successful in 1862-63.

As it was Lee's superb defensive campaign from the Rapidan to the James, the fearful losses which he inflicted upon that gallant army of the Potomac would have been fatal had that army been commanded by any man on the Federal side other than General Grant. The great German captain, Von Moltke, always commanded an army greatly superior in the numbers, discipline and ability of its officers and men; he never encountered even a second-rate soldier, and he was never tried in the hard school of adversity. While Lee in this campaign, outnumbered two to one, with rapidly dwindling resources and an exhausted country, all but overwhelmed by trials and difficulties, turned into failure and nothingness all the mighty and bloody efforts which his adversary could make against him. The time when Grant crossed the James river was a period of great depression in the Federal councils; Mr. Lincoln was more despondent than at any other part of the war, and delegation after delegation of "patriots and statesmen" were pouring into Washington to implore the President to remove Grant from his command.

Time and space would fail us ere we could reach that memorable siege of Petersburg where, for ten long months, Lee held his adversary at bay and foiled every effort to surround his army or to break through his long and at last attenuated lines. Political consideration compelled him to hold the Petersburg lines long after his military instinct told him that they should have been abandoned. President Davis would not listen to his suggestions that Richmond must be evacuated.

Lee has been criticised for his final operations in this campaign. But

the fact is, the end had come and none knew it better than he. The complete exhaustion of the South, the great disasters which had nearly wiped out the Confederate armies in the West, the swift and destructive march of Sherman's army northward through the Carolinas, made it impossible for Lee any longer to delay the inevitable catastrophe. Well has it been written concerning Lee's last campaigns in 1864-65: "As a specimen of the boldness, sagacity and skill with which a small army may be so handled as to cripple and baffle far larger and better appointed forces, this campaign will take high rank in history as will the veteran commander of the army of Northern Virginia among those who are recognized as masters of the art of war."

Just before the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, Lee gave the most explicit and imperative orders that food and supplies for his army must be collected at Amelia C. H. This would enable him to move south to Danville, Va., where he hoped to make a junction with the remnant of the Western army under Joseph E. Johnston. Upon his arrival at Amelia C. H., he learned that his subordinates had entirely failed to obey his orders; perhaps because they could not. Lee sat silent, like a statue, for a long time on his horse, like a man suddenly turned from flesh into stone. Then he knew that all was over and, in the agony which passed over him as an overwhelming flood, he nerved himself for the last scene of the tragedy, when, a few days later, the curtain fell to rise no more at Appomattox.

When the conflict was over and the Confederate soldiers had everywhere laid down their arms, Lee rendered to the South and to the whole country a great public service. The whole land was seething with the hostility and anger engendered by a great civil war; on the Northern side inflamed almost to madness by the terrible assassination of President Lincoln; on the Southern side, the people, in the gloom of defeat, utter ruin staring them in the face, were recklessly sullen and defiant; gaunt famine and despair settled down upon every home and every heart, and thousands began to look for a refuge in other lands.

General Lee not only set to his people a noble example, but he exerted to the full his tremendous influence to induce them, one and all, to accept the untoward results with unrepining loyalty, to bury strife, hatred and animosity, to remain in their own country and exert every effort to repair their ruined fortunes, and, above all, to restore each State to its place in the Federal Union, and in a spirit of true patriotism to return in manhood, rectitude and honor to their allegiance to the authority of the Federal Government. In a letter to General Beauregard, he said: "I think the South requires the aid of her sons now more than at any period of her history. As you ask my purpose, I will state that I have no thought of abandoning her, unless compelled to do so. After the surrender of the Southern armies in April, the revolution in the opinions and feelings of the people seemed so complete, and the return of the Southern States into the Union of all the States so inevitable, that it became, in my opinion, the duty of every citizen, the contest being virtually ended, to cease opposition and place himself in a position to serve the country."

This address may be well concluded with a description of General Lee at Appomattox, written by General George A. Forsythe, who there served on the staff of General Sheridan:

"I took my first and last look at the great Confederate chieftain. This is what I saw: A finely formed man, about sixty years of age, well above

the average height, with a clear, ruddy complexion, just then suffused with a deep crimson flush, that rising from his neck, overspread his face and even slightly tinged his broad forehead, which, bronzed where it had been exposed to the weather, was clear and beautifully white where it had been shielded by his hat; deep brown eyes, a firm and well-shaped Roman nose, abundant gray hair, silky and fine in its texture, with a full gray beard and moustache, neatly trimmed and not over long, but which, nevertheless, almost completely concealed his mouth. A splendid uniform of Confederate gray that had evidently seen but little service, which was closely buttoned around him, and fitted him to perfection. An exquisitely mounted sword, attached to a gold-embroidered Russia leather belt, trailed loosely on the floor at his side, and in his right hand he carried a broad-brimmed, soft gray hat, encircled by a golden cord, while in his left hand he had a pair of buckskin gauntlets. Booted and spurred, still vigorous and erect, he stood bare-headed looking out of the open doorway, sad-faced and weary, a soldier and a gentleman, bearing himself in defeat with an all-unconscious dignity that sat well upon him."

To these generous words of General Forsythe it should be added that at Appomattox both Grant and Lee, in their bearing and conduct, rose to the highest conception of what was fit and becoming, in view of the grandeur of that occasion; both displayed the finest qualities of the soldier and the gentleman; Grant in delicacy and magnanimity, Lee in dignity and composure. And in the years which followed, General Grant received every honor and reward which a great country could give; General Lee, in the deepest adversity and defeat, quietly dwelling among his people, from the mass of whom the calamities of war had swept away all but the land on which they stood, inculcating by precept and example the lessons of courage, endurance and self-control.

"In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won."

In cemeteries, great and small, all over our land, have been laid the men whose names and whose deeds in our Civil War will long be honored and remembered. But what shall be said of the mighty host of the unknown soldiers, Federal and Confederate, who are sleeping side by side on the battlefields of the South?

"By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;
These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray."

RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

[Richard Mentor Johnson, United States Senator and Vice-President United States, was born at Bryant's Station, Ky., October 17, 1781; died in Frankfort, Ky., November 19, 1850; he was educated at the Transylvania University, studied law, was admitted to the bar, and practiced at Great Crossings, Ky., elected to the State Legislature in 1804, and in 1807 was sent to Congress as a Republican; he served in Congress from October 26, 1807, till March 3, 1819; he voted in favor of war with England, organized a battalion of three companies, and when consolidated with another, was made colonel of the regiment; in 1819 he was elected to the United States Senate, and served until March 3, 1829; elected Vice-President of the United States in 1837 by the Senate; he was a member of the Kentucky Legislature at the time of his death.]

A JUST COMPENSATION TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

A speech delivered in the House of Representatives Wednesday, December 4, 1816, in favor of "An act to change the mode of compensation to the members of the Senate and House of Representatives and the delegates from Territories," passed on the 19th of March, 1816, shall be, and the same is hereby repealed: Provided always, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to revive any act or acts or parts of acts repealed or suspended by the act hereby repealed.

Mr. President:

I have on all political occasions consulted my best judgment, and have always voted to promote the interest and support the honor and rights of those who had, by their suffrages, given me a place upon the floor of Congress. I believe I have expressed the sentiments of my constituents, and that my conduct has generally been approbated and sanctioned by them; that this coincidence of political views and confidence in my wishes for their happiness and prosperity has left me at liberty to pursue my own course of conduct. That, notwithstanding this state of things, I have always believed in the right of instruction, and, at any time during my political course, I should have considered myself both honored and bound by the will of my constituents; the nature of the trust implied a duty, on the part of the representative, that I will consult the happiness and carry into effect, as far as I know it, the will of those who elect me.

That, notwithstanding the discontent that has manifested itself in many parts of the United States, and in my own district, I am left to take that course which honor and duty dictated, and that, so far as I can infer, the will of my constituents. Many considerations had entered into his mind in making a motion for a committee to inquire into the expediency of repealing the compensation law. One object was to gratify that portion of my constituents who were opposed to the measure. I say a portion of my constituents, because I well know that many, very many, of my political friends, are in favor of the measure, both as a mode and amount; some were desirous that an experiment might be made, others disliked the mode, but do not object to the amount and many other minor differences; but I well know that they will all either unite or acquiesce in a

repeal of the statute; that the public might be tranquilized; that the great mass of inflammable matter which is afloat might be decomposed and rendered harmless; that hobby riders may be dismounted and popularity clap-traps put flat on the surface, for I never intended, if I could make any other shift, to ride the one or set the other. I claim the indulgence of the House to explain what I intend by my motion. I do not intend a repeal of a compensation bill which gave to members of Congress fifteen hundred dollars per session, whether extra or the great annual session, pointed out by the Federal Constitution, by which each member could draw as many fifteen hundred dollars as the sessions in which he served; no such bill can be found on the Journals of the House. I do not intend a repeal of that compensation bill which allowed members of Congress fifteen hundred dollars per annum whether present during the session or absent at home, or elsewhere, on their own business. Such compensation law can not be found on the statute book. I do not intend a repeal of that compensation law which had given to the members of Congress six dollars a day until its passage, and then the fifteen hundred dollars. I have nothing to do with such a measure, as no such measure had been sanctioned by Congress. I do not intend a repeal of that compensation law which violated the Constitution, for I have never given a vote upon any such measure, although I well know that a rejected amendment to the Constitution had been published as a part of that sacred instrument to induce a belief that avarice had driven Congress from a path of duty. I had nothing to do with these and other compensation bills, so-called, which existed only in the vision of the fancy, the colorings of party and the misrepresentation of faction; and these misrepresentations, with other causes, had combined in a manner so powerful and so forcible to excite the jealousy of the people. Nothing less could have excited in such a degree their suspicion and displeasure against their representatives, inducing them, in many cases, to withdraw confidence, under every concession, and refusing explanations from public servants who had never deviated before. I intended by my motion to repeal a compensation law which gave members of Congress a gross sum of fifteen hundred dollars for their services, provided they discharged, with fidelity, every day of every session, the duties of representative, and not otherwise, whether one or more sessions during Congressional year, in lieu of the six dollars a day; a compensation law which placed them on an equality with the sergeant-at-arms, the door-keeper, the assistant doorkeeper, the chief clerk and the engrossing clerk; and on a footing, in a pecuniary view, of half as much as we give to the clerk of the House; a compensation law which was supported and voted for by a majority of both Houses of Congress and signed by the President of the United States; a compensation law which was acknowledged by every member of the Senate and of the House to be just, if not politic, by taking the fifteen hundred dollars; for I have been informed that every member, one from Virginia excepted, had taken the money, which was conclusive evidence that they did not consider it public robbery. And the honorable gentleman from Virginia did not refuse the money because he thought it unjust, for he advocated the measure; upon the principle only he could not embrace the present Congress. The worth of that member was well known to the House, and to those who had voted against the measure, and had received the compensation, he did not suppose the people of any district would have complained of any such member, who had only taken that which had been allowed other members by

law. In justice to myself, to the House, and particularly to the nation, I conceived it to be my duty thus to distinguish the real from the fictitious compensation laws; for the age of reason had not passed away, and although there may have been a temporary sacrifice of worth and merit, it can not continue. Such has been the artificial and unnatural excitement against the compensation bill, that a particular friend of mine called upon his debtor to discharge a written obligation under bond and seal; upon presenting the note, the debtor demanded to know of his creditor, whether he was in favor of the compensation bill, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, payment was positively refused. This was not all. If a constable presented himself to the justices of the peace for preferment and promotion, he was called on to know if he was in favor of the compensation bill. If the justice wanted to be sheriff, he could think of no better expedient than to denounce the compensation bill; and particularly those who offered as candidates to represent counties in the State Legislatures, a denunciation of the compensation bill was made a "sine qua non." In fact, by these and other means, the poor compensation bill excited more discontent than the alien or sedition laws, the quasi war with France, the internal taxes of 1798, the embargo, the late war with Great Britain, the treaty of Ghent, or any one measure of the Government from its existence. Such effects could not naturally result from the measure under consideration, but from the misrepresentations of designing men and from a misunderstanding of it by the virtuous, the faithful, the honest yeomanry of the country. This reminds me of another story that was told to me of a young gentleman having made known to the father of a beautiful daughter his wish to visit the house on her account, who demanded of the young man as a preliminary whether he was in favor of the compensation bill! This brings me to the most natural part of the inquiry—the amount of compensation. If we consider this subject in an abstract or positive point of view, we must take a variety of circumstances into the calculation, and it may be difficult to say what is the precise sum that should be given. If a married man shall bring his family with him, he will incur an expense greater than to come alone. If a member should come alone to the city of Washington, he incurs less expense than if compelled to bring one servant, or an attendant, with him to aid him on the road and, when at the city, to take from him the trouble of a thousand calls which would break upon his time and render him, in a great measure, useless to his constituents; or by paying the same for extra attention at boarding houses. Or the amount of expense may depend upon a thousand other considerations—whether a member shall drink water alone, or whisky, or brandy, or Madeira, or champagne; or whether a member shall occupy a room alone, or whether he can find some kindred spirit to occupy a room together. But this part of the subject can not be reduced to anything like mathematical precision as to the amount of compensation. But this I have said, and this I now repeat, that for married or single, with servants, with horses or without horses, fifteen hundred dollars as a money-making scheme is a poor business, whether applied to the farmer, the mechanic, the lawyer, the doctor, or any other class of the community; such is the necessary expense and sacrifice in being a member. Nor is it my wish that it should be a money-making business. It is my wish to receive my compensation from the people whom I represent, and not from any other quarter. I despise prodigality, extravagance and luxury, and equally despise griping avarice; and in this as in all other cases of money, I would

be governed by the principles of economy—fix no unnecessary burden on the people—but they must support their liberties and the Government of their choice by a moderate and rational system of necessary supplies. But, leaving this positive view of the subject, comparatively speaking, the compensation to members of Congress is inadequate and to equalize you must either level or reduce the salaries of most of the officers of the Government, or you must add to the per diem which has been received by the members heretofore; and I believe the people have not yet instructed the members of Congress to lessen the salaries of officers fixed by the patriots of the country for twenty years and upwards; and the people must love liberty less, and money more, than at present, to take such a step; and when I tell you the salaries of some of the officers of the Government, from memory, by way of comparison, it is not to alarm you or to imply that there should be a diminution or reduction, but to undeceive the people as to this monstrous law which gives to members of Congress fifteen hundred dollars.

The per diem allowance originated from the necessity and convenience of members, who had daily calls upon them; and the salary officer was made such from convenience in the payment quarter-yearly or semi-annually. It is impossible to make any distinction. I believe a gross sum will reform the proceedings of the House; and, although the people may change their representatives every Congress, the case will not be altered; they will not in the aggregate find men more enlightened, more patriotic, more industrious, or less avaricious; and it is always best to blend self-interest and patriotism together, if it can be done, and the most beneficial results, in my humble opinion, were discovered from its operation at the last session. In the executive, or judiciary, or military, or naval departments, in case of sickness or absence on furlough, no deduction is made from the pay of the officer. If they languish on a bed of sickness, under their own roof and surrounded by their friends, the act of God does not lessen their claims upon their country for support; but if a member of Congress should be placed in the same position, he receives no part of his fifteen hundred dollars and, if detained after the session terminates, he receives no additional compensation. He must perform the service to entitle him to the money. The Roman diadem was put up to the highest bidder, and history gives us the consequence; and if making money or saving money be the object of the people, there is no district in the United States so poor but could furnish some character to serve for nothing and, if required, would give to the public treasury the fifteen hundred dollars for a seat in Congress; but then we should have a very different Congress from that which is now so much identified with the honor and rights of the nation. The rich aristocracy of the country, who could roll in its carriages, or the profligate, who would wish to push themselves in the market, would generally compose a Congress under such an organization.

Vigilance is a virtue in a free people; it was this virtue which preserved us from parliamentary encroachments in 1776 and conducted us to independence. Like Argus, the people should be watchful—they should not slumber upon their posts. But at the same time we should guard against precipitancy and unfounded suspicion, for these are the opposites of vigilance. It was these that threatened our cause in times that tried men's souls; when the Father of his Country, the immortal Washington, was distrusted of wanting the capacity of a general or commander-in-chief, in pursuing a Fabian policy, particularly his memorable retreat through the

Jerseys, that saved his shattered army, and has crowned him with so much glory. Unlimited confidence is a weakness, but unfounded suspicion and distrust of a faithful public servant is a political, if not a moral, evil. In this case, no man has been charged with having changed his politics; the Federal members are Federal still, and the Republican members are Republican still. It is to be regretted that it did not produce a change in that respect, and it has been for the better. I do not make use of party names to excite party feeling, nor do I intend to drop an expression that can wound the feelings of any, whether voting for or against the bill. Odious as this measure was supposed to be, some were not satisfied with magnifying every feature into a Gorgon's head; but, what was the unkindest cut of all, it was represented that, while we were providing for ourselves, we had neglected to provide for the widow, the orphan, the wounded soldier, the discharge of the national debt, the volunteer who had lost his arms or his horse in the public service, and other claimants; that we had been loading the people with heavy taxes when the session was taken up in reducing and repealing the taxes. Whatever may be the opinion of others, I will hazard the assertion that no Congress, since the peace of 1783, has greater claims upon the confidence of the people; and by their acts they will be judged. Has the volunteer lost his only horse, this Congress has made provision to pay him; has the faithful soldier arrearages of pay due him, the last session made ample appropriations; does the wounded, bleeding invalid present himself as indigent and unable to procure his living by his labor, he is placed upon the pension list; has the widow lost her husband at the plains of the Raisin or elsewhere, while in the service of the United States, the balm of consolation is administered to the bleeding heart in the five years' half pay; and, if particular cases should be omitted, we are bound to pursue the example we have set ourselves; and if in any case we have made inadequate provision, the power is in our hands.

JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT.

[James Proctor Knott, Lawyer, former Governor, Lebanon, Ky., was born in Washington (now Marlon) County, Kentucky, August 29, 1830; educated at home; LL. D. Center College 1885; removed to Missouri, 1850; member Missouri Legislature, 1858; Attorney General Missouri, 1859-62; returned to Kentucky, April, 1862; practiced law; member of Congress 1867-83; Governor of Kentucky, 1883-87; Delegate to Kentucky Constitutional Convention, 1891; Professor Civics and Economics Center College, 1892-94; Professor of Law and Dean of Law Faculty, 1894 to date.]

THE GLORIES OF DULUTH.

A speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives, January 27, 1871, on the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad Bill.

Mr. Speaker:

If I could be actuated by any conceivable inducement to betray the sacred trust reposed in me by those whose generous confidence I am indebted for the honor of a seat on this floor; if I could be influenced by any possible consideration to become instrumental in giving away, in violation of their known wishes, any portion of their interest in the public domain for the mere promotion of any railroad enterprise whatever, I should certainly feel a strong inclination to give this measure my most earnest and hearty support, for I am assured that its success would materially enhance the pecuniary prosperity of some of the most valued friends I have on earth—friends for whose accommodation I would be willing to make almost any sacrifice not involving personal honor or my fidelity as the trustee of an express trust. And that fact of itself would be sufficient to countervail almost any objection I might entertain to the passage of this bill, not inspired by an imperative and inexorable sense of public duty.

But, independent of the seductive influences of private friendship, to which I admit I am, perhaps, as susceptible as any of the gentlemen I see around me, the intrinsic merits of the measure itself are of such an extraordinary character as to commend it most strongly to the favorable consideration of every member of this House—myself not excepted—notwithstanding my constituents, in whose behalf alone I am acting here, would not be benefited by its passage one particle more than they would be by a project to cultivate an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

Now, sir, as to those great trunk lines of railway, spanning the continent from ocean to ocean, I confess my mind has never been fully made up. But with regard to the transcendent merits of the gigantic enterprise contemplated in this bill, I never entertained a shadow of doubt.

Years ago, when I first heard there was somewhere in the vast "terra incognita," somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent.

I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the Government—and, perhaps, not then. I had an abiding presentiment that some day or other the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and “without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,” would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix.

These impressions, derived simply and solely from the “eternal fitness of things,” were not only strengthened by the interesting and eloquent debate on this bill, to which I listened with so much pleasure the other day, but intensified, if possible, as I read over this morning the lively colloquy which took place on that occasion, as I find it reported in last Friday’s “Globe.” I will ask the indulgence of the House while I read a few short passages, which are sufficient, in my judgment, to place the merits of the great enterprise contemplated in the measure now under discussion beyond all possible controversy.

The honorable gentleman from Minnesota (Mr. Wilson), who, I believe, is managing this bill, in speaking of the character of the country through which this railroad is to pass, says this:

“We want to have the timber brought to us as cheaply as possible. Now, if you tie up the lands in this way so that no title can be obtained to them (for no settler will go on these lands, for he can not make a living), you deprive us of the benefit of that timber.”

Now, sir, I would not have it by any means inferred from this that the gentleman from Minnesota would insinuate that the people out in his section desire this timber merely for the purpose of fencing up their farms so that their stock may not wander off and die of starvation among the bleak hills of the St. Croix. I read it for no such purpose, sir, and make no comment on it myself. In corroboration of this statement of the gentleman from Minnesota, I find this testimony given by the honorable gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. Washburn). Speaking of these same lands, he says:

“Under the bill as amended by my friend from Minnesota, nine-tenths of the land is open to actual settlers at \$2.50 per acre; the remaining one-tenth is pine-timbered land that is not fit for settlement, and never will be settled upon; but the timber will be cut off. I admit that it is the most valuable portion of the grant, for most of the grant is not valuable. It is quite valueless; and if you put in this amendment of the gentleman from Indiana, you may as well just kill the bill, for no man and no company will take the grant and build the road.”

I simply pause here to ask some gentleman better versed in the science of mathematics than I am to tell me if the timbered lands are in fact the most valuable portion of that section of the country, and they would be entirely valueless without the timber that is on them, what the remainder of the land is worth which has no timber on it at all.

But, further on, I find most entertaining and instructive interchange of views between the gentleman from Arkansas (Mr. Rogers), the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. Washburn), and the gentleman from Maine (Mr. Peters), upon the subject of pine lands generally, and I desire to call your attention to only one more statement, which I think will be sufficient

to settle the question. It is one made by the gentleman from Wisconsin (Mr. Paine), who says:

"These lands will be abandoned for the present. It may be that at some remote period there will spring up in that region a new kind of agriculture which will cause a demand for these particular lands, and they may then come into use and be valuable for agricultural purposes. But I know, and I can not help thinking, that my friend from Indiana understands that, for the present and for many years to come, these pine lands can have no possible value other than that arising from the pine timber which stands on them."

Now, sir, who, after listening to this emphatic and unequivocal testimony of these intelligent, competent and able-bodied witnesses, who that is not as incredulous as St. Thomas himself, will doubt for a moment that the Goshen of America is to be found in the sandy valleys and upon the pine-clad hills of the St. Croix? Who will have the hardihood to rise in his seat on this floor and assert that, excepting the pine bushes, the entire region would not produce vegetation enough in ten years to fatten a grasshopper? Where is the patriot who is willing that his country shall incur the peril of remaining another day without the amplest railroad connection with such an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth? Who will answer for the consequences of abandoning a great and warlike people, in possession of a country like that, to brood over the indifference and neglect of their Government? How long would it be before they would take to studying the Declaration of Independence and hatching out the damnable heresy of secession? How long before the grim demon of civil discord would rear again his horrid head in our midst, "gnash loud his iron fangs and shake his crest of bristling bayonets"?

Then, sir, think of the long and painful process of reconstruction that must follow, with its concomitant amendments to the Constitution, the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth articles. The sixteenth, it is of course understood, is to be appropriated to those blushing damsels who are, day after day, beseeching us to let them vote, hold office, drink cocktails, ride a-straddle, and do everything else the men do. But, above all, sir, let me implore you to reflect for a single moment on the deplorable condition of our country in case of foreign war, with all ports blockaded, all our cities in a state of siege, the gaunt spectre of famine brooding like hungry vulture over our starving land; our commissary stores all exhausted and our famishing armies withering away in the field, a helpless prey to the insatiate demon of hunger; our navy rotting in the docks for want of provisions for our gallant seamen, and we without any railroad communications whatever with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix!

I could never understand before why there was so much excitement during the last Congress over the acquisition of Alta Vela. I could never understand why it was that some of our ablest statesmen and most disinterested patriots should entertain such dark forebodings of the untold calamities that were to befall our beloved country unless we should take immediate possession of that desirable island. But I see now that they were laboring under the mistaken impression that the Government would need the guano to manure the public lands on the St. Croix.

Now, sir, I repeat, I have been satisfied for years that if there was any portion of the inhabited globe absolutely in a suffering condition for want of a railroad, it was these teeming pine barrens of the St. Croix. At what particular point on that noble stream such a road should be com-

menced, I knew was immaterial, and so it seems to have been considered by the draftsmen of this bill. It might be up at the spring or down at the foot log, or the water-gate, or the fish-dam, or anywhere along the bank, no matter where. But in what direction it should run, or where it should terminate, were always to my mind questions of painful perplexity. I could conceive of no place on "God's green earth" in such straitened circumstances for railroad facilities as to be likely to desire or willing to accept such a connection. I knew that neither Bayfield nor Superior City would have it, for they both indignantly spurned the munificence of the Government when coupled with such ignominious conditions, and let this very same land grant die on their hands years and years ago rather than submit to the degradation of a direct communication by the railroad with the piny woods of the St. Croix; and I knew that what the enterprising inhabitants of those giant young cities would refuse to take would have few charms for others, whatever their necessities or cupidity might be.

Hence, as I said, sir, I was utterly at loss to determine where the terminus of this great and indispensable road should be, until I accidentally overheard some gentleman the other day mention the name of "Duluth." Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water brooks. But where was Duluth? Never, in all my limited reading, had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. I was certain the draftsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I suppose was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. In fact, sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I am convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of that actual existence of Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I knew if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long line of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand; if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblages of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing

all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilium, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. Yet, sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair, because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that, with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered: "Where is Duluth?"

But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in their far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands, and, as I unfolded it, a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering *peri* through the opening of Paradise. There, there, for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word, "Duluth."

I find by reference to this map that Duluth is situated somewhere near the western end of Lake Superior, but as there is no dot or other mark indicating its exact location, I am unable to say whether it is actually confined to any particular spot, or whether "it is just lying around there loose." I really can not tell whether it is one of those ethereal creations of intellectual frost-work, more intangible than the rose-tinted clouds of a summer sunset; one of those airy exhalations of the speculator's brain, which I am told are flitting in the form of towns and cities along those lines of railroads, built with Government subsidies, luring the unwary settler as the mirage of the desert lures the famishing traveler on, and ever one, until it fades away in the darkening horizon; or whether it is a real, bona fide, substantial city, all "staked off," with the lots marked with their owners' names, like that proud commercial metropolis recently discovered on the desirable shores of San Domingo. But, however that may be, I am satisfied Duluth is there, or thereabouts, for I see it stated here on the map that it is exactly thirty-nine hundred and ninety miles from Liverpool, though I have no doubt, for the sake of convenience, it will be moved back ten miles, so as to make the distance an even four thousand.

As to the commercial resources of Duluth, sir, they are simply illimitable and inexhaustible, as is shown by this map. I see it stated here that there is a vast scope of territory, embracing an area of over two millions square miles, rich in every element of material wealth and commercial prosperity, all tributary to Duluth. Look at it, sir! (pointing to the map). Here are inexhaustible mines of gold; immeasurable veins of silver; impenetrable depths of boundless forest; vast coal measures; wide extended plains of richest pasturage—all, all embraced in the vast territory which must, in the very nature of things, empty the untold treasures of its commerce into the lap of Duluth.

Look at it, sir! (again pointing to the map). Do not you see from these broad, brown lines drawn around this immense territory that the enterprising inhabitants of Duluth intend some day to inclose it all in one vast corral, so that its commerce will be bound to go there whether it would or not? And here, sir, (still pointing to the map) I find within a convenient distance the Piegan Indians which, of all the many accessories to the glory of Duluth, I consider by far the most inestimable. For, sir, I have been told that when the smallpox breaks out among the women and

children of that famous tribe, as it sometimes does, they afford the finest subjects in the world for the strategical experiments of any enterprising military hero who desires to improve himself in the noble art of war, especially for any valiant lieutenant-general whose

“Trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting has grown rusty,
And eats into itself for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack.”

Sir, the great conflict now raging in the Old World has presented a phenomenon in military science unprecedented in the annals of mankind—a phenomenon that has reversed all traditions of the past as it has disappointed all the expectations of the present. A great warlike people, renowned alike for their skill and valor, have been swept away before the triumphant advance of an inferior foe, like autumn stubble before a hurricane of fire. For aught I know, the next flash of electric fire that shimmers along the ocean cable may tell us that Paris, with every fiber quivering with the agony of impotent despair, writhes beneath the conquering heel of her loathed invader. Ere another moon shall wax and wane, the brightest star in the galaxy of nations may fall from the zenith of her glory never to rise again; ere the modest violets of early spring shall open their beauteous eyes, the genius of civilization may chant the wailing requiem of the proudest nationality the world has ever seen, as she scattered her withered and tear-moistened lilies o’er the bloody tomb of butchered France. But, sir, I wish to ask if you honestly and candidly believe that the Dutch would have overrun the French in that kind of style if General Sheridan had not gone over there and told King William and Von Moltke how he managed to whip the Piegan Indians.

And here, sir, recurring to this map, I find in the immediate vicinity of the Piegans “vast herds of buffalo” and “immense fields of rich wheat lands.” The idea of there being these immense wheat fields in the very heart of the wilderness, hundreds and hundreds of miles beyond the utmost verge of civilization, may appear to some gentlemen as rather incongruous, as rather too great a strain on the “blankets” of veracity. The phenomenon is easily accounted for. It is evident, sir, that the Piegans sowed that wheat there and plowed it with buffalo bulls. Now, sir, this fortunate combination of buffaloes and Piegans, considering their relative positions to each other and to Duluth, as they are arranged on this map, satisfies me that Duluth is destined to be the beef market of the world.

Here, you will observe (pointing to the map), are the buffaloes, directly between the Piegans and Duluth; and here, right on the road to Duluth, are the Creeks. Now, sir, when the buffaloes are sufficiently fat from grazing on these immense wheat fields, you see it will be the easiest thing in the world for the Piegans to drive them down, stay all night with their friends, the Creeks, and go into Duluth in the morning. I think I see them now, sir, a vast herd of buffaloes, with their heads down, their eyes glaring, their nostrils dilated, their tongues out and their tails curled over their backs, tearing along towards Duluth, with about a thousand Piegans, on their grass-bellied ponies, yelling at their heels! On they come, and, as they sweep past, the Creeks join in the chase, and away they go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amid clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stockyards of Duluth! Sir,

I might stand here for hours and hours and expatiate with rapture upon the gorgeous prospects of Duluth as depicted upon this map.

Human life is too short and the time of this House far too valuable to allow me to linger longer on this delightful theme. I think every gentleman on this floor is as well satisfied as I am that Duluth is destined to become a commercial metropolis of the universe, and that this road should be built at once. I am fully persuaded that no patriotic representative of the American people, who has a proper appreciation of the associated glories of Duluth and the St. Croix, will hesitate a moment to say that every able-bodied female in the land, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, who is in favor of "woman's rights," should be drafted and set to work upon this great work without delay. Nevertheless, sir, it grieves my soul to be compelled to say that I can not vote for the grant of lands provided for in this bill.

Ah! sir, you have no conception of the poignancy of my anguish that I am deprived of that blessed privilege! There are two insuperable obstacles in the way.

In the first place, my constituents for whom I am acting here, have no more interest in this road than they have in the great question of culinary taste now perhaps agitating the public mind of Dominica, as to whether the illustrious commissioners who recently left this Capitol for that free and enlightened republic would be better fricasseed, boiled or roasted, and, in the second place, these lands which I am asked to give away, alas, are not mine to bestow! My relation to them is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!

WILLIAM LINDSAY.

[William Lindsay, Jurist, United States Senator, was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, September 4, 1835; he received an education in the schools of his native place, and in 1854 removed to Hickman County, Kentucky, where he taught, studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1858; in the Civil War, as Lieutenant and Captain in the 22d Tennessee Infantry Confederate Army; he served as staff officer with Generals Buford and Lyons; remained with the 2d Kentucky Brigade until paroled at Columbus, Mississippi, in 1865; elected to the State Senate in 1867; in 1870 elected Supreme Court Judge of the State, and in 1876 became Chief Justice; United States Senator 1893-97; at the present time practicing law in New York City.]

THE PAST AND FUTURE OF KENTUCKY.

A speech delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the new Capitol at Frankfort, Kentucky, July 16, 1906.

I can not express in words my gratification at meeting the audience I see before me, nor the pleasure I feel in having this opportunity to join with Kentuckians in the celebration of the interesting event for which this day has been set apart.

The erection of the edifice or temple in which those representing the power, dignity and honor of a free American Commonwealth are to exercise their functions marks, as it ought to mark, an epoch in the history of such a State.

To have been selected by those charged with the duty of directing the ceremonies of the day to make the principal address is a compliment I can not claim to deserve and for which I am not able sufficiently, and therefore shall not attempt to express my appreciation or in words to return my thanks.

Less than one hundred and sixty years ago, no white man had erected his dwelling within the confines of the territory now constituting the State of Kentucky. A little over one hundred and thirty years since, the first permanent settlement of white men and women was made in that territory. Since that settlement, a great Commonwealth has taken its place in the galaxy of American States.

That Commonwealth, possibly, equals to-day in population, wealth and power, the population, wealth and power of the thirteen American States combined at the time their independence was achieved.

A brief reference to the events attending our progress will not be deemed inappropriate. In 1734, the colony of Virginia established the county of Orange, which embraced within its limits all the lands now constituting the State of Kentucky. Four years later came the county of Augusta, then Botetourt, then Fincastle and finally, on the 7th of December, 1776, Kentucky became an organized subdivision of the State of Virginia.

More than a year in advance of the organization of that county, the attempt was made to establish the colony of Transylvania, and a little more than a month after the battle of Lexington the first legislative body assembled to make laws for the government of the pioneers of those early days.

The want of lawful authority in that body and the illegality of its

action must be conceded, but such names as those of Boone, Calloway, Slaughter, Harrod, Todd and Floyd gave it respectability and entitled it to the historic importance it has always received. The town of Boonesborough, in which that legislative body assembled in May, 1775, may, at least by courtesy, be spoken of as the first capital city of our State. June 1, 1792, Kentucky became an independent State and a member of the Federal Union. Its first Legislature met at Lexington and, through the action of that body, the seat of government for the new State was located at Frankfort, where it has since remained, and where the good people of the Commonwealth have now wisely determined it shall permanently remain.

In this city the events making up or contributing to the history of our State, to its greatness and to its glory, have had their origin or their inspiration. In this city the popular will has, from time to time, been crystallized into the statutes that prescribe our duties and provide for the preservation and protection of our rights. Here our Governors, from Shelby to Beckham, have had their homes and here they have seen to the due execution of our laws. Here our court of last resort has always held its sessions, and through its labors has brought into existence a system of jurisprudence of which Kentuckians are and have the right to be proud, and which justly and properly ranks the equal of the system of any other American State or of any country in which the principles of the common law prevail.

In this city we have buried our dead, whether statesmen, law-makers, judges or soldiers. No one who has served the State or added to its glory or renown in any of the walks of life has been denied a resting place in our beautiful city of the dead.

Looking across the river, our eyes rest upon the monuments a grateful people have erected in memory of those whose name and fame go to make up our history and our tradition. In this city sleeps

"The brave old pioneer,
Old Druid of the West."

He rests beside his good old spouse,

"An empire is his sepulcher,
His epitaph is fame."

Around and about him sleep the companions of his trials and his dangers. With him rest those who lived for the good of mankind and died in the service of their State. Those who fell in the Indian Wars or in our wars with Great Britain or with Mexico. The statesman, the soldier and the citizen, the humble and the exalted, all rest together, and to each and all of them, in the language of the poet, we may say:

"Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light,
That gilds your glorious tomb."

With those whom death has made immortal sleeps the poet whose lines I have quoted, of whom it has been happily said, that, in giving utterance to his great song, "he became at once the builder of his own monument, and the writer of his own epitaph."

The spot on which we lay the corner-stone to-day for our new capitol building is fortunate in that its location unfolds a prospect that will keep in mind the memory of those of our great and good who have gone before and inspire those whom the people shall in the future select as the occu-

pants of this building with the desire to emulate the conduct of the men who, since 1775, converted an unbroken wilderness into a great State, now filled with happy homes and inhabited by a race of men and women who, in respect to all the qualities that elevate and ennoble, have been seldom equaled and in no period of time or history excelled.

It is a gratifying reflection that the man under whose leadership the great Northwest was won and held till the treaty of peace was negotiated with the parent country was a representative Kentuckian and that the greater part of the men who followed him to victory either then were or afterward became members of the Kentucky community.

It is also gratifying to be able to say that in all the wars in which our country has been compelled to engage, since our Commonwealth has existed, our people have in no instance failed to perform the full measure of their duties and obligations.

The first two years of the last war with Great Britain were characterized by a series of American disasters. Our armies accomplished nothing in the East and seemed unable to cope successfully with the British and their Indian allies in Michigan and in Northern Ohio. In the summer of 1813, the American commander, General Harrison, called on the Governor of Kentucky for assistance. That Governor issued his proclamation on the 13th of July. He called for 2,000 men, and double that number responded. As it has been well said, they came "from the great valleys where the Cumberland and the Tennessee pour their waters into the Ohio, from the hills which overshadow the Green and the Barren, from the mountains that feed the rippling Rockcastle, from the headwaters of the Cumberland, from the picturesque land where the Kentucky cuts its deep way through the limestone rocks and finds for its waters an outlet in the bosom of the Ohio, from the places which feed the Licking and the Big Sandy."

At the head of the army thus raised marched Shelby, the Governor of the State, and on Canadian soil, at the river Thames, was won our first important victory on land which turned the tide of defeat and disaster into that of success. At New Orleans, in Mexico, in fact, wherever Kentuckians have been called on to face a foe, their valor has been the theme of universal admiration.

If we have not progressed with the rapidity of some of our sister States, we have kept pace with that conservative progress which is an instinct and a characteristic of a race that does not regard mere material prosperity as the chief end of man. Abnormal wealth may be fraught with greater dangers to the ultimate prosperity of a State than can be the honest poverty of the citizen, no matter how universally that poverty may prevail. In our favored Commonwealth, reasonable prosperity and substantial comfort constitute the rule.

Recent developments in the financial world have directed attention to the methods of organized wealth and confidence in institutions once supposed to be free from guile, and in the personal integrity of the managers of such institutions, has been sadly shaken. Contemplating this fact, we can not avoid the inquiry whether those who administer the affairs of the public are entitled to unshaken faith and confidence and whether Mr. Jefferson spoke advisedly when he said that: "In every government on earth is some trace of human weakness, some germ of corruption and degeneracy, which cunning will discover and weakness insensibly open, cultivate and improve. Every government degenerates when trusted to

the rulers of the people alone. The people themselves, therefore, are its only safe depositories."

Our Governments, State and Federal, are not perfect. No human institutions are. They, however, represent the popular will, legally expressed, and the average intelligence of those who framed and organized them. Those who, from time to time, are set apart to act as our trustees and agents must respect that law and that average intelligence, and if any man who happens to hold a position of trust sets himself above that law and assumes to subordinate that average intelligence, or common sense of the people, to his own personal predilections, his conduct should excite alarm, rather than receive the indorsement and approval of those whose will he disregards and whose intelligence he treats with scorn and contempt.

He who takes the law into his own hands thereby converts himself into a criminal. The mob is not always composed of those who have the highest respect for established institutions, or are the best friends to peace and good order. Mobs occur in Kentucky, but rarely, and are always condemned by the better members of society. We may say the same thing of what we denominate "feuds." Their prevalence in the past has been the subject of profound regret to every Kentuckian who is proud of the good name of his State and laments occurrences that tend to discredit it. The disclosures recently made, and the daily revelations of the past week, in one of our unfortunate communities can not but awaken the people in every section of the State to the reproach they are compelled to bear, because a few men have assumed to become the avengers of their supposed wrongs and have gratified their feelings of personal enmity by imbruing their hands in the blood of their fellowman. To remedy this evil, no Kentuckian should hesitate to resort to every legitimate effort. Our erring fellow citizens must be made to comprehend and appreciate that sentiments of honor, that instincts of courage, that fealty to family and family associations do not require or excuse the shedding of blood, and that the man who, instead of taking up and becoming a party to his brother's quarrel, promotes a conciliation and re-establishes peace, is the better man, the better friend and the better citizen.

He who endures instead of avenging a wrong, real or supposed, who acts on the principle that vengeance is not mine but the Lord's, and that the peace and happiness of communities depend on forbearance and can not exist where violence is the rule, is the representative of real courage and the type of the highest order of Kentucky citizenship. His is a species of bravery that no true man will question, and the character he makes will be handed down to coming generations as worthy of all commendation.

In the great work of gradual and conservative, but persistent and untiring, reformation, there is no reason why Kentucky may not take the lead, and every reason why she shall. She came into existence as a State immediately after the adoption of the Federal Constitution; she was settled by men and women and by the sons and daughters of those who shed their blood to secure our independence. Her children have left records of courage and heroism on almost every American battlefield. Her roll of statesmen and jurists, orators and soldiers, contains as many distinguished and imperishable names as can be found on that of any State. The devotion of her people to political freedom, to individual independence and to the maintenance of the rights of person and property is scarcely equaled and is nowhere surpassed.

The time is now ripe and propitious for Kentuckians to forget the

past, so far as the history of the past is to be regretted, and in a spirit of love of country and love of their countrymen to bury their dead, and to join in making the history of the future an unbroken record of good feeling, of reverence for, and obedience to, law, an era of peace on earth and good will to men.

The history of Kentucky and the history of the city of Frankfort can not be separated. All the statesmen, legislators and jurists who have reached eminent positions have performed some portion of the work entitling them to distinction within the confines of this city, and, since 1793, the attention of the Kentucky people has been turned in this direction, that they might not fail to be enlightened as to the record their trustees and agents were making, by the manner in which, and the purposes for which, they were discharging the duties of their positions of trust and confidence.

The history of Frankfort and that of the capitol buildings of the State have been still more intimately associated and more inseparably interwoven.

In June, 1792, Kentucky's first General Assembly convened in the city of Lexington in a two-story log building. On the 5th of November, 1792, that assembly adjourned "to hold its next session in the house of Andrew Holmes, at Frankfort, on the Kentucky river." This second State house was afterwards converted into Love's tavern. It was standing as late as 1870 and was a unique specimen of the pioneer architecture of the eighteenth century. The first capitol building was occupied November 3, 1794. It was destroyed by fire in 1813. The next building erected cost forty thousand dollars, more than one-half of which sum was raised by voluntary contributions. The sources of these contributions, and their respective amounts, afford interest, if they do not supply useful information, to the curious. Collins, in his history of Kentucky, tells us that the people of Henry county contributed thirteen dollars; that Louisville gave fifty dollars, and Lexington three hundred and fifty dollars; that Shelby contributed three hundred and thirty dollars, and Woodford five hundred and fifty dollars; that a citizen of Virginia gave one hundred dollars, and the contributions of the people of the city of Frankfort and that of the county of Franklin aggregated nineteen thousand, six hundred and seven dollars, or practically one-half the cost of the building. The structure was burned in 1824. The capitol building now in use was occupied by the General Assembly December 7, 1829, and was improved by the erection of the wing standing on the east side, in 1873.

The movement to change the location of the capital of the State to some other place than Frankfort began in 1796. It was continued at almost every session of the General Assembly and at the State Constitutional Conventions of 1849 and 1890. The contest lasted more than an hundred years. In opposition to this movement, Frankfort fought a good fight, and in the end proved successful. The corner-stone we lay to-day settles this prolonged controversy, and settles it forever. In this view, I may congratulate the people of the State, and especially the people of the city of Frankfort, and, with emphasis, the ladies of this city, whose fealty to their home has never faltered, and, in doing so, I do not forget that there is one not here to-day, for whom I feel authorized to speak, whose heart responds to the gratifying fact that Frankfort and Kentucky, their history and their traditions, are to remain united in the future as they have been in the past.

THOMAS FRANCIS MARSHALL.

[Thomas F. Marshall, Lawyer, Statesman, was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, June 7, 1801; died near Versailles, Kentucky, September 22, 1864; was educated by private tutors; studied law under John J. Crittenden, and began practice at Versailles; he served in the Legislature from 1832 to 1836, and was conspicuous in its debates; in 1833 he removed to Louisville; was defeated as an independent candidate for Congress; returned to Versailles in 1837; and again served in the Legislature in 1838-9; he was finally elected to Congress as a Whig, serving from May 31, 1841, till March 3, 1843; in 1846 he raised a company of cavalry and served in Colonel Humphrey Marshall's regiment in the Mexican War; he was Presidential Elector in 1852; he devoted the latter years of his life to the study of geology and history, and lectured through the Northern and Eastern States.]

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD H. MENEFEE.

An address delivered by Thomas F. Marshall before the Law Society of Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, April 12, 1841.

Gentlemen of the Law Society:

I am not here to recount in set phrase, and with that courtesy which the living always pay to the dead, the virtues, real or supposed, of one around whose fate youth and interesting private relations alone have cast a transient interest. I come not merely to acquit me of a duty to one whom I personally loved and admired, to weave a fading garland for his tomb, or scatter affection's incense over his ashes. Mine is a severer task, a more important duty. I stand here, gentlemen, as a member of a great Commonwealth, amid assembled thousands of her citizens, to mourn with them the blow, sudden and overwhelming, which has fallen upon the country. He about whose young brows there clustered most honor, he around whose name and character there gathered most of public hope, the flower of our Kentucky youth, "the rose and expectancy of the fair State," lies uprooted. He, who by the unaided strength of his own great mind, had spurned from his path each obstacle that impeded, and rolled back the clouds which darkened his morning march; who in his fresh youth had reached an eminence of fame and influence, which, to a soul less ardent, might have seemed to be the topmost pinnacle, but which to him was only a momentary resting place, whence, with an undazzled eye and elastic limb, he was preparing to spring still upward and nearer to the sun of glory which glowed above him, while the admiring crowd below were watching with intensest interest each movement of his towering step, each wave of his eagle wing.

"Why sudden droops his crest?
The shaft is sped, the arrow's in his breast."

Death canonizes a great name and the seal of the sepulchre excludes from its slumbering tenant the breath of envy. I might fling the reins to fancy and indulge in the utmost latitude of panegyric without offense; the praises of the dead fret not the living. But I am not here on an ordinary occasion to pronounce a pompous eulogy in set terms of vague and general

praise. You have directed me to draw the life and character, to delineate the very form and figure of the mind of one whose moral likeness you wish to inscribe in enduring and faithful colors upon your archives, not only as a memorial of one loved and lost, but as an example and model for the study and imitation of yourselves and successors.

Richard H. Menefee, whose death clothed this immediate community with mourning, threw a shade over Kentucky and awakened the sympathies of the whole American public, was born in Owingsville, Bath county, December 4, 1809. His father, Richard Menefee, was an early emigrant from Virginia. He was a man by trade a potter, and exercised his calling for many years in Bath. Although of exceedingly limited education and originally of very humble fortune, the native strength of his mind and the love of information raised him to very respectable attainments in knowledge, while integrity of his character, no less than his sagacity, commanded the confidence as well as the respect of all who knew him. He was repeatedly elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, and served one term in the Senate. In 1809, Kentucky's great senator was fast drawing upon himself the gaze of men. The saffron tints of morning had already announced the coming of that orb which has since shone forth with such splendor in the eyes of the civilized world. The father of our Richard had at one time determined to call his son Henry Clay, and, indeed, the infant statesman and orator wore the name for the first two or three months of his existence. It was subsequently altered to Richard Hickman, from respect to a warm personal and family friend, but the boy was apprised of the proenomen of his infancy and, fired even in his childhood by the fame of his great countryman, breathed often to heaven his fervent orison, that he might one day equal the eloquence, the greatness and the reputation of Mr. Clay. That the love of glory was the master passion of his nature, and sooner or later some event or circumstance must have roused it into life and action, we can not doubt, and yet it may be that the simple circumstance we have cited may have marked out the path and determined the object of ambition. That it made a deep impression upon the childish imagination is a veritable and very interesting fact in his boyish biography. He was left by his father an orphan at about four years old, and an estate, never large, was almost entirely wrecked by mismanagement and that bane of widows and orphans, a law suit in which it had been involved. Richard's utmost inheritance of worldly goods did not exceed a few hundred dollars. He seems, till he was about twelve years of age, to have been indebted almost exclusively to his mother's instruction for his rudiments of knowledge he received. For her he cherished to his latest hour the fondest veneration. He was her champion in boyhood, for sorrow and misfortune fell fast upon her. It was in his mother's defense that the lion of his nature first broke out. Incidents might here be related exhibiting in rare perfection the depth of filial piety and dauntless heroism in a boy of fifteen, but they involve circumstances and feelings too delicate for a stranger's touch. In proof of the strength and tenderness of his private affections, it may here be stated that, after he commenced the practice of law, though pressed by the claims of his own family, he devoted a portion of his own slender means to the support of a brother overwhelmed with personal misfortunes and an orphan sister, and continued it till his death. At twelve years of age, so far as I have been able to learn, he first entered a public school. Like steel from flint, the collision of other minds struck instant fire from his own. The first

competition brought into full play the passion for distinction, which formed the master principle of his nature. His teacher was astonished at the intense application, surpassing progress and precocious genius of the boy. With this gentleman, whose name was Tompkins (it should be written in letters of gold), he seems to have remained without interruption for two years, at which period his mother married a second time, and he was removed from school. Clouds and thick darkness gathered now over his fortunes and his darling hopes. At fourteen, he was summoned to attend at a tavern bar in Owingsville. But the omen of his first name still cheered him on, and the fire which had been kindled within him could not be extinguished. He compromised the matter at home and served at the bar or labored in the field during the summer for the privilege of school during the winter months. Even this did not last, for want of means (mark that, ye of more prosperous fortunes); for want of means to defray his tuition fees, this unconquerable boy exchanged the character of pupil for preceptor at fifteen years of age and taught what he had learned to others for hire during the winter months, that he might accumulate a fund with which to prosecute his own education thereafter. He continued thus till about his sixteenth year, when, in consequence of unpleasant difficulties with his stepfather, he was taken to Mt. Sterling by Mr. Stockton, an intimate friend of his deceased father. From this time he seems to have been left to his own guidance and wrestled alone with fortune. Upon the division of the wreck of the paternal estate, a negro was assigned to Richard about the period of his removal from home. He sold that slave to his friend and with the proceeds, together with what he had earned as a preceptor, maintained himself at the public school in Mt. Sterling till his eighteenth year, when he entered Transylvania as an irregular junior. The rules of the college would have excluded him from the privilege of examination and debarred him even from a trial for the honors of his class. His intrepid genius, his intense application and the bold and extra collegiate range of his information had attracted the attention of the celebrated President Holley. Through his intercession and influence, the strict canon of the university was dispensed with in Richard's behalf; he was admitted to an examination with his class and bore away the palm. Upon his return to Mt. Sterling, his funds were exhausted and he again became a private tutor, while he prosecuted the study of law with Judge James Trimble. He persevered in his labors and his studies till the year 1830, when, upon the death of his friend Stockton, whose affairs required the superintendence of a lawyer, and to whom he held himself bound by a debt of gratitude, in his twenty-first year he obtained a license to practice, and undertook, as his first professional act, without charge, to settle and arrange the complicated and embarrassed affairs of his friend.

In the spring of 1832, he received the appointment of Commonwealth's attorney and in August, before he had attained his twenty-third year, he was married to the eldest daughter of the late Matthew Jouett. It is not among the least interesting circumstances which concentrate in the union of these two orphans, that the dowerless daughter of Kentucky's most gifted artist should have found a tutor in her childhood every way adequate to form her taste and fashion her understanding, and that in the dawning graces of her first womanhood, reflecting back upon its source the light she had borrowed, should have drawn and fastened to her side as friend and protector through life that same boy preceptor from whose precocious

mind her own had drawn its nutriment and its strength. Jouett and Menefee! What a union of names, what a nucleus for the public hopes and sympathies to grow and cluster round, to cling and cleave to! And they are united in the person of a boy, a glorious, beauteous boy, upon whose young brow and every feature is stamped the seal of his inheritance. I have seen this scion of a double stock, through whose veins is poured in blending currents the double tide of genius and of art. Bless thee, Jouett Menefee, and may heaven which has imparted the broad brow of the statesman orator along with the painter's ambrosial head and glowing eye, shield and preserve, thee, boy, from the misfortunes of thy house.

Mr. Menefee continued the practice of law at Mt. Sterling, with extraordinary success in the various counties of that mountainous district, till August, 1836, when he was returned the member from Montgomery to the House of Representatives of Kentucky. It was the fortune of the speaker to-day to have served in the same body during that session, and it was at this period that he first saw and became acquainted with the illustrious subject of this discourse. The impression which Mr. Menefee then made was instantaneous and ineffaceable. He was in his twenty-seventh year, but the lightness of his hair, his delicate complexion and almost beardless face, and a certain juvenile outline of person, made him look to a transient observer some years younger than he really was. He stood among his colleagues in legislation, almost an entire stranger. He was well aware, no man more so, of the importance of first impressions upon a body constituted as that of which he was a member. One would naturally have expected, from a person situated as he was, great anxiety, not unmingled with bashfulness and timidity in his debut. No such thing. He threw himself naturally and with apparent carelessness into debate for the first time upon a bill entirely private in character and not of the smallest interest to the House. It was upon a motion of his own to reverse a report, a report from the committee of courts of justice, upon a bill authorizing the sale of some infant's real estate, that he was first heard to speak. He attacked their report with so much vivacity and such remarkable ability, that they felt themselves compelled to make a regular and formal defense, which they did seriatim, and it is no reflection upon their talent to state now, what all felt then to be true, that their young antagonist was a match for the whole. After this first effort, trifling as it would seem the occasion, Mr. Menefee was no longer considered in the light of a promising young man. He did not climb gradually into favor and influence, but sprang at once, and with an elastic ease truly surprising, into the position not only of a debater of the highest order, but of a leading mind, whose ripened judgment and matured thought rendered his counsels as valuable as the eloquence in which they were conveyed was striking and delightful. He was a member of the committee of finance and reported and carried, in the face of the most violent opposition, what is usually termed the "equalizing law," by which the ordinary revenue, without an increase of taxation, but by including new subjects, has gained upwards of thirty thousand dollars per annum. Compelled, by the particular interest which I then represented (being the member from the city of Louisville), to be thrown in frequent collision with Mr. Menefee in the debates of the House, I had ample opportunity both to know and to feel his intense power as a disputant. In the course of the session, he was heard on every question of State policy and always with attention, which showed how deep he was in the confidence of the House. But the master effort of his mind that

winter was on the bill to repeal the law of 1833, prohibiting the importation of slaves. Never yet have I heard or read among all the discussions to which that law has given rise an argument so masterly, so statesman-like, so triumphant, as that of Mr. Menefee. He neither lauded slavery as a blessing, nor dreamed with crazy philanthropists, or murderous incendiaries, of its sudden and violent extinction. He adhered to the law of 1833 as a means of checking the increase of an evil which could not now be prevented. It is a public misfortune and a drawback upon Mr. Menefee's fame, brilliant as it is, that his speeches in the Legislature of Kentucky were not preserved. He was capable of fervid invective, vehement declamation and scathing sarcasm, but strength, strength was the pervading quality, and there was argument even in his denunciation. Never was a man more entirely a master of himself than Mr. Menefee. His conversation corresponded with and deepened the impression made by his public speeches and a close examination of his whole appearance. He had all the quickness of penetration of a man of true genius, but without a spark of wildness or eccentricity. There was no dreamy idealism, no shadowy romance, no morbid sentimentalism about him.

Mr. Menefee passed from the Legislature of Kentucky into the national councils, where he took his seat in the lower House of Congress at the call session of 1838. He is said to have exhibited during the canvas extraordinary powers of popular eloquence and an unequalled grace and facility in mingling with the great body of the people, demonstrating thereby the versatility of a mind whose strength alone I have been contemplating. The same destiny attended him in Congress which had marked his entrance upon State legislation. There were no gradations in his congressional history. He comprehended at once, as if by instinct, the new scene in which he was called to act, and no sooner did he appear, than he was recognized as a statesman and a leader. Some of the leading men of the political party of which he was opposed pronounced him the most extraordinary man of his age who had till then appeared in Congress. Never did a career more dazzlingly splendid open upon the eye of young ambition than burst upon Mr. Menefee. The presses teemed with his praise, the whole country was full of his name, yet did he wear his honors with the ease of a familiar dress. He trod the new and dizzy path with a steady eye and that same veteran step which was so eminently characteristic. He maintained his character undimmed, and his position unshaken, till the end of his term, and then this wonderful man imposed upon himself, his spirit and his ambition that iron control of which I have spoken, and voluntarily retired from a theater the most elevating and commanding upon which genius and ambition like his would engage in the gigantic strife for undying honor. At twenty-nine years of age, Mr. Menefee found himself upon a summit to which the dreams of youth and hope could scarce have aspired. In 1837, an obscure young lawyer, scarce known beyond the precincts of his native highland district, in 1839 he stood forth on the world's great theater in acknowledged greatness, the prediction of his first tutor realized, the prayer of his childhood granted.

He was now, though steeped in poverty, in full possession of fame. He was known universally. Over his character there hung no doubt nor shadow. He had but to select his ground, to choose his theater. Of an integrity stainless as the untródden snow, and without one vice to consume his time or warp his career, he was sure to devote himself to the interests of his clients. In the summer of 1839, he located himself in

Lexington. There was no dreary novitiate with him. He stepped into the forum armed at all points and business flowed in upon him in a full, rich tide. Never did any man occupy such a position in Kentucky as did Mr. Menefee in the opening of his professional career in Lexington. The public sympathies rallied around to cheer and to support him in a manner utterly unknown in any other case. Each step of his progress but deepened the interest and vindicated more triumphantly the opinion entertained of him. Men flocked in crowds to hear him speak, his counsel was sought and relied on and his services engaged, whenever it was practicable, at points distant from the scene of his immediate operations. At a period of life when most men are just rising into business, he was steeped, actually overwhelmed, with the weightiest, most honorable and most profitable causes. The sun of prosperity broke upon him with a warmth and brilliancy entirely without example. All difficulties had vanished from before him. In the past he found nothing with which to upbraid himself. The rough road through which he had journeyed from childhood was marked throughout with trophies of his triumphant spirit. Fortune was absolutely within his grasp. He was the slave of honor, not the drudge of avarice. It was independence that he sought, independence for himself and nestlings. He had tasted the bitter fruits of early poverty and, although he had triumphed, he would not doom his little ones to their father's struggles and sufferings. For one short year Mr. Menefee's delicate frame sustained the fiery energies of his mind. In the spring of 1840, in reply to a note from myself on professional business, he alluded to the decline of his health in a tone of sadness, not despondence—his was a soul that never desponded—which struck me as ominous and prophetic. Disease had indeed fastened its fangs upon his body, its force was vain against his mind. With rapidly declining health, he persevered in his business till, in September, in a case of vast magnitude, in which Clay and Wickliffe were both employed against him, he put forth, for the last time, his immortal energies at the bar. Like the Hebrew giant, his last effort was the greatest. Oh, would to God that he had been or could have been induced to spare himself! But the occasion had come, and the ruling passion, strong in death, broke out in irresistible force to throw its radiance over his funeral pyre. He must have been conscious of an extraordinary fate and an extraordinary genius. He must have appeared to himself as he certainly did to all others—a man marked out from birth for great actions and the most splendid distinction. What had he not achieved? His friends may challenge the history of this country for a parallel. There was an unsparing intensity in his mind, a concentration of the whole soul upon his pursuits, a haste, a rapidity, as though he feared the sun of life should go down ere the goal assigned to his genius had been attained. Was he conscious (such a suspicion has sometimes flashed across me), could he have been conscious that the seeds of early death were implanted in his original constitution, and was it this which spurred his fiery soul to such gigantic and unpausing strides upon his road to greatness? Himself, at all events, he did not and he would not spare. This was his only crime; the generous martyr; for this alone can his country reproach him. Be that at it may, he dashed at the opportunity as new fledged eaglets dash at the sun. He did measure himself and, in that effort, pouring forth his genius and his life, reached the consummation of his wishes, the utmost point of his childhood's prayer. He was measured and found a match for one of whose thunders long have shaken the American Senate and who was

erst the monarch of the forum. Mr. Menefee sank gradually from September. His waning life sank; not his spirit. When apprised at last that his hour had arrived, "Brief summons" was the reply, and he manned himself to die with dignity. His sense of duty, the energy and collectedness of his nature and his cautious regard for others, were strikingly manifested by the last act of his life. He made his will, executed a mortgage to indemnify a friend who was responsible for him and, ere the sun had risen, his own had set forever.

Thus perished, in the thirty-second year of his life, Richard H. Menefee, a man designed by nature and himself for inevitable greatness; a man of the rarest talents and of the most commanding character; a man whose moral qualities were as faultless as his intellectual constitution was vigorous and brilliant; a man to whose advancing eminence there was no limit but the Constitution of his country, had not the energies of his mind proved too mighty for the material elements which enclosed them.

THOMAS CLAY McCREERY.

[Thomas Clay McCreery, former United States Senator, was born near Owensboro, Kentucky, in 1817, died in Owensboro, Kentucky, July 10, 1890; studied law; Presidential Elector 1852; visitor to the United States Military Academy in 1858 and 1868; elected United States Senator to succeed James Guthrie (who resigned), serving from February 27, 1868, till March, 1871; again elected United States Senator and served from March 4, 1873. till March 3, 1879.]

ARLINGTON SHOULD BE RESTORED TO THE LEES.

A speech delivered in the United States Senate, on December 13, 1870, in behalf of the bill for the relief of Mrs. Robert E. Lee, which would have restored to her "Arlington Heights," the former beautiful home of the Lees.

Mr. President:

Presuming that the justice and courtesy of the gentlemen who compose this Senate will accord fifteen or twenty minutes to me, I shall proceed to submit the remarks which I intended to make yesterday.

The mournful intelligence of the death of General Lee reached us at our homes in vacation. The melancholy tidings of the death of General Thomas and the accents of sorrow in which his surviving friends poured forth the national grief at his irreparable loss were still fresh in our recollection when we learned that yet another of the great actors in the drama through which we have passed had breathed his last. These great men were natives of Virginia. They were born about the same time and when one of them had finished his career, a very brief period was allotted to the other. The God of Nature has stamped the brow of each with the seal of command and he had endowed them with faculties worthy of command. On the march and in the battle they had stood together. Common toil and common danger had probably endeared them to each other, for they appear to have been superior to the petty rivalries which embitter the existence of inferior mortals.

But when the South raised her standard and called upon her sons to rally in its defense, each man had to settle the momentous question for himself. The dignity and the strength of their understandings enabled them to survey the prospect and to realize all its terrible consequences. In their reflection they may have been perplexed by doubts and almost overwhelmed with anxieties, but their honest conclusions compelled their separation. Thomas resolved to follow the starry emblem of the Union, while Lee resolved to stand or fall by the State that had given him birth, with his kith and kin of the South.

From the concurrent testimony of his most intimate acquaintances, we are led to believe that General Lee enjoyed a singular exemption from the faults and follies of other men. He was a stranger and an enemy to extravagance, to dissipation and to vice. The vanity and flattery which usually attend success could not seduce him from propriety, while his inflexible virtue could defy defeat.

"But his faults and his follies, whatever they were,
Be their memories dispersed like the winds of the air."

General Lee was an American citizen and the American people will never relinquish the property which they hold in the name and the fame of the great Virginian. His modesty and sobriety, his spotless integrity, his virtue and his valor, will be held up for the admiration and the imitation of mankind as long as those exalted qualities shall have a friend upon earth.

Parties and partisans should never fail to recognize the fact that in the ranks of the opposition hearts may beat as good and as pure as their own. Heresy in religious faith and treason in political action have been the cries whenever men were to be led by the million to the slaughter.

When the sword is invok'd, the conqueror has little difficulty in appropriating to himself such titles as may correspond, on his estimation, with his own efforts for the church or the State, and he is equally as ready to brand his adversary as a heretic or a traitor. The sword has less capacity to understand and decide a cause upon its merits than any other tribunal that has ever been known among men. Spears and battle axes, cannon and rifle balls are the advocates that plead in this court, and tears and blood and fire and famine are the costs levied upon the litigants. The judgments of the sword have not always commanded that universal respect which might have been expected, coming from a court of such enlarged jurisdiction. The block from which the heads of Hampden and Sydney dropped and the cord that strangled Emmett could not consign their names to infamy. History has enrolled them among the patriots and martyrs who have died in defense of the sacred cause of right.

War may be, for aught I know, one of the necessities of our being. Nature itself is averse to repose. The air that we breathe lashes itself into fury, and the tornado sweeps over land and sea, leaving desolation in its pathway. The sirocco-blast of the desert buries camel and rider in its course. The lightning leaps from the cloud and swift destruction follows its fiery track. The ground upon which we stand may be an upheaval, and the lofty mountain, with its rocks and shells, may have risen from the bosom of the fathomless ocean. If the elements are thus liable to commotion and convulsion, is it wonderful that man, the creature of passion and prejudice, of ambition, revenge and avarice, should sometimes find himself in open hostility with his brother?

The right of secession and the power of coercion are matters that I do not propose to discuss here or anywhere else. I shall say nothing about the causes of the war. It is frequently the most difficult thing in the world to assign the true cause of a war. The first great war of which we have any knowledge was fought about a young lady who had married against the wishes of her parents; and as there were many nations engaged, and a great city destroyed in the struggle, we may fairly conclude that she was a pioneer in that line of disobedience. Since that time, men have become more practical and wars are waged, as a general thing, for land or ready money, bonds or other securities, as the exigence of the case may require. Tamerlane and Bajazet seem to have fought to see who could whip, and curiosity on the same point may have contributed largely to bring about the conflict between France and Prussia.

The civil strife in this country probably had as much cause and there may have been as many good reasons for it as for other wars. Whether the useless crimination and recrimination which preceded it were the causes or only the premonitory symptoms is more than I can pretend to determine. It came, and around its banners gathered as brave men as ever followed

the Roman eagle. You joined hands with those among whom you were born, and General Lee did the same thing:

"In Dixie's land he took his stand,
And lived and died for Dixie."

I shall notice his important services in Mexico. I shall not follow him in his campaign in West Virginia, nor shall I linger on the banks of the James or the Rapidan, at Freckericksburg or the Wilderness. It is possible that no man could have accomplished more with the means at his command; it is probable that he could not have had an abler lieutenant than Jackson; and it is morally certain that he believed his cause to be just. But his battles and his sieges, his victories and defeats, were witnessed by some of you, and they are known and understood by you all. Many men have been successful in the conduct of military affairs. The Warwicks, the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons of the Old World were successful, but who among them all had more genius and less ostentation than General Lee? Was he not a hero? Was he not a Christian? Was he not a gentleman?

On the field of Appomattox he drew up his forces for the last time. They were not marshaled for the fight. The drum did not call to arms, nor did the bugle sound the charge. Silently, slowly and calmly a single figure moves to the tent of General Grant and surrenders himself a prisoner of war. Who will describe his feelings as he looked upon the battle-scared veterans whose fidelity, unshaken by disaster, was still true, and who were now like children weeping for his fall? Most gladly would he have grasped the hand of each soldier at parting; but it would have been the greatest trial of his life. The future of all was shrouded in gloom, and the lip would have faltered in uttering even the word "Good-bye." If their homes were in ashes, his own door was closed upon him forever. He passed from their view in silence, but his boundless love manifested itself in the gentle tenderness of his "farewell address."

Brilliant as had been the military career of General Lee, the closing scene of his life added renewed luster to his fame. Lexington is situated in a valley of surpassing loveliness; the mountains rise on either side like huge walls inclosing a beautiful garden. Here stood an institution of learning which bore an illustrious name, endeared to him by ancestral association as well as by the ties of family connection. But what was a college without an endowment, without a faculty, without a student, and in a country where the ravages of war had left only scanty means of subsistence? The trustees most wisely tendered the position to General Lee, and he accepted it.

The transition from the camp to the school room had been of rare occurrence, but General Lee was equally eminent in either situation. It was his ambition to elevate the standard of scholarship and to make Washington College the seat of science and of art as well as of literature. He was not dismayed by the difficulties and embarrassments that surrounded him. His administrative ability, his zeal and his energy surmounted them all, and the creation of his genius rose majestic in its superstructure and firm and solid in its foundations. There it stands, the pride of Virginia! The son of "Light-Horse Harry," penniless as a beggar, had completed a monument to Washington!

It is not a shaft or an obelisk, whose cold exterior forbids the touch and

repels the glance of the beholder, but it is a monument replete with life and light and hope, radiant with intelligence, the home of the arts and the sciences, of music and of poetry, with a chapel and an altar dedicated to religion and to God.

General Lee was taken suddenly and violently ill. The paroxysm, however, abated in a measure, and a gleam of hope relieved the apprehensions of his family and friends. But the disease, instead of being subdued, was only gathering strength for a final blow. It soon became apparent to all that his hour was come. He alone was unmoved by the information. He was indifferent to the issue of life or death. He had no expectations and no desires upon the subject. Here was perfect resignation. He had been a faithful soldier of the Cross, and if the order had issued from Headquarters he was ready to march over the border.

The lamp of life burned low and dim; the scenes of earth were closing around him; unconscious of the present, the shadowy past rose before his vision, and his very latest utterance expressed a wish to see a friend. Lee whispered: "Send for A. P. Hill." Under the same circumstances, Jackson had said: "Send A. P. Hill to the front." Armies occupied the last thoughts of Napoleon, and so it may have been with Lee and Jackson.

General Lee has gone to the grave. He was buried by his own direction, without display. If there are those among us who derive comfort from casting aspersions upon his character, they will do so; but the South and North and the East and the West will remember Lee.

The widowed partner of his bosom still lives, and in her behalf I implore your justice. I do not ask for anything else. She belongs to a race fond of bestowing charity, but poverty can not force them to accept it. She owns, but does not occupy, the homes of her fathers. Will you, senators, remove the bar which excludes her from Arlington?

EDWARD J. McDERMOTT.

[Edward J. McDermott, Lawyer, Louisville, Kentucky, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 29, 1852; Member of Legislature 1880; Presidential Elector 1880; Chief Supervisor of Elections for Kentucky 1888; Member Kentucky Constitutional Convention 1890; Chairman of Charity Commission of Louisville 1891; made a Member of Commercial Club of Louisville 1892; President of Louisville Bar Association 1905.]

COMMERCIAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS FROM A SOUTHERN STANDPOINT.

A speech delivered at the annual banquet of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation in Delmonico's banquet-hall February 24, 1892, a few days after the New York Democratic State Convention, called "the snow-shoe convention," because held in winter. It was said that the unusually early date was selected by the followers of the Hon. David B. Hill, to check the growing enthusiasm for ex-President Cleveland in other States, by making it appear that the latter could not carry New York and hence could not win if nominated. The convention, in which Mr. Cleveland had no support, had instructed its delegates to vote as a unit for Mr. Hill. As there were Republican and Democratic members of the Board of Trade at the banquet, the speech could not be partisan, but it was, nevertheless, intended to be a plea for Mr. Cleveland, and for clear political platforms. On account of this speech Mr. McDermott, though not a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in Chicago in June, was invited by Mr. Cleveland's private secretary, Mr. George F. Parker, to attend the meetings of the trusted friends of Mr. Cleveland, before and during the convention. He was nominated on the first ballot and later carried New York and was elected President.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

I highly value the honor conferred on me by the request to speak to this distinguished audience. Not often do you treat Kentucky's sons so kindly. Some who come to compete with you in making colossal fortunes return to us sadder and wiser men; some never return. Alas! they are squeezed to death by your "bears" or gored to death by your "bulls." And yet "romancers" here say that we, the most guileless of men, are a dangerous set; that we never go forth from home unless armed with a corkscrew and a pistol. Grown to manhood "in these piping times of peace," I have often wondered at these stories, just as I marveled at the bloodthirsty Hotspur, who, if we may trust the description of Prince Hal, was accustomed to slaughter a goodly number of Scots every morning before breakfast, then to wash his hands and petulantly exclaim: "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O, my sweet Harry," says his wife, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, an hour later: "Some fourteen, a trifle, a trifle."

In fact, sir, public opinion and the law have banished the duello from our borders. We joy most in the arts and triumphs of peace. Blessed with a climate more temperate in winter and summer than yours, with a richer soil and with priceless minerals, which few, if any, States can equal, we are cheerfully entering the race of progress in competition with all comers and with flattering conditions for success. In the past ten years, by the census, Kentucky has surpassed all the Southern States in an increase of wealth, and few States can show a larger gain. We have no State debt worth mentioning. With more cordiality than ever before, we are giving

a friendly hand to men of thrift that come into our midst, and we are striving in every way to emulate you in your giant strides to wealth and power.

In the life of every man, in the life of every nation, there comes a time when it is wise to pause from ordinary pursuits, ambitions and care, in order to take a calm view of the past, to carefully estimate the present, and to look soberly at the future. Especially to-day is it well for Americans to consider how far we have used the opportunities left us by the founders of the republic and in what degree we have failed in our duty. That we have done mighty things is not to be denied, but that we have not done as much as was expected is clear. Matthew Arnold, with much reason, says that we have here solved the political problem and the social problem, but that we have not solved the human problem; that, though we have been skillful in self-government and have broken down unjust and harmful barriers of caste, though we have made colossal fortunes and have increased enormously all the material comforts and luxuries of life, we have not made our government as pure as it should be and we have not made our lives as free from care and as full of sweetness and light as we ought.

It is true that we have been sorely tried and much retarded by the development of a new country, by a civil war and by its inevitable concomitants; that we have had much discord and bitterness and intemperateness in public affairs; but "the irrepressible conflict" has long been over and there is nothing now to hinder progress and culture or to prevent us from becoming pre-eminent as an enlightened, prosperous and homogeneous people. We are Americans all and free to provide for the present and the future without being swayed by the passions of the past. All that concerns us to-day is that, in that terrible war, the people of each side, North and South, fought valiantly, in good faith, for what they believed right; that, fortunately for all, the North won, and that Appomattox was the beginning of peace and prosperity rather than the end of bloodshed and ruin. In each recurring season, the golden grain will splendidly adorn the fields once blackened with fire or reddened with precious blood or the white cotton bolls will brighten them with the mantle of purity and peace. Nobody with sense can blame the elder Southern men for an irresistible sadness when they consider the agonies and the devastation of the rebellion, the humiliation of their defeat and the uncertainty of the solution of the problem still presented by the presence of the negro and the Caucasian in the same land with equal civil rights, and yet with an impassable barrier to social equality between them. From social equality would inevitably spring intermixture, and that would be a calamity to our race, if not to theirs. God never intended this land to be peopled by a mongrel race brought forth by the mingling of alien bloods, kept separate by Nature from the beginning of time. This is not to be. The past has left us many unfortunate legacies, but not this. To the South, perhaps to the Southern people alone, the most important issue of the future may be the negro problem; but that problem is being surely, though slowly, settled. We must let that question alone for a while and turn our attention to the pressing needs that to-day concern the whole country.

We are now about to enter upon a new contest for the Presidency. For the first time since the close of the war, there is no need of considering any of the problems that grew out of the war. No sentimental appeals to the passions of the past quarter of a century can avail much in this year. In the words of Achilles:

"Let us leave
Those things among the things that were, and though
They make us grieve, let us subdue our minds
To what the time requires."

When we quarreled with Italy because we could not or would not secure the conviction of the leaders of the New Orleans mob that had lynched several Italians accused, it is true, of murder, but acquitted by an unpunished jury of our own countrymen; when we quarreled with the republic of Chili, then emerging from the fire and blood and frenzy of a civil war, because she could not or would not procure the speedy conviction of the mob that had attacked our sailors, when these grave troubles came, there was a perfect accord among all classes of our citizens, South as well as North, Georgia and Kentucky, as cheerfully as New York and Massachusetts, offered their volunteers. The universal sentiment was that, however we might differ from our President and our Secretary of State as to the need of haste or severity or reparation in each case, they were our chosen representatives; our honor and our protection were properly in their keeping; they were worthy of our confidence, and, right or wrong, we should support them with our property and our lives. Perfect loyalty to our flag and a firm resolve that it should not be insulted with impunity appeared everywhere in the land.

We can now safely close those old books of the Civil War and begin anew. We stand to-day on the threshold of a bright future. To go forward in the fulfillment of our destiny, without undue haste or delay, we must now solve the economic problems that confront us. By reason of your important position in politics and in mercantile affairs—because we always look to you with respect and sometimes look to you for the final word in shaping the destiny of this whole land—we take a deep interest in your opinions and conduct, and we believe that you are not unwilling to hear from us what we think and how far we will follow your standard. In this spirit, with indifference and yet with candor, I speak the words uppermost in my mind and in the minds of thousands of your brethren in the South.

For years we have been engaged in a discussion of the tariff and in experimental tests. Whatever our opinions may be of that great question, whether we are Democrats or Republicans, we should at least wish to have our policy settled while the people have a clear opinion and a deep interest in the subject. It should take, and no doubt will take, a foremost place in the political debates next fall. Of course, the trimmers on both sides dislike this prospect. Men who are only seeking the spoils of office care nothing for principles that do not improve their chances of success. To them success at any price, on any platform, with tinkling cymbals and sounding brass, is the one thing desired. In their eyes, Moses was a failure because he did not reach the promised land; but, to thoughtful men, he was splendidly triumphant. Now, if ever, is the time that the young men and the men of middle age, who took no part and could take no part in settling the great questions of slavery and union, must insist that henceforth only great principles, and only men of convictions and of strength to maintain them, shall be considered—that platforms unequivocal, not meaningless and cowardly, shall be demanded of party leaders. Moses found his people in bondage. Obedient to duty, he led them through the Red Sea, through the desert; they murmured and conspired against him again and again. He gave them the law and, though they oftentimes forgot

the true faith and made false idols and listened to complaisant, ambitious leaders, he chastened but forgave them. At last, because of their sins and of his too fond love for them, rather than because of his slight faults, he was denied the privilege of entering the promised land. When he had pointed out the way to them and taught them, who were in fear, the courage to push on to their goal, he went upon Nebo, the lonely mountain, and, far above their weaknesses and their comprehension, was taken into the bosom of God. Let us have temporary defeats, if necessary or best, but Heaven grant us always a leader like that and the grace to comprehend him.

Not only must we settle the tariff in this coming struggle, we must determine whether we shall have a sound or a base currency. Fortunately this is not yet a party question, and I may here freely speak my mind. For my part, I have no fear of the solution of that problem when the people fully consider it. The old greenback cloud has now a silver lining, but in this field the sun of truth can not be long obscured. That cloud will soon be dissipated and leave not a rack behind. The Confederacy taught the South at least one good lesson; that it takes something more than a Government stamp to make money. There is no more reason for debasing our currency to enrich the silver miners of the West than there is for making ourselves a nation of drunkards to enrich the whisky distillers of Kentucky. If the Government should be compelled to buy silver, it should be compelled to buy bourbon. Silver weights you down, while the mellow bourbon buoys you up, making you feel as if you were floating on thin air, while "dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before." I say nothing of the headache next morning—of what the German students call "die katzenjammer"—first, because I do not wish to put any disquieting handwriting on these walls or prophesy, while the flowing bowl is still circling in our midst, what is about to befall us in the morning—what dreams and thirst and curtain lectures may come on the gloomy morrow—and, secondly, because no man ever suffered so much from these things as a nation suffers from the intoxication of an inflated or debased currency. Gresham's rule that base money drives out good money is clear to all. When Massachusetts allowed taxes to be paid in cattle, the tax-gatherer received the worst cattle in the State. When we pay for foreign goods, we must pay in gold or its equivalent, and soon, if we have depreciated silver coin, our gold will have a premium and finally disappear. I know there are debtors who would like a debased currency to free them from one-third of what they owe; but let us not forget that the largest debtors in the land are not the humble and the needy, but the great merchants and the bold speculators, the mortgaged railroads, the insurance companies and the banks with big deposits, to say nothing of other corporations and men doing business on credit. While reducing the obligations of the rich at the expense of their creditors, we should bring misery upon the poor who can not borrow much. No Government can afford to teach repudiation to its people. If we are to wipe out debts, let us do it by a bankrupt act which will confer its benefits only on honest men in need, not on the shrewd who grow rich on borrowed capital or profitable credit.

But important as these problems are, they are not more to be considered than an evil tendency which now threatens to bring great harm upon this land. At the beginning of the republic, our greatest men were our leaders and our Presidents. Trimmers and "available men," who are neither hot nor cold, were not able to scramble into high office for which

they were unfitted and on which they could bring only disrepute. In England, where parliamentary government is carried to the highest point, the ablest leaders are easily discerned and are steadily put in command. Not so with us. When a man has no record or an unimportant record, he is "available" for the most exalted office in the gift of the people. His weaknesses are concealed or palliated; his virtues are magnified beyond all reasonable bounds. Whenever a man becomes really eminent, jealous rivals or envious pigmies assail and malign him. Nearly twenty-three hundred years ago, Socrates, in his defense before the unjust people that decreed his death, spoke this truth: "It is not possible that any man should be safe who sincerely opposes either you or any other multitude and who prevents many unjust and illegal actions from being committed in the State." Sir, it is time for us to stop this degradation. It is time for us to honor men who have convictions and who, fearing neither a political party, nor the public, boldly proclaim them.

A few evenings ago, one of the prominent men of the South—able, scholarly and upright, who, with passionate fidelity, had followed the fortunes of the Confederacy—said to me that if a certain prominent candidate of his party were nominated, and if the party platform approved the silver heresy, he would, for the first time in his life, vote for the nominee of the opposite party whose principles and leaders he had always opposed. Several other influential men in his presence announced the same resolve. Whether we agree with them or not, conscientious men like them are the pillars of the republic. Vultures may hawk at them, demagogues and scribblers may ridicule or malign them, but thoughtful men know the inestimable value of independence and conscience at the polls.

Parties are useful, but they must be subordinated to right. They must be our ministers, not our masters. A nation of intelligent men can not make an idol of a machine they have themselves created and, falling down before it, allow it the power to control or crush them. I would not encourage captiousness or pharasaical self-righteousness, nor discourage reasonable party discipline, but I plead for rational independence of party managers when they strive, for their selfish aims, to enslave us or wrong our country. By their fruits ye shall know them—by their leaders, approve or condemn. Sallust said that "The desire of glory, power and preferment is common to the worthy and the worthless, with this difference: The one pursues them by direct means; the other, being void of merit, has recourse to fraud and subtlety." He wisely said, too, that Rome had attained her eminence chiefly by "the great virtue of a few illustrious persons" whose deeds filled her sons with emulation and her foes with dread.

The time now calls for men with courage and uprightness—for platforms clear and sound. The leader must be one

"Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And, therefore, does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or for honor, or for worldly state."

Nearly every Commonwealth in the Union now has a "favorite son" whom she wishes to raise above his just merits. The South, like the North, talks affectionately of her able, trustworthy men. We have often of late given you honored Speakers of the House, and the Speaker's power to shape legislation is, perhaps, greater than that of the President; but we know that a Southern man can not yet win the Presidency, and "favorite sons" must not obscure our issues. Personal vanity must yield to public

good. The next contest for the Presidency must be determined, in a dignified way, by great men on great principles. Whether the voter's favorite be the able and highly esteemed occupant of the White House now (Benjamin Harrison) or the brilliant Knight of Maine (James G. Blaine); whether the fortunate Hill or the pole-star of the Democratic hosts, the strong, upright and manly Cleveland—whoever that favorite may be, the voter now insists that his champion shall have a fair field and fair play, that real merit alone shall decide the issue; that the destiny of sixty-five millions of people shall not be surrendered to party needs or the vaulting ambition of any man. We want a leader like the sterling, conscientious Cato, rather than the genial, skillful, ambitious Caesar.

Sir, the able men like you in trade and commerce have too long neglected their power in the State. I am a party man; my father and my grandfather voted for the party to which I give my allegiance, and yet I see with apprehension that we are fast being divided into two classes: (1) Those who follow their party, right or wrong, and (2) those who neglect every public duty. Bad laws or bad officers rob us of the fruits of our labor, lower the civilization of our country and menace the prosperity and character of our children. As Cato conjured the Roman Senate, I conjure you who have valued your houses, your pictures and your statues more than the State. If you would retain them, if you would have leisure for your pleasures, arouse yourselves from your lethargy and have a care for the State. It is not simply a question of taxes; your character, your greatness and your liberty are in danger. No power, no politicians swayed by selfishness and greed, can stand against you.

"Wouldst thou be free? The claims that gall thy breast
With one strong effort burst, and be at rest."

We, the men of the South, look to you with anxiety and yet with hope. We admire and we are often willing to follow your high-minded men. We glory in your greatness. This is the emporium of the Western hemisphere and may yet be the emporium of the world. Into your harbor will come, more and more, the commerce of all the nations. You have the coign of vantage and you have intelligence, energy, integrity and wealth. You need only to make a noble use of your priceless gifts. If you will but rise to the call of your destiny, not only will your sails whiten every sea and your cargoes fill every mart, but your voice in our country will always be potent, your culture and your treasures of art will win the praise of all cultivated men and you will be the "expectancy and rose" of the fairest State on earth.

When Germany has lost her renown; when the glories of fair France have departed; when Macaulay's New Zealander has taken his stand on a broken arch of London bridge and sketched the ruins of St. Paul's, he may turn his face westward in search of splendors hitherto unseen by men, and here, towering into the vault of heaven, he may see something simple but grand. Behold the object of his admiration and delight: Liberty lighting the world! O radiant and lofty emblem of man's greatest blessing! Long mayst thou be a beacon light to us and to all nations! May thy beams penetrate into every benighted land and every slave stand erect, redeemed and happy, in the light of universal freedom!

Noble hearts and lofty minds, a constant love of pure character, of shining talents and of unselfish patriotism, will make us missionaries of liberty and the favorite people of God.

JOHN WILLIAM McGARVEY.

[John William McGarvey, A. M., LL. D., Educator, Lexington, Kentucky, was born in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, March 1, 1829; graduate Bethany College, West Virginia 1850; preached twelve years at Fayette and Dover, Missouri; preacher at Lexington, Kentucky, 1863; since 1865 Professor of Sacred History, and since 1895 President of College of the Bible, Lexington, Kentucky (department of Kentucky University); connected with religious newspapers as Correspondent and Editor for over forty years. Clergyman Christian (Disciples) Church; Author of many books.]

A NEGLECTED WITNESS.

An address delivered in Lexington, Kentucky, March 18, 1906.

Four Roman centurions are mentioned in the New Testament and all of them, unlike their superior officers, Herod, Pilate, Felix and Festus, were very noble men. The first mentioned was stationed with his command at Capernaum while Jesus was teaching and healing there. His favorite servant was suffering from a deadly disease, and he was anxious for Jesus to heal him, but felt himself unworthy to present his request in person; so he did it through the elders of the Jewish synagogue. The latter enforced it by saying: "He is worthy that thou shouldst do this for him; for he loveth our nation, and himself built us our synagogue." Here was a rare combination of humility, generosity and faith.

The one best known of the four to modern readers is Cornelius, of Cesarea, of whom the historian attests that he was "a devout man, who feared God with all his house, gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." It was doubtless this high character which led to his being the first Gentile to be admitted into the church. The last of the four in order of time was the centurion Julius who, under orders from Festus, conveyed the Apostle Paul as a prisoner from Cesarea to Rome. The care with which he protected his prisoner, and the many courtesies which he extended to him, point unmistakably to a noble character. It was probably through his kindly commendation that Paul, on reaching Rome, was not thrust into the common prison, but was permitted to live, while awaiting trial before Caesar, in his own rented house under the guard of a single soldier. The fourth, and the one of whom I am to speak, is the one, strange to say, who superintended the crucifixion of Jesus. His name has passed into oblivion and only one brief sentence of all that ever fell from his lips is on record; yet we are justified in enrolling him with his three fellow soldiers as a very noble man, and also as an important, though a neglected, witness for Him whome he crucified.

When Pilate finally consented to the crucifixion of Jesus, it was by the soldiers of this centurion's command that he was scourged and mocked and crowned with a crown of thorns. The centurion, having no reason to doubt that the sentence against Jesus was just, had knowledge of this procedure and permitted it. And when, under command of Pilate, he ordered out the detachment of soldiers who were to crucify Jesus and to stand guard about his cross, he had no ground for doubting the justice of the order. His natural respect for the court's decision and his intuitive

desire to believe guilty the man whom he was about to execute precluded all such doubt. No hangman is willing to doubt the guilt of his victim. We have every reason, therefore, to believe that when the centurion ordered his men into line, he was fully convinced that Jesus was a guilty man.

The Jewish enemies of Jesus had clamored for His crucifixion with the double purpose of bringing His career to an end and by the method of its ending to stamp infamy upon His name. When they cried out, as he hung on the cross: "He saved others, himself he can not save," they meant that he had not in reality saved others, or he could and would save Himself. When they said: "Come down from the cross, and we will believe in Thee," they meant that His death on the cross would demonstrate the falsity of His claims. When they said: "Let God now save Him if He would have Him, for He said He was the Son of God," they meant that God would not and could not fail to save His own Son. The centurion, standing at his post, heard all of these tantalizing arguments, and to his mind they must have appeared unanswerable. His victim did not save Himself and God did not come to His rescue as if He cared for Him. Yet in the face of all this evidence, and in spite of his hostile preconceptions, when the end was come, he exclaimed, while he trembled with fear: "Truly this was a righteous man! Truly this was the Son of God!" What forced this conclusion upon him, and what indication of character is seen in its avowal?

We can find the answer to these questions if we suppose him to have been accosted by Caiaphas, the high priest:

"I am told, sir, that you have pronounced the man whom you have just crucified a righteous man and the Son of God."

"I have."

"How do you dare to say this, when your own governor and superior officer gave sentence against Him, and your own hands have crucified Him?"

"I have said it because I believe it."

"Did you not hear the people while He hung on the cross crying out: 'He saved others, Himself He can not save—come down from the cross, and we will believe in Thee?'"

"I heard it."

"How, then, if He really had power to save others, can you account for His not saving Himself?"

"I can not account for it."

"And did you not hear some of us cry out: 'He trusted in God; let God now save Him if He would have Him, for He said He was the Son of God?'"

"I heard that cry."

"How, then, if He was the Son of God, as you say, can you account for the fact that God permitted His own Son to die on the cross?"

"I can not account for it."

"Your arguments, Caiaphas, appear to me unanswerable and, were it not for other facts that you are disregarding, I should be compelled to agree with you. Harken while I remind you of these facts."

"As my command was marching toward Golgotha, a group of respectable women followed that man, weeping as if their hearts were broken, and drawing as near to Him as my lines would permit. On hearing their cries, that man, with a look of tenderest compassion, as if forgetful of the cross He was bearing, turned His face toward them and said: 'Daughters

of Jerusalem, weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and your children.' Now, Caiaphas, that was not the speech of a criminal deserving to die on the cross. No such man, with a cross on his shoulder, ever uttered such words. My heart was touched and I ordered the soldiers nearest to Him to remove His cross to the shoulders of a stranger we met coming into the city.

"When we reached Golgotha, and the four soldiers whom I had detailed to crucify Jesus, after laying His cross on the ground and stretching Him upon it on His back, began to drive through the tendons of His hands and His feet the rugged spikes on which He was to hang, I saw Him direct His eyes toward heaven and exclaim, in a voice of deep sincerity: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Never, since the world began, Caiaphas, has a criminal worthy of death offered such a prayer for the men who were torturing Him. Never before did even an innocent man offer such a prayer under such torture. He was more than a righteous man, Caiaphas; He was the Son of God; and when He said: 'Father,' He meant it.

"Later, after we had crucified Him, a group of women and one young man were permitted to pass my lines and draw near to His cross. One of them was the noblest-looking woman I ever saw, and her features were like His. I soon discovered that she was His mother. While they stood before Him in grief too deep for words or for tears, I saw Him fix His eye on that woman and say: 'Mother, behold thy son,' and he turned His eyes toward that noble young man. Then to the young man He said, as he turned His eyes back to His mother: 'Son, behold thy mother.' I knew what He meant. I could not be mistaken. His love for that mother was such that, even in the agonies of crucifixion, He provided for her a future home and protector. I know criminals, Caiaphas; I know thoroughly the heartless wretches who die on the Roman cross, and I know that that man was not one of these. No such man as He was ever before crucified.

"Still later, one of the robbers who had at first joined his companion in reviling Jesus, after a long silence, said to Him: 'Jesus, remember me when Thou comest in Thy kingdom.' I do not know what was meant by His coming in His kingdom. That was a strange speech to address to a dying man, but it must have been something to which the robber looked forward after death. Neither could I see why a dying robber should wish to be remembered. He would naturally wish to be forgotten. But the dying Jesus answered him: 'Verily I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise.' I am not sure that I know what paradise is, but I know that the word is used by you Jews and the Persians for a place of pure delight, and I can not doubt that this is what Jesus meant by it. When He died, I feel certain that He went to that place, though it seems a strange thing that the robber went with Him. The other robber made no such appeal, and received no such promise. Now, Caiaphas, I can not believe that the man who made that promise was a blasphemer and a traitor. His words and His tone of voice were as far from those of such a character as the East is from the West.

"Still later, Caiaphas, as you well know, the light of the sun went out at noonday and it was dark for three hours. We thought that the sun itself had perished; but it returned to its place just as the sufferings of Jesus were ended. It is impossible to doubt that this unheard-of omen was connected with the crucifixion of that man. It was the God of

heaven showing His wrath at our cruelty toward His Son. Never before have I felt such fear as I felt then. The cowardly herd of your friends fled away into the city, beating their breasts, and I suspect that you were among them. Near the end of that darkness, the man Jesus cried out: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' I thought for a moment that His God surely had forsaken Him, but soon He uttered another very loud cry, and then, with a tone of resignation, He said: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit,' and, as He said this, His head dropped upon His breast. I knew then that His God had not forsaken Him. And now, Caiaphas, I believe, and I may say I know, that He was a righteous man—that He was the Son of God."

Thus we find that it was by the moral aspects of that dreadful scene of suffering that the centurion's preconceptions against Jesus were overcome and that he was convinced, in spite of objections that he could not answer. It was evidence which only a candid and magnanimous soul could appreciate. And the open avowal of his belief in the presence of the odds that were against him is proof of that moral courage which belongs only to the noblest of men.

Scarcely had the centurion made his confession of faith, when he received an order from Pilate to have the bones of the crucified men broken, and to take their bodies down. He repeats the order to his men, but he observes that when, with heavy clubs, they had broken the legs of the robbers, they passed by those of Jesus. This was disobedience, but he utters not a word of rebuke. How could he rebuke the soldiers for not further mutilating the body of the Son of God?

In another moment, a messenger comes from the governor, attended by a venerable counsellor of the Jews and, with a salute to the centurion, he says: "The governor orders you to deliver the body of Jesus to this man." Already the soldiers had climbed to the top of the other crosses, torn loose the hands of the robbers and let their nude bodies drop like dead hogs to the ground. So they might have done to the body of Jesus but for Pilate's timely intervention. The centurion looks on while Joseph, of Arimathea and Nicodemus, another dignitary of the Jews who came for the same purpose, take down with tenderest care the body of Jesus, wash away the blood which stained it, wrap it in fine linen and costly spices, and gently bear it to a rock-hewn sepulchre near by. What does this mean? Have some of the Jewish elders, by whose clamor Pilate was persuaded to crucify this man, changed their minds concerning Him? And has Pilate himself so changed as to permit this high honor to be paid to the man whom he had sentenced to death? Are the enemies of Jesus beginning to agree with the centurion?

Here the curtain drops on the story of the centurion; but our interest in him forces us to follow him by a sane imagination a little further. When, a few days later, the preaching of the resurrection of Jesus and of His glorification at the right hand of God in heaven, filled Jerusalem with alarm and discussion, is it possible to doubt the stand which he took? How could he now doubt the resurrection and exaltation of Jesus, when he had found even in His death overwhelming proof that He was the Son of God? Did he and Caiaphas meet again? If they did, I hear him say to Caiaphas: "On the day of the crucifixion of Jesus, you asked me two questions which I could not answer, but I can answer them now. You asked me, If Jesus had the power to save men, why he did not save Himself from death on the cross? I can answer now that he suffered of His

own will that He might redeem the world from sin. You asked me why God permitted His own Son to suffer such a death. I answer now, because it was necessary in order that He might be just in justifying sinners who believe in Jesus; and that includes you and me. I can not tell why this was necessary; that is a question for God to answer. If it satisfies Him, He has good reasons for it, and He is not bound to give them to you and me. Perhaps we could not understand them if He did.

Did the centurion become a Christian? And was he finally saved? I can not doubt it; and if I shall be so happy as to stand some day in the radiant throng of the redeemed, I think I shall see him. I shall say to him: "And you are the man who superintended the crucifixion of my Saviour." He will answer: "I must confess that I am; but I can say this for myself, I did it in ignorance and under the command of my military superior, and, when it was done, I was the only man in all that tumultuous throng who dared to speak a word in His favor. In His death, which shattered the faith and hope of all His disciples, I saw proof that He was the Son of God, and I alone of all men then alive declared Him to be what He was and is." Noble centurion!

CHARLES MAYFIELD MEACHAM.

[Charles Mayfield Meacham, Editor "Kentuckian" and Mayor of Hopkinsville, Ky., was born in Christian County, Ky., June 14, 1858; former City Clerk; President Board of Commissioners Western Asylum; County Election Commissioner; President Kentucky Press Association 1893; Member Democratic State Executive Committee past nine years.]

THE TOWN AND CITY.

An after-dinner speech delivered at the Ninth Annual Powell Banquet, at Louisville, Ky., January 22, 1903.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

Your send-off makes me feel like that great Roman poet of whom Cicero said: "The fame that preceded him was only equaled by the applause that followed after him."

I am here in response to an invitation to throw some light upon a question that must necessarily fail to interest many of the four hundred unfortunates exposed to the sound of my voice. I hope, however, that this delicate reference to the four hundred may not be taken as an infringement upon the copyrighted privilege of your own most distinguished journalist.

It is possible that I may fail to hold you spellbound throughout the somewhat lengthy and labored argument I am about to make, because it must be admitted that statistics always appear formidable and uninteresting. I did not choose this subject, and it is Dr. Powell's fault and not mine that this calamity has come upon you at so inopportune a time to destroy the pleasure of an otherwise auspicious occasion.

I am to talk to you about "The Town and the City," and the information I shall give you will be based upon the population statistics of Census Bulletin No. 25. The broadsides of figures with which I am loaded may not throw you into paroxysms of mirth, but they may be relied upon as being authentic, instructive and as merry as Director Merriam could make them.

You will observe that my subject is a double-barreled one. It is the first time I have ever found myself on both sides of a proposition.

A few years ago, when I was a schoolboy, I was, as president of a debating society, called upon to settle many questions that had, up to that time, remained in doubt. Among these problems was one resolving that life in the country is filled with more pleasures than life in the city. Having been called to the presidency like Cincinnatus was called to rule Rome—fresh from the plow—I naturally leaned to the Reuben side of the question, and handed down a decision in favor of the country, upon the ground that it is better to be a big man in a small town than a small potato in a large city. But I am not here to-night to turn back the leaves of time and declare with Cowper that "God made the country, and man made the town." It is not permitted me to talk of pastoral scenes and bucolic pleasures. I am to impart information upon both the town and city. Just think of the magnitude of this subject! It covers the whole universe, excepting a few back precincts, and needs to be divided into many sections.

You must not wonder then if the speech I am to spread over so much territory happens to be a little thin in spots.

When my name was first mentioned in connection with this honor, about the only idea that suggested itself to me was the old saying that "The only thing greener than a country man in the city, is the city man in the country." Then it occurred to me that I could not, with a proper observance of proprieties, enter into a discussion of urban verdancy without seeming to be personal to most of my hearers.

It pains me to see some indications of levity as I warm up to my subject. The bulletin I hold in my hand is a sure antidote for boisterous hilarity, and if you show signs of laughing the buttons off your clothes, I shall feel it my duty to read freely and apply the antidote.

In order to condense my remarks into the brief hour and twenty minutes assigned me, I shall have to localize my subject and give you a lesson in geography. Bordered by five mighty Commonwealths on the north and east, and stretching southward to the historic battlefields of Tennessee, there is found upon the map of the United States a spot that is shaped like a country ham. The fat end rests upon the backbone of the Cumberland mountains and the hock is dipped in the turbulent waters of the mighty Mississippi. That spot is Kentucky; that ham is my meat.

Would that I could pause here to bestow a panegyric upon Kentucky, upon her cities, her towns, her fields of waving grain. There is no brighter star upon Old Glory than our beloved State, no dearer spot on earth than the "Old Kentucky home."

We are told that ancient Gaul was divided into three parts. Modern gall, like everything else, is controlled by a monopoly. The puzzle picture is to look in upon a city crowd like this and find who has it. Likewise Kentucky is divided into city, town and country. The city is the product of evolution. Primitive Kentucky was a vast hunting ground. Then came the fort, the village, the town and finally the city.

There are in Kentucky three hundred and fifty-four cities and towns, divided into six classes. They range all the way from Newfoundland, in Elliott county, with forty-two people, to Louisville, in Jefferson county, with more than two hundred thousand.

You will observe that there are almost as many classes of cities as there are grades of post-prandial orators.

The embryo city is called a town, but is classified as a city of the sixth class. When the town gets large enough to have a policeman with a uniform, a police judge and a lockup, it is promoted to the fifth class.

After the town trustees become councilmen and one of the cops is made chief of police, and likes to be called captain, there is another promotion to the fourth class.

By this time the city is beginning to feel its oats, if I may mix a little agricultural talk as I go along. A new census is taken every few months, and, after a while, the eight thousand limit is reached, and the city, with a glad cry, leaps into the third class. There are now new dignitaries, new responsibilities and a bigger bonded debt.

The next step is to annex the villages and farm lands for several miles around and get up scandals over franchises. There is much talk about the rapid growth of the city and, after a long wait, there is a great day for the patient waiter. Some circus day the watchful assessor catches enough people in town to make it twenty thousand, and lo! there is an addition to the small circle of second class cities.

Beyond this point hope struggles to keep ambition alive. The crowd in the next class is about the size the young man likes to find in the parlor when he calls on his best girl. The rush is over. - There is plenty of room at the top. By some strange coincidence, the first class cities in Kentucky are just equal in number to the real first-class after-dinner speakers. There is but one of each. Louisville, with its old-fashioned buildings, its muddy streets and its Cabbage Patches, is the one and only first-class city in the State. Modesty forbids that I should further discuss the other branch of this subject.

But because Louisville is the only city of her class in Kentucky, it is not necessary that there should be an exhibition of that pride that goeth before a fall. It is true that your city is located on the ham I have mentioned, just where the largest slice is cut, where the juiciest meat is found, a luscious morsel of lean bordered all round with fat. It is true that you have drawn upon the country towns from time to time for preachers, for editors and for business men, until you have supplied yourself with a double share of brains and energy. It is true that you have outgrown all other towns in the State, but you have not yet passed beyond the stage where the lone highwayman can rob a train in your midst.

A hundred years ago, you had but three hundred and fifty-nine inhabitants, and from that beginning your beautiful city has been evolved. It is difficult to tell where the town leaves off and the city begins. One merges into the other as the boy develops into the man.

A young lawyer who argued his first case before a justice of the peace, said he would devote his argument to the evidence, assuming that the court was familiar with the law. Very much to his surprise, the 'squire decided against him, and the cases was appealed from court to court until it finally reached the highest tribunal.

The young man, in presenting his case this time, began at the very fundamental principles of the law and was unfolding his argument in great detail when the chief justice suggested that time was precious, and that the speaker could perhaps shorten his speech by assuming that the court knew the elementary principles of law.

"No, sir," replied the attorney; "I want to do the best I can for my client, and that is the very mistake I made in the lower court."

You laugh at this? Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest military genius who ever lived—with the possible exception of some of our Kentucky colonels. He made more fatal mistakes than any other general ever did. His trip to Moscow was made too late in the fall; his invasion of Africa was a wild goose chase; his battle of Waterloo was fought a day too soon. But Napoleon never made the same mistake twice.

Now I have touched upon the subject of evolution, and, as I want to do the best I can with my subject, I am afraid to assume that this entire court is familiar with the law of evolution.

Darwin's story of evolution is that plant life merged into animal life, probably the microbe. The microbe became a tadpole. Then, by degrees, the tadpole shed his tail and became a frog. The frog, after a season of hopping around, unfolded a tail and became a monkey. Then the monkey, with one link missing, developed into a man and so on up the line.

Next followed an ascending scale of development in man. The naked savage, feasting on his kind, gave way to the more civilized order of being. Then came the improvement of body, the development of mind,

until, finally, through many successive stages of advancement, the managing editor of the daily paper was evolved.

I am not here to say that Darwin was right. This theory destroyed his religion and led him into agnosticism. Away with science when it conflicts with the story of Genesis and destroys the faith of our fathers!

I want to pause here, though, to say that I am not without respect for the monkey, whether he is my ancestor or not. There are many points of similarity between men and monkeys. The human race is divided into three distinct branches—black, yellow and white. The Simian race is divided into three branches—apes, monkeys and baboons. Do you know the difference? Call a man an ape and you compliment his ability to imitate. Call him a monkey, and you flatter his sense of humor. Call him a baboon, and you have a fight on your hands.

I do not stand alone in my respect for the orang-outang. King Solomon seems to have had a fondness for monkeys, as well as wives, and he imported apes from Ophir into Palestine. Even before his day, the Egyptians worshiped them.

It is hardly fair to compare the wild monkey with the educated man. If man begins where the monkey leaves off, we should compare the educated monkey with the wild man; for instance, our royal subject, the Sultan of Sulu, who eats 'em alive.

Professor R. L. Garner, one of the great scientists of the day, has undertaken to elevate the monkey, just as man has been elevated. He has spent years with them in their native forests, has seen them in conventions, has attended their banquets, and claims to have learned their language and professes to be able to converse with them in their own tongue. He has deliberately declared, in a recent article, that some monkeys have more sense than some men, a proposition that I am not prepared to dispute.

Macdonnell, a scientist of the last century, dropped into poetry to express this idea in the couplet:

"Do chatt'ring monkeys mimic men,
Or we, turned apes, out-monkey them?"

But I am not here to answer conundrums, nor to indulge further in personalities in this presence.

"One science only can one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

My specialty is not evolution, or what Darwin calls natural selection. In fact, I am in some doubt as to what my long suit is. It may be stopping State primary elections, but I am not altogether sure.

A distinguished politician once asked a noted preacher what he intended to make out of the lusty youth who was playing on the lawn. The preacher replied: "My wife and I believe in natural selection, and, to find out the bent of the boy's mind, we put him in a room with a Bible, a dollar and an apple. I said to her if, when we return, the boy is reading the Bible, I will make a preacher of him and let him follow in my footsteps; if he has pocketed the dollar, we will make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple, we will put him on a farm. When we returned, the boy was sitting on the Bible, clutching the dollar in one hand and

eating the apple from the other, and I said: 'Wife, this boy is a hog and fit for nothing but a politician.'"

However reluctant you may be to have me quit, the time is approaching when I must tear myself away from you. Before entering upon the brilliant and spectacular peroration with which I shall eventually conclude, I want to thank you very kindly for the patience and fortitude that you have displayed throughout this trying ordeal. I never bored an audience that seemed to take it so good-naturedly or to bear so little resentment. (Applause.)

While waiting for the applause to subside, I was reminded of a sick man who had a talking wife. A doctor was sent for to prescribe for the husband. When he left, he said to the wife: "Your husband is not dangerously ill. All he needs is rest, so I have prescribed this opiate."

"How often shall I give it to him?" she asked.

"Oh, don't give it to him at all; take it yourself."

I think the time has about arrived when I should take the opiate myself to give this nervous audience a rest.

However, I have one more real good thing that I want to get off. It is really the best part of my speech. I have reserved it for the last as a sort of dessert, to leave a good taste in your mouths. It is contained in the three words, I am done.

RICHARD HICKMAN MENEFEE.

[Richard Hickman Menefee, Lawyer, Congressman, Orator, was born in Owingsville, Bath County, Ky., December 4, 1809; educated by his mother and at public school; taught school at fifteen; graduated from Transylvania University; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1830; Commonwealth Attorney in 1832; elected to the Legislature in 1832; Member of Congress 1837-39; retired from political life on account of ill health; practiced law at Lexington, Ky.; died in Frankfort, Ky., February 21, 1841. He married in 1830 the daughter of Matthew H. Jouett, the portrait painter.]

THE MAINE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

A speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., March 1, 1839, on the bill giving the President additional power for the defense of the United States, etc.

The debates on this question have been characterized by such ability and fullness of detail as to spare me the necessity of going at length into particulars of the controversy between Great Britain and the United States, or even into the main points on which the title of the United States to the territory in dispute is founded. I propose but to state the conclusions to which I have come respecting this controversy—conclusions drawn from an anxious and solemn consideration of all the information attainable through the protracted correspondence between the two nations, their debates in Parliament and Congress, or other sources within my reach and to express my opinion upon the measures which the existing emergency demands.

That the whole territory in dispute belongs rightfully to the United States under the treaty of 1783, I do not for one instant hesitate with the utmost confidence to pronounce. It is demonstrable. It has already been demonstrated. Nor, sir, do I hesitate with equal confidence to pronounce that the claim to that territory on the part of Great Britain is altogether unfounded and attempted to be supported by argument too untenable and frivolous, in my opinion, to comport with either the dignity or candor of a great nation. The right, therefore, being more manifestly with the United States, the party who contests it on the palpably insufficient grounds assumed by Great Britain must be held answerable before the world for whatever evils so unfounded a pretension may tend to produce. All nations are tenacious of territory and territorial disputes are, from their nature, more likely than most any other to engender mutual irritation and exasperation, in which both parties are liable to err. But the fault and consequent responsibility for it all lies with the party which, by the assertion of an unjust claim, thus exposes both to such consequences.

It is in view only that I now consider the question of right to the disputed territory and not as furnishing a reason for the measures proposed not to be taken by the United States, for these measures flow from other reasons than those of conviction of this right and of a fixed resolution to maintain it; they flow from an emergency which has lately arisen—new and peculiar.

Great Britain, sir, claims exclusive jurisdiction over the disputed terri-

tory until the dispute shall have been settled. Such a claim urged merely in negotiation would, I think, be unreasonable enough. Assuming that the right is doubtful (which it is not), it is manifest that the claim, merely as such, of one nation is entitled to no higher respect than of another. It can not be presumed, in advance of negotiation and adjustment, that the claim for either is superior. Independent powers must, in respect, be regarded as equals. To concede that the undivided pretensions of either shall be invested with a validity and force denied to the other is to concede away, in some sense, an essential attribute of sovereignty. Yet Great Britain, by her claim to exclusive jurisdiction over the subject of dispute until it shall have been adjusted, arrogates to herself, undoubtedly, this inadmissible superiority over the United States. Nor is the reasoning by which this claim is attempted to be maintained less objectionable than the claim itself—a reasoning founded on the assumption of the principle so humiliating to the United States, that their independence, nationality, territory, were derived from Great Britain by grant imparted by the treaty of peace of 1783; and that, therefore, Great Britain is to be presumed to remain in possession until there has been a transfer in fact. Sir, the treaty of 1783 granted nothing—neither independence, nationality nor territory; that treaty but acknowledged them. For the foundation of all their inestimable rights, the United States point not to the treaty of peace, but to the glorious war of independence which preceded it, to occupation and to the deeds of the noblest ancestry that ever bled in the cause of freedom, to conquest. Sir, I repeat, Great Britain granted nothing; she but acknowledged and recognized what the United States had themselves accomplished, without her and against her.

This claim, therefore, to exclusive jurisdiction until the termination of the controversy, if urged by Great Britain on the general reasoning hitherto advanced in its support, in the most unexceptionable form of negotiation, it would be the duty of this Government, under every obligation of interest and honor, to repel. But, sir, Great Britain of late reposes her claim to exclusive jurisdiction upon another foundation, which, if existing as represented by her, exhibits it in an imposing if not irresistible light; which is, that the United States, in the progress of the negotiation, had concealed, by explicit agreement, the right now contended for. This alleged agreement is asserted in positive terms both by the provincial authorities of New Brunswick and the British minister here. Sir, I (in common, I believe, with the whole country) was surprised, absolutely astounded, by this annunciation, so confidently made and from sources so respectable, of the existence of such an agreement. If this Government has so agreed, the nation was, of course, bound, in faith and honor, to respect the agreement, no matter how injurious to our interests or humiliating to our character. Sir, I can not express the intensity of the solicitude I felt to hear the response which our Government should make to this alleged agreement. Could it be possible that any administration had been so unmindful of interest and regardless of honor as to have made such a concession? This suspense was of short duration. I now rejoice, sir, profoundly and with patriotic thankfulness (as doubtless the nation does, too), over the prompt and unequivocal assurance of our Government that no such agreement does or ever did exist. The British minister is respectfully but earnestly invited to point to the alleged agreement. Sir, it does not exist, and we are left to hope that its existence has been urged under an unintentional misconception of the negotiations between the two Governments. Unsup-

ported, therefore, by this pretended agreement, the claim of Great Britain to exclusive jurisdiction is thrown back upon the untenable and wholly inadmissible reasoning in which it originated.

But, sir, if the grounds which this Government has invariably assumed in resisting the claim by Great Britain to exclusive jurisdiction needed additional support, it is furnished by an explicit understanding between the two Governments that neither party should exert exclusive jurisdiction pending the negotiation, but should be confined to the portions of the territory in dispute, then in the possession and under the jurisdiction of each, without the right to enlarge their then existing possessions or jurisdiction in any respect whatever. This understanding (unlike the agreement set up by the British functionaries) admits of being pointed to and shown. It has been shown. The correspondence shows it. Nor can its existence be contested. This understanding, by itself, arms the United States with an argument against the claim of Great Britain (if the question is to be submitted to the arbitrament of argument) entirely irresistible, so long as the existing understanding shall remain unrescinded.

But, sir, it appears that argument and negotiation are to be discontinued by Great Britain and the more cogent instrumentality of arms to be substituted in the enforcement of this claim to exclusive jurisdiction. It is announced, officially and unconditionally, by the provincial authorities of New Brunswick that they have peremptory instructions from the British Government to enforce this claim by arms, if arms be necessary, and that those instructions shall, at all hazards, be executed, if the powers of the British arms in all the provinces are adequate to their execution. Sir, this new manifestation of purpose wholly alters the aspect of the controversy. It proposes to deprive the United States of the advantages which they obviously possess under an original view of the respective claims of the two nations, unaffected by any agreement or understanding. It proposes to trample under foot an explicit understanding, solemnly and formally recognized, forbidding the pretensions now urged. It proposes, finally and worst, to withdraw the adjustment of her claim from the field of reason and negotiation and to adjourn it over to the field of arms! This, sir, is the new position which Great Britain has chosen to assume. It is altogether her act. She has a right to assume that or any other position she pleases with respect to this controversy; we can not prevent that. The question now, sir, is: "How shall the United States meet this new position?"

Mr. Speaker, I am fully sensible of the comparative insignificance of the territory in dispute. I have, I trust, duly weighed the deep calamities of war in any form, and especially between two nations as powerful and as closely connected in commercial and other relations as Great Britain and the United States. I know that this nation is unprepared for war. I believe I have soberly weighed all the motives to peace. Nor have the dangers to which war must ever expose institutions like ours been unconsidered. All these things have been calmly and resolutely looked in the face, and, in the full view of them all, I stand in readiness to repel the pretensions of Great Britain by reason and negotiation peaceably, if she is disposed to reason and negotiate peaceably, and in perfect readiness to repel her pretensions by arms if she is disposed to compel us to that resort. Sir, if Great Britain persists in backing her pretensions by arms, but one alternative is left us—dishonor or war; and, sir, dishonor the spirit of this nation will not endure. Choice of peace or war is with Great Britain. She will manifest her choice of war by persisting to execute the instructions avowed

by the provincial authorities. For, sir, to the peaceable execution of these instructions this country can not submit, and never will submit; it is the price of its honor to submit. In such an event war is inevitable; on our part a righteous war, upon which the smiles of the God of Battles may be confidently invoked. If Great Britain wills war, let war come! This nation, armed in the righteousness of such a cause, has nothing to fear—all to expect.

In the present posture of this controversy, sir, there is no occasion, nor is it proper to animadvert upon the course of our own Government for several years past in the conduct of these negotiations. That unjustifiable delays have been submitted to may probably be shown. False steps on minor points may have been occasionally taken to our prejudice. This would but afford cause of complaint by the nation against its own Government; whilst, at the same time, the position of Great Britain is rendered by that cause still more indefensible. Nor would this be an appropriate occasion for arraying the wrongs—still unredressed—which this country has suffered from Great Britain by encroachments on other portions of our territory, or the unatoned outrage upon our territory and the lives of our people in the affair of the *Caroline*. These are subjects which stand open for discussion on their own merits and in the mode which becomes them. The present emergency alone is now to be looked to and provided for by itself and for itself, and the measures of legislation taken by Congress should regard the emergency in that light. I am happy, sir, that the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which these momentous subjects were committed, have so regarded it. I agree with them generally in the reasoning of their report—entirely agree with them in its tone.

With respect, sir, to the bill reported by the committee, I regret that it is not in my opinion wholly free from objection. The second section, providing for so large a contingent augmentation of the regular force, is, I think, unnecessary at the present moment. It confers vast discretionary powers upon the President. Those powers may not be abused, it is true, but it is no less true that they are liable to abuse and may be abused. It is in seasons like this that free nations are most apt, in their efforts to guard against dangers from abroad, to forego their accustomed jealousy of power by erecting precedents which plant the seeds of fatal dangers from within. I trust that the committee themselves will, on reflection, perceive the inexpediency of this provision and decline further to press it; nor, sir, should I have recommended as the committee have done, a special embassy to England. I am not sure that the present posture of affairs is such as, in strict delicacy, to require or even warrant it. Yet, sir, in the spirit of forbearance and peace which I hope may ever characterize the counsels of this country, I shall interpose no resistance to the measure, and shall be happy in the expectation that it, among other measures, may conduce to a speedy termination of this unfortunate controversy, peaceably and honorably to both nations.

I have but to add, sir, the expression of my affected and profound desire for peace and, at the same time, my conviction, not less unaffected and profound, that the enforcement by arms of the late pretensions of Great Britain, as threatened by her provincial authorities, is incompatible with honorable peace.

If Great Britain, in violation of our rights and in disregard of her own solemn engagement, shall precipitate a war, this nation, I believe, will, as one man, brace itself for the conflict. Other gentlemen better understand

than I do the spirit existing in their respective sections of the Union. The nation has, in the history of the past, a guaranty that the region in which Kentucky is situated will be found promptly obedient to the calls of the national honor. Satisfy them that peace is dishonorable, and they are for war. They will not inquire how much or how little territory is involved in the dispute; they will not surrender an inch if it involves a sacrifice of the national honor. They will never consent to graduate honor by interest. They fought the battles of the country in the late war, from the Thames to the Balize, over questions wholly maritime, in which they had no direct interest. Yet, sir, the national honor demanded that war; and, maritime in its origin as it was, it found nowhere in the Union more ardent and steadfast votaries than were found a thousand miles in the interior. Sir, as they were prompt then, so they will be prompt now to vindicate to the utmost and to the last extremity the honor of the country. They will not now calculate, as in times past they never have calculated, the sacrifices which such a contest may involve. They regard the maintenance of the national character and honor as paramount to all other considerations, for they see in it the only means of enjoying, in security, any of the inestimable blessings which heaven has plainly reserved for their country. For this they deem no sacrifice too dear. Money, property, blood—count and measure it all—it is yours freely if the vindication of the national honor demands it!

CASSIUS E. MERRILL.

[Cassius Exum Merrill, Editor "Kentucky Magazine," Lexington, Ky., was born in Clark County, Ky., opposite Boonesboro, at the old pioneer home of his maternal great-grandfather, Captain "Billy" Bush, who came from Virginia with Daniel Boone; removed to Mississippi, joined the 22d Mississippi Infantry Regiment, C. S. A., April, 1861; at Bowling Green, Ky., February, 1862, was promoted First Lieutenant from the ranks by General Albert Sidney Johnston; was afterwards Adjutant-General of Thomas M. Scott's Brigade to the close of the war; by profession a Lawyer; by practice a Journalist.]

A MEDLEY OF MEMORIES.

A speech in prose and verse delivered at the Confederate Reunion, Louisville, Ky., May 30, 1900.

How are they blotted from the things that be!"—Walter Scott.

Drifting away beyond an unknown sea—
Not from the memory of you or me!
Slow drop the links. Again, and yet again,
We stronger weld the ever-shortening chain,
Till the far shore which rises from the Past
Seems even this year nearer than the last.

With naked hands,
Once more the Old Line stands!
(Not to be tantalized with serious mention
Of any long unlooked-for, absent-minded pension.)
Legs without feet can bring no dread alarms;
Arms without hands and "all hands" without arms!

Thrice armed are we, long after war's surcease,
Not with the arms of War, but arts of Peace.
Thus with empty hands
The Old Line stands!
Without blast or blare
Of trumpets breaking on the startled air,
And with no roll of drums,
The old Confederate comes.
But with a glad "All hail!"
And with a sad "All hail!"
From hill and vale,
From dimpling lakes
And sunny brakes;
From Rio Grande,
The Western border of a sun-lit land;
From trailing vines
And sentinel pines;
From old Potomac to Biloxi's Isles;

From many a bright bayou,
 To where the sibillant Suwanee smiles,
 Through lily-banks of snow
 We come!
 Battle's array instead,
 To mingle here, the living with the dead,
 To testify the love we bear once more
 For those who linger still and those who're gone before.

God's wooded temples evermore endure,
 Sacred to those who still keep pure
 Honor's unbroken law
 Along the shining heights of Kennesaw;
 By Bull Run's crimson rills;
 All around the heroic city's hills;
 Up Malvern's rugged side—
 Down Shenandoah's tide—
 Along the bristling lines of Seven Pines;
 At Shiloh, deathless name!
 Round Gettysburg's encircling walls of flame,
 By Chickamauga's flood—
 On Franklin's field of blood,
 Go tell the world,
 Which, with one voice, the palm of glory yields
 To Valor's proudest sons and best,
 That on a hundred fields,
 Beside their battered shields,
 Three times three times three hundred rest
 In mute obedience to heaven's high behest! (a)

(a) "Go tell the Spartans that three hundred of their soldiers sleep here in obedience to their laws."—Inscription at Thermopylae.

* * * *

THE BOY HERO OF TENNESSEE.

And lo! Thy matchless boy, oh Tennessee!
 With pinioned arms beneath the gallows tree,
 Looked forth unmoved into the wintry skies,
 The nut-brown ringlets dangling o'er his eyes.
 He by his captors once again implored:
 "Speak the one word; to freedom be restored!"

The lifted signal. "Hold!" the General cried,
 And, springing up, stood by the hero's side:
 "Justice and mercy plead! Why still deny?
 Too young, too noble and too brave to die!
 Your mother, father, sisters, when they learn—
 Even now, perhaps, they wait your long return.
 Dear boy, one word: The real culprit's name!
 'Tis he should bear this penalty and shame.
 Live for your mother! Think a moment how—"

"Not with the brand of fraud upon my brow!
 I and the 'culprit', too, might both go free—
 The broken pledge would haunt not him, but me.
 How light soe'er what promise man may make
 Must be held sacred for his honor's sake.
 My mother—" (choking back the sob but half concealed,
 His head drooped low—at last, must nature yield?)
 "My mother!" flashed again the tear-dimmed eye—
 "At her dear knee she taught me how to die.
 Her loving heart would be too sorely pained
 If to her lips were pressed her boy's with falsehood stained."

"My brave, brave boy!" the pleader urged again;
 "A boy in years, yet worth a thousand men
 Like him for whom, the traitor, coward, knave,
 You'd lay your own brave, young life down to save.
 Speak, speak! Life is so sweet. Be free once more—"

"I never knew how sweet life was before—
 More words are useless, General. Please forgive—
 You're kind, but if I had a hundred lives to live,
 I'd give them all ere I could face the shame,
 And bear through life a base, dishonored name."

The die was cast. Our tears were idle tears
 For him who gave one day and gained a thousand years.
 Centuries on centuries may circle by,
 But still he is not dead—Sam Davis can not die! (b)

(b) Young Sam Davis, aged seventeen years, was captured as a Confederate scout at Pulaski, Tenn., November 27, 1863. Important Federal papers were found on his person as he was escaping back to Bragg's army. His manly, modest bearing so enlisted the admiration and sympathy of officers and men—especially of General Dodge, who commanded the department of Middle Tennessee, that they made every effort to save him after sentence had been pronounced. He was told if he would name the person from whom he secured the documents, he himself should be promptly released. It was afterwards thought that a negro boy about headquarters was guilty, but whoever it may have been, the negro, a Union private or a commissioned officer, young Davis remained firm to the end. "My word is pledged not to tell," said he. "I will die with the secret, but will not betray the one who trusted me." If Major Andre or Nathan Hale had been so tempted, could either have resisted with such fortitude? A few years ago a noble monument to the boy-martyr was erected at his Tennessee home, to which General Dodge contributed liberally.

* * * *

WHAT THE SOUTH WON.

Such sons as this, heroic State,
 Made thee and all the Southland great;
 And, oh, to know
 We loved them so
 Is Time's most sacred recompense!
 They, dying, drew us to that eminence

Which, of all life, is the diviner part,
 And hence
 The Old South comes again
 To testify unto the sons of men
 Her ever-faithful heart!
 It is well
 For those who sleep where they fell,
 Since that brave spot on which the soldier dies,
 Of all this earth, lies nearest to the skies.
 And by His love which shrines our patriot graves,
 Who walked the waters and who stilled the waves,
 She, though her prayers are answered or denied,
 Sees God in all and heaven still justified;
 With royal heart still trod disaster down—
 Above the cross resplendent shone the crown!
 Lo, out of bitterness there came forth sweet!
 Lo, here was victory even in defeat!
 Her dauntless sons drew round the holy shrine,
 Where Liberty maintains her right divine,
 And, from the wreck and ruin of the past,
 Local self-government was saved at last!

The Cause she won, be this her proudest boast,
 Alone should sanctify the Cause she lost;
 Better the one should die before its birth,
 Than let the other perish from the earth.
 Round her immortal brow this chaplet bind:
 In saving this she helped to save mankind! (c)

(c) The victory won by the Southern States for civil liberty and local self-government is the most notable of political history. That triumph has saved all the States, North and South, to the sovereignty designated in the Constitution of the United States, and the settled decisions of the Supreme Court as delivered by Judges Fuller, Harlan, Brewer and other eminent jurists, recognize the principles for which Southern statesmen have always contended.

* * * *

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

And it is well that he,
 Whose life, by heaven's decree,
 Was long preserved to make and keep us free,
 Who stood so long,
 Our bulwark great and strong,
 The central figure of our hopes and fears,
 (Immortal crown of eighty glorious years!)
 He, in the sorrows which our love survives,
 Gave to the State not one, but many lives!
 And, more,
 Long time he bore
 Another Atlas, proud and yet unbent,
 A tyrant's hard decree—vicarious punishment!

And in his breast, defying envious Fate,
Received the arrows leveled at the State.
Who in the forum plead for us,
And in the battle bled for us;
Who suffered cruel pains for us,
And wore the prisoner's chains for us,
And, still victorious, higher and higher rose,
Surviving all his most envenomed foes!
For when, at last, the final summons came,
He left to aftertime a spotless name;
From where magnolia droops her creamy bloom,
And Old Virginia gave her proudest tomb,
He passed—'neath many a spreading festooned arch—
Through weeping States on Death's triumphal march!
Call ye that conquered? With the latest breath,
We hail him victor still, who conquers Fate and Death!

* * * *

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

And what can be said of them, whose heroism, nor words of prose nor rhyme may compass! Oh, glorious womanhood of our Southland, scarred and desolate once, yet sad, tender and sweet always as an angel's dream of heaven and home, many daughters have done virtuously, but ye excelled them all!

Amid the lurid days of war, and the darker days of reconstruction, they hung not their harps upon the willows to sit down and weep by the waters of the social and political Babylon which flowed all round about, but, stripping the jewels from hand and brow, laid them upon the insatiate altars of sacrifice. With deft and delicate fingers, they bent above the wash tub and plied the shuttle as if such duty had been the one pleasure of a lifetime; and if, meantime, came unbidden tears, cold, silent and dark, they were shed in secret where no eye could see, and for the father's, the husband's and the brother's sake they wove smiles alone and sunshine into the warp and woof of daily toil. She brought forth from its attic the long-forgotten loom, and the old spinning-wheel crooned anew its music in the parlor. When all the sons and sires had marched away, they fed from fallow fields and clothed the naked. She laid her hand to the spindle—her hands held the distaff. She opened her mouth with wisdom and on her tongue was the law of kindness. From the depths of her own poverty she stretched forth her hands to the needy. From bed-room and parlor she cut the carpets into blankets for her soldiers on far-off fields and, with half-clad feet, on naked floors and over thorny paths, walked the way to such victory as man had never achieved and time has never recorded. Her children rise up and call her blessed—her children's children praise her in the gates. Monuments of brass may crumble into dust, the memory of earth's conquerors may fade into oblivion, but thy one virtuous name, O woman of the dear Old South, shall shine a beacon star on history's page to all heroic souls forever!

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA.

Soldiers of North or South, on you 'twas laid.
To deal and feel the shell, the ball, the blade.
Per aspera ad astra: Darkest nights
Lead ever upward to sublimer heights.
Too hard we've learned the lesson to forget,
If love of country be our watchword yet;
And thou, oh God, whose hand is over all—
Who know'st nor time nor space nor great nor small,
Whose chariots are the clouds, whose lightnings are
Thy messengers, and pestilence and war—
Whose milky baldrick, far from East to West,
Is but the jewelled girdle round Thy breast;
Thy voice the thunder when the storms prevail—
Thy smile the rainbow and Thy breath the gale,
Be with us still and keep our whole broad land
Safe in the hollow of Thy outstretched hand,
Till each shall learn, whate'er he makes or mars,
We needs must pass through rough ways to the stars. (d)

(d) "Soldiers of the Union, Republicans and Democrats alike, with you we have no quarrel. We felt your heavy arm in the hour of battle, but above the cannons roar we heard your kindly voices calling, 'Brothers, come back!'"—Ben. Hill's speech replying to Blaine in Congress, 1873.

THOMAS METCALFE.

[Thomas Metcalfe, Governor, United States Senator, was born in Fauquier County, Va., March 20, 1780; died in Nicholas County, Ky., August 18, 1855; his parents were poor, emigrated to Kentucky and settled in Fayette County; after a few months in a country school he worked with a stone cutter, devoting his leisure to study; he served in the war of 1812, and commanded a company; Member of the Legislature three years; Member of Congress from December, 1819, till June 1, 1828; Governor of Kentucky 1829-1833; Member of the State Senate in 1834; President of the Board of Internal Improvement in 1840; appointed United States Senator in place of John J. Crittenden (resigned), serving from July 3, 1848, till March 3, 1849, when he retired to his farm.]

THE CONFEDERATED REPUBLIC, STATE RIGHTS AND PROTECTION TO NATIONAL INDUSTRIES AND TO OCCUPANT FARMERS.

A speech delivered by Thomas Metcalfe in July, 1828, to the voters of Nicholas County, announcing his candidacy for Governor.

Fellow Citizens of Kentucky:

It is known to you that I have consented to become a candidate for Governor of the State of Kentucky. You are fully apprised of all the circumstances under which I have been induced thus to present myself to your consideration. If, upon that scrutiny which it is your duty to make, a just appreciation of my character and qualifications shall determine you to withhold from me your support, whatever may be my regret, I shall have no right to complain. Permit me to assure you that if I had been governed solely by the dictates of my own conscience, I certainly should not have assumed the attitude in which I am now placed before you. But there are times and occasions, in the course of public affairs, when the citizen should yield his opinion to that of his friends and sacrifice all his anticipations of a tranquil and peaceful retreat from the perplexities and troubles of political strife upon the altar of his country.

Fully aware of the indications which I have received of public sentiment, you will not accuse me of inordinate ambition, although you may not think proper to give me your support. I must have been insensible to the obligations of so much friendship and confidence, and not duly mindful of the duties of a citizen, had I been inattentive to the voice which nominated me as a candidate. Under such circumstances, no alternative was left me but to stand the election, or turn ingloriously from the cause from which I believed the best and dearest interests of my country to be deeply, vitally and permanently involved. I have, therefore, taken my ground under a firm resolution to bow with the utmost deference and respect to the decision of that tribunal at whose bar I stand; and that majority which, in the end, must and ought to prevail.

After having numbered many years in the discharge of high official trusts, I might content myself by referring you to the past as best evidence of my political views, as well as my qualifications to serve you in the future. But in times like the present, when we appear to be rapidly and

unconsciously approaching the whirlpool of anarchy, when the public mind is distracted with so many conflicting views and interests, or supposed interests, when by the ambition of bold and daring aspirants, sectional jealousies are excited and encouraged, when the vital principles of the Constitution are not only insidiously but openly assailed, when the most important questions of constitutional power between the Federal and State governments are newly starting into vigorous existence with great malignity of aspect, and long and well-settled questions re-agitated to disturb the delicate and nicely-balanced equilibrium, it becomes the duty of lovers of peace and good government, by all honorable means, to endeavor to avert the fatal consequences of the gathering storm.

It is vain, fellow citizens, to attempt to disguise the melancholy fact that we have amongst us many querulous and speculative political schemers who are endeavoring to exhibit the Federal and State governments to the public mind in the unreal and unnatural attitude of angry rivals for power; unless those mischievous harbingers of anarchy are promptly met, resisted and defeated, by the intelligence and patriotism of a virtuous people, their wily struggles will unhinge all the fastenings and snap every ligament that binds us together as one great, prosperous and powerful nation.

Is it not undeniably true, has not experience unequivocally proven, that the ingenuity of man could not have devised a form of national government better suited to the important objects designed to be secured and constituting a safer depository of useful delegated authority than that of this confederated republic? I here allude to powers which are not claimed by States and which could not be exercised by any one of them separately. For I will not disguise the fact that I am myself devoted to States' rights and decidedly opposed to the slightest advances of Federal encroachment. But I would not paralyze the energies of the national Government by denying to it the power to guard our national independence and individual rights against the encroachments of foreign governments—prostrate not my country at the footstool of foreign monarchies, the crouching suppliant of their mercy.

I will not indulge in any gloomy forebodings as to the probable downfall of the republic. This would evince an unmanly distrust of the virtue and intelligence of my countrymen. But as an old public sentinel, accustomed to watch the progress of political affairs, to note the passing events and carefully to guard against all tendency to disunion, I will not cry from the watch-tower, "All's well," while the enemy lies in ambush or lurks around the fortress. The enemies of the republic are on the alert. Their assaults have been upon the weakest points; they have discovered where we are the most vulnerable to their attacks. They are clothed in the habiliments of friendship and in this disguise are endeavoring to overturn the citadel. It is our duty to disrobe them of the mantle which they have put on and to expose them to the public and to themselves in all their naked deformity, for I charitably believe that the most of them know not what they are doing.

Look, fellow citizens, at the memorials and resolutions of some of our sister States of the South. They deny that Congress has the power to do that which was done by the very first Congress that assembled under the Constitution, composed in part of some of the most illustrious framers and advocates of that instrument; that which has been repeatedly sanctioned by subsequent Congresses and by every President from Washington, the great Father of his Country, to the present day; they deny that

Congress has the power to protect our national industry against foreign competition and disturbance. To me it appears clear that it is not only the right, but the duty of the nation, by an enlightened forecast, to provide for ourselves the articles of food, raiment and self-defense; to guard against the evils resulting from caprices, the changes and vicissitudes of other nations to multiply our pursuits, and give variety to productive labor, so as to ensure profitable employment, with the other means of subsistence and comfort, to our whole population, of every genus, age, sex or condition. Does not a variety of useful and productive occupations imply real knowledge, as well as individual and national wealth? Not confined to a particular spot, or compelled to pursue any designated occupation, how can any one portion of the community be enriched at the expense of the rest? Are all the great leading interests of society so very discordant that the prosperity of the one necessarily involves the others in ruin and destruction? Can good patriots and statesmen believe that the American system, emphatically so called, is a system of exclusion or monopoly? Let us pursue the policy which presents the strongest incentives to and opens new and additional sources of industry; multiply the mechanic arts and all the useful pursuits of civil life, not forgetting to encourage and foster the production of such of the fruits of the earth as a bountiful Providence hath adapted to our soil and our climate. It is by this division of labor that we diminish the number of persons employed in a particular branch of business, and consequently enhance the profits of all; enrich the nation and secure to the hand of industry the fruits of its labor. In short, if this American system dispenses peculiar favors to particular classes of the community, it is to those who toil. The enterprising forecast of our citizens will secure them against oppression and prevent monopoly. No one branch of business will, or can, for any considerable length of time, be more profitable than another. That which is most profitable now will soon fail, and that which is least profitable will rise until each shall have found its proper level. The labor and capital of intelligent people will naturally flow into the most lucrative channels, until each shall have received its appropriate supply. In exercising this power, however, I admit that great deliberation and caution, and even forbearance, ought to be observed, especially in selecting the items and fixing the rate of duty, so various and diversified are the interests to be temporarily affected by it. But to surrender the power will be to surrender the destiny of this nation to foreign legislation and hostile policy. In the compass of the address, I can do no more than barely touch (as I have attempted to do) upon a few of the more prominent points in which this great national question is to be viewed.

There are various other subjects upon the constitutionality and expediency of which distinguished statesmen and the Legislatures of the different States disagree. We have within the bosom of our country many free persons of color, a degraded case, a miserable and wretched population, whose condition, while they remain among us, no length of time can improve. The pernicious effects of their mixed society will be felt and deplored to the latest posterity. Religion, sound policy and humanity unite in dictating their removal. A benevolent society, with the most flattering prospects of success, are endeavoring to remove such of them as may voluntarily consent to go to the land of their fathers. The Legislatures of some of the States (and Kentucky, to her honor, among them) united in this benevolence of Congress to aid and give countenance to their philanthropic

undertaking. But some of the States solemnly protest against all such interference and denounce it as an infringement upon the rights of States, or of individuals. I am free to declare, both upon the grounds of principle and expediency, that the objects of the society have my entire approbation. Our own country would be greatly benefited by the removal of a burdensome population, while there is a fair prospect of ameliorating their condition and a lively hope of extending the blessings of civilization and the rights of the Christian religion over the land of their barbarous and beknighted forefathers.

There is yet one subject, fellow citizens, which I hold to be sufficiently interesting to many, if not to all of you, to justify me in noticing it in this address; and I certainly would not notice it for the sake of all fleeting popularity which I have been sorry to see some of its pretended and time-serving votaries gain by it. I have availed myself of every opportunity to sustain the occupant farmers of the State against the wrongs and injuries which they have endured on account of the landed litigation in which they have been involved. I have long looked upon the uncertain tenure of the home of the husbandman as a grievance of the utmost magnitude and not to be borne or tolerated by an intelligent people. And to pretend that Kentucky has surrendered so much of her sovereign power as a member of the Confederacy that she can not secure to the fair and bona fide occupant, who may have the misfortune to lose his land, the value and capital which he had invested in improvements, is, to my mind, but little short of an outrage upon the common sense of mankind. It is a doctrine at war with every just conception of the sovereign powers of a State. It is here that I would erect my batteries in the defense of "State rights." I would defend the right of a State to defend the right of a State, to guard its citizens against injustice and oppression, to promote their peace, prosperity and happiness by the exertion of powers from which some practical good might be expected to flow; and not for the ignoble purpose of obstructing the operations of the general Government, of paralyzing its energies and producing disorder and confusion, without having in view any practical good to the state of its inhabitants. Of the constitutionality of the act of 1812, concerning the occupants, I have never doubted. I believed, and do still believe, that the amendments proposed by myself to that law were also constitutional, founded on principles of justice and dictated by the soundest policy. The act to which I referred is not only defective, but absurd in some of its provisions. It does not secure to the fair and bona fide occupant, who has the misfortune to lose his land, the value of his improvements, but, in most cases, it authorizes the successful claimants to compel the occupant to keep the land and to pay its value, not in its wild state, as when the occupant seated upon it, but pay its value at the time of assessment. That value, as estimated by the commissioners, exceeds, in some instances, the full amount for which the land and improvements can be sold, and in other instances to nearly as much, so as to sink in part or toto the improvements. Besides, this law authorizes the successful claimant to disposses the occupant before he pays for his improvement, even when the former elects to oust the latter, instead of compelling him to buy land. I would only add that, in my opinion, the Legislature is bound, by every consideration of justice and sound policy, to go to the utmost extent of its constitutional competency to guard the occupants of the State against the wrongs and injuries which they have endured and to put to rest forever that most ruinous and afflicting source of litigation.

Inheriting no part of this world's wealth, an orphan yet in his minority, I adopted the creed that true dignity, as well as public and private utility, consists in discharging the various duties of life according to the condition in which our respective lots may be cast and the circumstances by which we are surrounded and, consequently, I went to work. With a light heart and a free good will did I go to work, firmly resolving under the auspices of a kind Providence, to do as much in my limited sphere of action, and the still more limited means at my command, was in my power to do, rejoicing especially that my lot had been cast in a republic established by the intelligence and consecrated by the blood of our brave and virtuous forefathers; I rejoiced the more on account of that equality of rights and privileges which such a Government dispenses to all classes of society—to the sons and daughters of adversity, as well as to those upon whom showers of prosperity have fallen—a Government stimulated by so many incentives and holding out so many inducements to useful, virtuous and honorable action.

For my political advancement I am not indebted to the smiles of the great and powerful; to that unchastened and partisan zeal which omits to scan the fair pretensions of candidates for public favor and to discriminate according to merit; to no political intrigues, no juggling combinations, or to any other cause, the recollection of which brings with it either shame or remorse. As the resident of a little valley, cut off by the neighboring hills from the wealthy and populous sections of the country, but little known beyond the bounds of a militia company, at the head of which it had been the pleasure of those who composed it to place me, my respected toiling neighbors selected me as one of themselves to run for the Legislature. It was here that my public career received its first impulse, extending first over my county and finally over the congressional district. At the call of that class of citizens, of which I am an humble member, have I, on various occasions, laid down the instruments of my daily labor to serve them and my country, both in civil and military capacities, at home and abroad. It is to them that I am indebted for my elevation to office. It is to them that I am bound in all sacred obligations of gratitude and respect. And no man shall deprive them of my sincere acknowledgements or rob them of their due by any unhallowed or any unworthy imputations of the day. Justice, honor, gratitude, and even self interest, still bind me to them. Our avocations and pursuits are the same, our interests inseparable.

I now tender myself to your consideration, just as I am, a plain man with no extravagant confidence in my power to serve you, but with some practical knowledge of the politics and interests of my country, attempting to draw no invidious comparisons, to make no demagogical distinctions, but especially devoted to the interests of my brethren by profession and practice, believing that upon their prosperity rests that every other profession which is entitled to consideration.

REUBEN A. MILLER.

[Reuben A. Miller, Lawyer, Owensboro, Ky., was born in Ohio County, Ky., November 6, 1857; former County Attorney, Hancock County, and former State Inspector and Examiner.]

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

An address delivered at the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society, held at Owensboro, Ky., in May, 1897.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the State Medical Society:

If the laity may judge at all of those solemn visaged and familiar household tyrants who come to us in sickness and cheerfully torture us back to health, I will say that if there be any in this life who do have a royal road to success, they have it. As stated in the morning paper, it is impossible for us to do without them, and the trouble is that they know it. We bravely scout their skill and prowess when we are well, and talk wisely of Nature's recuperative forces, and all that, but when we are ill, or think we are, which is much the same, we straightway forget our philosophy, lower our colors ingloriously in the face of the enemy, rush again into the dear old bondage and send for the doctor.

There is within the breast of the dullest and most prosaic a sentiment, akin to reverence, and which is almost a superstition, in favor of the old family doctor, and it imperiously demands his presence and his services upon the slightest provocation. Just what this sentiment is we do not know. Mental and moral philosophers have not agreed concerning it. It seems to be universal; it certainly is spontaneous in the mind, and clearly it is not the product of any process of reasoning. It defies explanation; it eludes analysis; it passeth understanding. We only know that it exists, and that, while it may be latent in health, it is dominant in times of trouble.

If it were possible to do so, I would not unduly magnify the high and priestly office of the family physician, but in the sharp and perilous crises of life, especially in that dark hour when the home is hushed and when loving hearts are waiting to be blessed with hope or broken by despair, his very presence is an inspiration, and his words of encouragement come like a benediction. This tender relationship endears him to every hearthstone and virtually incorporates him into every family circle. Will you pardon a local example with just a tint of local coloring? A few months ago, there died in this city a white-haired veteran of your profession, who had spent his life among our people. He was one of the most accomplished and enlightened physicians of the Commonwealth. He was one of the noblest philanthropists that ever lived. He was one of the truest gentlemen I ever knew. He died universally regretted, and his death brought to every man who knew him well a deep sense of personal loss. He has gone, but his works do follow him, and this whole community is ready to rise up and call him blessed. Though Dr. Tyler peacefully sleeps in Elmwood to-night, and green be the sod above him! his name

is a household word in every home in Owensboro. He was an ideal family physician and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of those who loved him.

I can not say too much for the learned profession to which you belong. At the most important junctures of human life, and in its most trying and dramatic passages, it comes as the supreme counselor and constitutes the last earthly refuge. Not only is this true when, as an applied science, it alleviates the pangs of the suffering and restores to the glorious aristocracy of health those who are about to languish and to die, but it is likewise true when it comes to the aid of baffled justice in the court house and directs her faltering footsteps into the straight and narrow way. When important questions of life, liberty and property are pressing for solution, and the ordinary means of investigation are confessedly inadequate, when those charged with the proper determination of these questions are groping in a veritable labyrinth of doubt and incertitude, anxious to do right, but so very liable to do wrong, the physician comes with his skill and learning, with his microscope and with his almost miraculous X-ray, and lays bare the mystery. In truth, I know of no higher office or function in civil society than that performed by the doctor in court. To the innocent, he is a savor of life until life; to the guilty, of death unto death.

While for centuries the medical profession was retarded by that persistent conservatism that was at once its weakness and its strength, within the last five or six decades it has received a new birth and has advanced with such tremendous and gigantic strides that it has put to shame the achievements in every other branch of polite learning. To what heights or depths your researches are still to be extended, it would not become us to conjecture. It does seem, however, that, in these closing days of this wonderful century, the ultimate forces and reserved treasures of Nature are just coming into action and possession and that you, more than all others, are to be the ministers through whom they are to inure to the benefit of mankind. From the earliest times, the medical profession has exercised a most potent and beneficent influence on the affairs of men. It has left its mark on every day and generation. It has not only participated in every conquest in the realm of thought and shared the peaceful but splendid triumphs of philosophy, but, be it said to its everlasting honor, it has been identified with every close and doubtful struggle for human liberty since the days of eld, and it has resisted the aggressions of arbitrary power in every quarter of the globe and in every period of its history.

Its votaries in times past have poured out their blood on the altars of patriotism and the down-trodden and the lowly have been aided and blessed by the rich oblation. They have sacrificed themselves on each of the hard-fought fields that served as stepping-stones in the world's progress, and I speak but the truth of history when I say that they have been in the advance guard of civilization in all its triumphant march from Orient to Occident. But, better than all this, there have been unnumbered thousands of patient heroes in that profession whose unwritten lives have been devoted to the relief of individual suffering and individual wretchedness, and who must forever be unknown, except to those who would read "the short and simple annals of the poor."

From Galen, the wonder-worker, the companion and friend of Marcus Aurelius, to that good old Scottish doctor, whose life and labors have been idealized by the genius of Watson, the members of your profession, with a self devotion that is all their own, and with a magnificent altruism that other professions would do well to emulate, have given themselves to the

betterment of their kind and to the increasing of the sum of human happiness.

If the ancient Greeks had their Demosthenes in oratory, their Praxiteles in sculpture and a thousand demi-gods in war, you have a right to remember that in your own Hippocrates they had an iconoclast who, at Athens, in Thessaly and at Dèlos, cast out the sorceries and incantations with which superstition had blinded the eyes of men for ages and first applied to the healing art the principles of inductive philosophy.

There is no fact in the history of that classic land, there is not a legend in her song or story, not a dream realized in her imperishable marble, nor a passion caught in the immortality of her paintings, that can deserve to survive the record made by him who is called the Father of Medicine.

I can not refrain, in conclusion, from congratulating you, and the people of Kentucky as well, on the superb organization which your society has effected, and on that most admirable "esprit de corps" which marks its action and gives such promise of its future. It is a most auspicious sign and it should be hailed as the harbinger of still greater usefulness to the people who are, and must ever be, the grateful beneficiaries of your labor.

RICHARD W. MILLER.

[Richard W. Miller, Lawyer, was born in Richmond, Ky., September 25, 1869; died in Richmond, Ky., June 29, 1906; graduate of Central University of Kentucky, class of 1888; Lecturer in History and Instructor in Law School of Central University; Member of Legislature of Kentucky 1904-05-06.]

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT IN THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

A speech delivered at the Home Coming Festivities on Foster Day, at Louisville, Ky., June 14, 1906.

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home," and in the fruitful richness of a radiant June, when, from every section of this imperial republic, the sometime gone, but always loved and unforgotten, wanderers are gathered home again, it is fitting that, called into being by the generous contributions of the children of the public schools, the little ones, whose laughter makes home bright and whose abiding love fills this mortal life with more than mortal beauty, there should be dedicated a stately statue to the memory of the man whose gentle genius caught the spirit of the Commonwealth and gave its noblest sentiment enduring sweetness in the lingering melody of a deathless song.

I have no sort of sympathy with the philosophy of Diogenes, which goes up and down this good world, lifting its smoking lantern upon the poor weakness and wretched failure here and there, losing sight of splendid progress and sublime achievement, everywhere bearing voiceful witness to man's kinship with heaven. The songs that are immortal, the thoughts which linger to inspire, the deeds whose fragrance abide in benediction are those which speak of courage, of truth, of love and righteousness, lengthening the horizon of human hope and enlarging all life's limitations.

At the first note of the "Marseillaise," the Frenchman straightens for the charge; amid the solemn cadences of "God Save the King," the Englishman bows to the accumulated reverence of centuries; at the swelling rhythm of the "Star Spangled Banner," the eyes grow misty in the recollections of a patriot's longing for the dawn, and we salute the flag that carries a nation's history and is resplendent with the glory of its hopes; "Yankee Doodle" stimulates and "Dixie" stirs to madness, but one song, "My Old Kentucky Home," alone has power to soothe the restless pulse of care, and it comes like the benediction that follows after prayer. It voices a sentiment, it speaks a message, it stirs the deep wells of the heart as nothing else has power to do.

It conjures visions of a rich and radiant land stretching out from swelling waves of rivers roll to the towering beauty of the mountains' power; of tableland, where life runs sweet and all that's fair and pure and good makes ministrations unto man; of spreading fields; of stately trees; of waving grain; of verdant green; of matchless grass; of cattle feeding on a thousand hills; of woman's beauty and of manhood's strength; of stately homes, gleaming white through avenues of trailing trees—the center of a people's life, because still the center of a people's love; of a unique

and strangely wrought civilization, presenting the peculiar commingling of feudal tradition and democratic history.

It voices the impulse of the heart; it speaks of firesides and of household gods; its music has enriched the world. Love hums it in a whisper above the swinging cradle, where the smile of sleeping childhood bears witness that in dreams it sees the angels passing. On blood-stained fields, where moving armies thirst for blood, it has purged the heart of hate; in crowded cities heaving with thirsty lust and greed for gold; in the waste places of the earth; in the glory of the morning's kiss; in the mellowing shadows of purple twilight; at home, abroad, in places familiar to the feet of man and in the distant islands of the sun-kissed seas, we hear it, and always and everywhere the eyes grow misty in the shade of unshed tears, and the heart beats strong and true, responsive to the conscious call of home.

So it is fitting that to-day, when joyous, whole-souled welcome makes glad the pulsing heart of countless thousands, there should be here unveiled in tardy but devoted justice a statue to the memory of Stephen Collins Foster.

Kentucky has lost less of its kinship with the past than any other of the five and forty Commonwealth whose united powers and concentrated lights have led the world to freedom. Within her borders life's conditions have been little changed. With singular devotion, her people have held to the old ideals, and the natural continuity of her destiny has not once been broken.

Cavalier and Puritan have mingled blood and neither type is longer local; Huguenot and Scotch Irish have gone through the crucible together and fused the best characteristics of each; Catholic and Covenanter have forgotten the bitterness and rancor of the other older days in a common zeal for souls. Johnstown is swept out with the rush of angry waters, Jacksonville feels the breath of killing pestilence, Galveston surrenders to the sea, San Francisco trembles into smoking ruins—one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin, and the noblest and best exhibition of our oneness is given to the world. There is no North nor South nor East nor West, but one flag, one country and one destiny.

Peace and plenty smile upon a happy, a contented and prosperous people. Science has harnessed Nature to the service of humanity; art has been led captive to human comfort; material blessings have been showered about us; thought receives its recompense and labor has its honest wage; intelligence is multiplied; education is universal; and thus, with peace prevalent, the law supreme and liberty regnant, in the conscious courage of a deathless hope, we journey to a future beyond the reach of vision, saying to one another, as simply and as truly as it was said more than three thousand years ago, in that far-off meadow by the margin of a mystic sea: "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people and thy God shall be my God."

Whilst all of this is true, in some strange way the Kentuckian has always preserved his individuality, has never lost his identity, and we love to look upon him as a Saul among his brethren, so marked by physical, racial and temperamental characteristics that you may mark him among a thousand. There must be reason for it, and I think that in his history we will find the causes that differentiate him from the most of men.

Roll back the curtain which separates the things that are from the things that have been, and a great procession goes trooping by—a pro-

cession whose visions move the heart and stir the soul and stimulate to high endeavor. From older settlements, across the hills, a dauntless company starts out and strikes into a trackless wilderness to fix anew, within an unknown land, the outposts of civilization. It winds its way through the Gap—along what afterwards became the Old Wilderness Road, until entranced by beauty more than human, it bivouacked by the Hudson of the West and lighted the first camp-fires in the dark and bloody ground, and reared the old stockade at Boonesboro. There brave and heroic men and still braver and more heroic women claimed a wilderness for civilization and won, through sacrifice and suffering, in blood and agony and travail, a sylvan paradise for peace. The company from beyond the Alleghanies grew and, with dauntless courage and consistent effort, in places, long since overgrown and near forgotten, they laid broad and deep the foundations of a free and independent State.

In all of the glorious annals of our dominant and dauntless race, there is no more inspiring page. It was a new experiment. It was the first settlement in human history which left the touch of older settlements and hurled itself across the mountains, three hundred miles from the next outpost of civilization. It was a conspicuous success. It produced a society and developed a civilization as unique as they are winsome and attractive. In the hardships, toil and dangers, in the sympathy, the succor and success, in the splendid isolation of earlier days which only men with iron in their blood were fitted to endure, we find the reason for that strong, strange love of home and home life; that sturdy, stalwart, almost reckless independence; the self-reliance, the poise, the splendid courage, the conscious power, the love of right, the hate of wrong, that marks the Kentuckian everywhere and makes him leader of his kind.

This was the man who made up that intrepid band, which caught the fire of Clark's magnetic genius and went through snow and ice, through hardships beyond speech and difficulties that immortalized endurance, to add the Northwestern empire to the republic. It was men grown out of such stock, who, with prescient statesmanship, "dipped into the future as far as human eye could see, caught the wonders of the world and the glories yet to be," read the unborn future and blazed the way to the free navigation of the Mississippi and the inevitable acquisition of the Louisiana territory. Their rifles won the battle of New Orleans, and their rich, red blood, freely shed, was the precious incense through whose smoke Texas was added to the stars. In the great conflict of '61, divided between allegiance and love, some went to each army, and, wherever they marched or fought or died, they bore themselves as men. And, when the shock and strife was over, the Commonwealth they loved was the first of all States to blot from her statute books every law born of the hate of war, and opened wide her arms and bade her children come home again, and soothe their wounds and rest their bruised heads upon the loving bosom of a mother who loved them both alike.

This is the history, lingering like an inspiration; this the environment, of which the Kentuckian has wrought his destiny at home. The currents of the larger world have often passed him by. Immigration has made small impress on either his character or stock. Living close to Nature, stimulated by the soil's strong touch, building home and loving it, not given to large accumulation, drinking the sweetness of the simple life, he has preserved at once his independence and his high ideals. Proud of his Com-

monwealth, jealous of his honor, quick of temper, but quicker to forgive; free from envy, malice, hate, strangely free from polluting the touch of that sordid commercialism which, in the avarice of graceless greed, multiplies riches in the sweat of unremunerated labor and gathers wealth through the sufferings of unrequited toil, loving justice, doing equity, building on the conservatism of an established law, he has kept the faith as it came down from the Father.

To-day, well across the threshold of a century for the sweep of whose enlarging visions the past affords no measure, this Commonwealth, founded in faith and builded in courage, faces a radiant morning, big with promise, bright with hope. It is a very precious privilege to be called to the kingdom for such a time—to be privileged to participate in the great movements that make for a broader and nobler material development, a more abundant and abiding destiny, a richer impulse and a deeper patriotic purpose, for loftier standards of public and of private life, for sterner tests of personal and corporate honesty, for civic righteousness and truth and justice regnant and supreme.

And here to-day, in the hallowed associations of these happy scenes, recalling radiant days that were and glorious days ahead, as we gather from the corners of the earth in loving communion in a place that will always be to all of us a common home, the Kentuckian at home gives you this pledge, that burying all the bitterness and rancor of the other older days—if bitterness and rancor there have been—forgetting all that has been unjust, forgiving all that has been unkind—if any such has been—not in anger nor in strife, not in discord or confusion, freed of faction and purged of selfish purpose, in a spirit of high devotion, with deep convictions and unfaltering faith, looking always up and never down, constructing, not destroying, in love and fellowship and fraternity, we lay the honest and unselfish service of loyal and devoted hearts and lives on the common altar of our common faith, as we set the new Kentucky forward on her endless journey along a luminous highway, leading to a destiny beyond the reach of vision, within the providence of God.

ALEXANDER REED MILLIGAN.

[Alexander Reed Milligan, Professor of Latin in Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky., was born in Washington, Pa., December 21, 1842; educated at Bethany College and Kentucky University, entered the latter as a student September 19, 1859, and has been connected with the University ever since, as Tutor, Professor, Principal of Academy, and acting President; received degrees A. B. in 1861, A. M., in 1864, and LL. D. in 1902. His father, Robert Milligan, was the first President of Kentucky University.]

MARGARET McDANIEL WOOLLEY.

A memorial address delivered at a meeting held in Morrison Chapel of Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky., Sunday afternoon, February 2, 1902, in token of respect for the memory of Miss Margaret McDaniel Woolley, a student of the University, who died January 30, 1902.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is now a little more than a score of years since the birth of a daughter brought a new and an increasing joy to parents who were then lodging in a house which is next to that in which I have my home. The removal of the family not long afterward first to other lodgings and then to their permanent residence in a part of the city to which my duties have but seldom carried me, took my little neighbor from my sight and from my remembrance. Three years ago last September, a young lady, in the full bloom of youth and health and beauty, came to my recitation-room to ask my aid in arranging a schedule of her studies. She knew exactly what she desired to study. I gave my judgment as to the course of study that she ought to pursue, and then I arranged a schedule in accordance with her wishes. My further recollection is that she came to me again, after the lapse of a year or more, that I might change her program of a special course to one which would lead to the degree which, had her life and health been spared, she would soon attain, probably with that highest distinction which, before any consideration of the matter by the faculty, was conceded to her by the justness of her unselfish classmates. I have recently learned that Miss Margaret Woolley was my little neighbor of twenty years ago.

Miss Woolley was a member of my department for but one term. I can not, therefore, speak of her as can those who had better opportunities of knowing her intimately. I observed her, however, as she moved among us, and I recognized in her one of those students whose example and influence are among the strongest supports of those who are charged with the administration of institutions of learning.

Less than three weeks ago, she began to be missed from her place in Morrison Chapel. Except by those who knew the reason of her absence, nothing was at first thought of it. She had been in attendance after the long Christmas recess, and in her case every other valid explanation of absence would have suggested itself before illness could be thought of. As her illness grew serious, then dangerous, then sure to have a fatal result, anxiety deepened in the minds of her friends in the university and throughout the community. There came then a revelation of the strong hold

which she had on the interest of all who had observed her life. When the end came, at dead of night last Thursday, the gloom that shrouded and the grief that broke the hearts of the watchers at her bedside were paralleled not even by the almost Cimmerian darkness that had fallen on the city without, and by the crushing weight under which limbs of trees were breaking and falling with a noise which it was painful to hear. As her spirit, obeying the call of the Father that she should come up higher, started on its heavenward flight, it left her beautiful face transfigured with an angelic serenity which those who saw it can neither soon nor willingly forget. Returning light, which revealed the havoc that the storm had wrought, brought to the firesides of the city the more distressing intelligence that Miss Woolley had ceased to live. It is hard to realize that she will be seen no more on earth who was so recently with us in the strength of youth and in fullness of health, as on the "Old English Evening," when answering her pleasant greeting, I spoke to her here for what has proved to be the last time.

The university mourns with the stricken parents. It mourns its first loss by death of a young lady matriculate, its first loss by death of a member of a graduating class of the College of Liberal Arts. It mourns the death of a paragon of young womanhood who adorned every phase of life in which she had a part. To such a student living, it delights to give its highest undergraduate honors; to such a student dead, it would fain point her surviving fellow students for an example of how they must live, if they would make the last enemy one of their best friends. There is a void here that will long be felt and that can not soon be filled. In the last and highest row of seats in one of the chambers of the Italian Parliament is a chair in which no member ever sits. The sufficient reason is seen in the name that has been placed at the top of the chair, Giuseppe Garibaldi. Where he sat no member would now make bold to sit. And now again, an experience that has happily been rare in the long history of the College of Liberal Arts, has death made a chair vacant here, so to remain until the session has, with its joys and its sorrows, merged into the irrevocable past.

Ours is the loss, ours is the grief. Unable to see through the mist that obscures our mortal vision, we can not look up to the high reason of the Father for taking her, just as the silent stars could not last night look down through the sombre clouds which hid from their view the new grave, about which monarchs of the forest were, in icy apparel, keeping sentry over the young and queenly dead.

"Non omnis moriar." It is well with her soul. The doubts which her strong faith could put aside when she could not solve them, the questions, the answers to which are beyond human ken, have all been solved, have all been answered. Ah, young ladies of the university, do you know into what society your Margaret, that is your pearl, for such is the beautiful meaning of her name, has entered? If Rachel wept for her children, she may sympathize with your departed sister when she compassionates the lot of the friends whom she has left in the land of the dying. Perhaps with Miriam your Margaret is singing another, or even the old, triumphal ode, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." Or she may be engaged in modest converse with Dorcas touching the blessedness of a life that is a walk with God in humble faith, and that is full of good works and alms-deeds. May it not be that in the space which we call to-day she has heard from the Marys who were

first at the tomb, or even from the angel himself, the wonderful story of the death, the burial and the resurrection? We know not what may be in Paradise. Herself may some time delight the mother of her race and the mother of her Saviour with a sweet recital of how the death of the Son has, in a new time and in a new world, made the condition of woman better than it has ever or anywhere been since the loss of Eden. She is gone hence into a brightening eternity. Far better than to abide in the flesh was it for her to depart, seeing that she is now with Christ. Imagination sinks down from sheer inability to conceive the abundant and unspeakable revelations which she has already enjoyed. Nor is she yet come to the acme of her heavenly life. The lively hope in which she rejoiced on earth has been replaced by her present beatific estate in Paradise, from which she will rise far higher into likeness to Him whose image she will wear when, raised incorruptible and having put on her immortality, she has received the amaranthine crown of life and of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give her at that day, and not to her only, but unto all them also that love Him and that love His appearing. Then beginning her real life, whether in the new heavens or on the new earth, she will be come to whatever is transcendently purest and loveliest and happiest and worthiest and grandest and divinest and best. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it is indeed well with her soul.

Daughter, pupil, friend, lady, Christian, whatever thou wert—and thou wert in their best meanings all of these—redeemed sanctified perfected, glorified, whatever thou art or wilt be—and thou art or wilt be all of these—we would that thy pure spirit might hear the sorrowful farewell which we who shall die send to thee who wilt never die, but who wilt forever shine as the sun, where cherubim and seraphim adore and burn in the immediate presence of the Ineffable Glory. May we, thy parents, teachers, companions, friends, so follow here thy beautiful example that we may there share thy unending felicity. Farewell, farewell, farewell.

JAMES TURNER MOREHEAD.

[James Turner Morehead, Governor, United States Senator, was born in Bullitt County, Ky., May 24, 1797; died in Covington, Ky., December 28, 1854; educated at Transylvania University; studied law at Russellville, and began practice at Bowling Green, Ky., in 1818; served several terms in the Kentucky Legislature; Lieutenant-Governor in 1832; Governor in 1834; elected to the United States Senate in 1841, and served a term of six years.]

DANIEL BOONE.

An extract from an oration delivered by Governor James T. Morehead at Beonesboro, Ky., May 25, 1840, in commemoration of the first settlement in Kentucky.

The definitive treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain in 1783 confirmed the title of the former to independence, and Boone saw the standard of civilization and freedom securely planted in the wilderness. He rejoiced in the prospect of being permitted to resume the peaceful habits of a hunter and to apply himself to the more profitable business of entering and surveying lands, which, next to the defense of the frontier, was the principal employment of the Kentucky emigrants after the opening of the surveyor's offices in the fall of 1782. Upon the establishment of the court of commissioners in 1779, he "laid out the chief of his little property to procure land warrants and, having raised about twenty thousand dollars in paper money with which he intended to purchase them, on his way from Kentucky to Richmond he was robbed of the whole and left destitute of the means of procuring more." This heavy misfortune did not fall upon himself alone. Large sums had been entrusted to him by his friends for similar purposes and the loss was extremely felt. "Unacquainted with the niceties of the law, the few lands he was enabled afterwards to locate," he informs us, "were, through his ignorance, generally swallowed up and lost by better claims." Dissatisfied with these impediments to the acquisition of the soil, he left Kentucky and settled himself at the mouth of the Kenhawa. It was during his residence there, in 1794, that, for the first time, he was made acquainted with the resources of the immense region beyond the Mississippi. The fertile and extensive prairies of the far West, abounding with game, awakened his imagination to new sources of enjoyment, and "he passed over to the Spanish province of Upper Louisiana." In 1795, he was a wanderer on the banks of the Missouri—a voluntary subject of the king of Spain.

His fame as a pioneer had preceded him—"the reception he met with from the Spanish governor was equal to his expectations." Ten thousand acres of land were allotted to him for his own use on the Missouri river, but, with his habitual indifference to the accumulation of property, he neglected to complete the title, "because that could only be done at New Orleans." He was immensely honored with the confidence and favor of the Governor of Louisiana—accepted the appointment of "syndic or chief of the district of St. Charles," and continued to discharge the duties of that office during the remaining period of the Spanish jurisdiction over the territory. He hailed with joy the purchase of Louisiana by the United

States, "for it was the country," he declared, "and not the government that he had gone in pursuit of," and when the commissioners appointed by the Government of the United States met at St. Louis to adjust the land titles derived from Spain within the ceded territory, the syndic of St. Charles laid his claim before them for confirmation. The usual condition of a Spanish grant was an actual residence upon the land. Boone had not complied with the condition. He had been assured by the Governor that compliance in his case "should be dispensed with in consequence of his public trust requiring his residence elsewhere." The fact was made known to the commissioners, but, adhering to the strict letter of their instructions, they rejected his claim "for want of cultivation and residence."

Boone appealed to Congress for redress and, contemporaneously with his application to that body, he presented a memorial to the General Assembly of Kentucky, soliciting their "aid and influence" in its support. The memorial contained "an imperfect sketch of his labors" in the wilderness, commencing with the year 1769, "and of his claims to the remembrance of his country in general." He spoke of his struggles in the fatal lands which were dyed with the blood of early settlers amongst whom were some of his dearest connections. "The history of the settlement of the Western country," he said, "was his history." He alluded to the "love of discovery and adventure" which had induced him to expatriate himself "under an assurance of the Governor residing at St. Louis that ample portions of land should be given to him and to his family." He mentioned the allotment of the land to him, his failure to consummate the title and his unsuccessful application to the commissioners of the United States. "Of the vast extent of country," which he had discovered and explored, "he was unable to call a single acre his own," and "he had laid his case before Congress. Your memorialist," he said, "can not but feel, so long as feeling remains, that he has a just claim upon his country for land to live on and to transmit to his children after him. He can not help, on an occasion like this, but look toward Kentucky. From a small acorn she has become a mighty oak, furnishing shelter to upwards of four hundred thousand souls. Very different is her appearance now from the time when your memorialist, with his little band, began to fell the forest and construct the rude fortification at Boonesboro." The venerable pioneer did not look toward Kentucky in vain. The memorial was referred to a committee of the Senate, consisting of Messrs. Y. Ewing, Hopkins, Caldwell, Southgate, Bullock and Walker, and the committee reported the following preamble and resolutions, which passed, without a division, through both branches of the Legislature:

"The committee to whom was referred the memorial of Daniel Boone beg leave to recommend the following resolution to be adopted:

"The Legislature of Kentucky, taking into view the many eminent services rendered by Colonel Boone in exploring and settling the western country, from which great advantages have resulted not only to this State, but to his country in general; and that from circumstances over which he had no control, he is now reduced to poverty—not having, so far as appears, an acre of land out of the vast territory he has been a great instrument in peopling—believing, also, that it is as unjust as it is impolitic that useful enterprise and eminent services should go unrewarded by a Government where merit confers the only distinction, and having sufficient reason to believe that a grant of ten thousand acres of land, which he claims in

Upper Louisiana, would have been confirmed by the Spanish government, had not said territory passed, by cession, into the hands of the general Government; wherefore,

"Resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That our Senators in Congress be requested to make use of their exertions to procure a grant of land in said territory to said Boone, either the ten thousand acres to which he appears to have an equitable claim, from the grounds set forth to this Legislature, by way of confirmation, or to such quantity, in such place, as shall be deemed most advisable by way of donation."

On the tenth day of February, 1814, the Congress of the United States confirmed his title "to a thousand acres of the land claimed by him in virtue of a concession made to him under the Spanish grant, bearing date on the twenty-eighth of January, 1798."

Boone was now far advanced in years. The remainder of his life was devoted to the society of his children and the employments of the chase—to the latter, especially. When age had enfeebled the energies of his once athletic frame, he would wander, twice a year, into the remotest wilderness he could reach, employing a companion, whom he bound by a written contract, to take care of him, and bring him home alive or dead. In April, 1816, he made such an excursion to Fort Osage, a hundred miles beyond the place of his residence and, having spent a fortnight there, he set off on a journey to the river Platte. Three years thereafter, a patriotic solicitude to preserve his portrait, prompted a distinguished American artist to visit him at his dwelling near the Missouri river, and from him I have received the following particulars. He found him in a small rude cabin, indisposed and reclining on his bed. A slice from the loin of a buck, twisted around the rammer of his rifle within reach of him as he lay, was roasting before the fire. Several other cabins, arranged in the form of a parallelogram, marked the spot of a dilapidated station. They were occupied by the descendants of the pioneer. Here he lived in the midst of his posterity. His withered energies and locks of snow indicated that the sources of existence were nearly exhausted. On the 26th of September, 1820, at the Charette village, he breathed his last. The Legislature of Missouri was in session at St. Louis when the event was announced. A resolution was immediately passed that, in respect for his memory, the members would wear the usual badge of mourning for twenty days, and an adjournment was voted for that day.

The life of Daniel Boone is a forcible example of the powerful influence which a single absorbing passion exerts over the destiny of an individual. Born with no endowments of intellect to distinguish him from the crowd of ordinary men, and possessing no other acquirements than a very common education bestowed, he was enabled, nevertheless, to maintain, throughout a long and useful career, a conspicuous rank among the most distinguished of his contemporaries, and the testimonials of the public gratitude and respect with which he was honored after his death were such as are never awarded by an intelligent people to the undeserving. In his narrative, dictated to Filson in 1784, he described himself as "an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness." There are certainly passages in his history corroborative of this conclusion. His preservation during a solitary sojournment of three months in the wilderness, the marked forbearance and lenity of the savages toward him, especially on the last occasion of his being their prisoner, his escape at a most important juncture

for the defense of his station, would seem to indicate the interposition of a superior agency in his behalf. In 1778, when such formidable preparations were making at the old town of Chillicothe for the invasion of Kentucky, his seasonable return to Boonesboro saved the inhabitants from the grasp of the savages, and if Boonesboro had fallen, little doubt can be entertained that every station on the frontier would have shared its fate. But it is needless to speculate upon a subject about which contradictory opinions may be formed. There are those who will coincide with the pioneer in the judgment which he has passed on his own pretensions. His instrumentality in the settlement of the wilderness, great and efficacious as it most unquestionably was, may be traced to other and more proximate causes having their origin in the elements of his own peculiar character. He came originally to the wilderness, not to settle and subdue it, but to gratify an inordinate passion for adventure and discovery—to hunt the deer and buffalo, to roam through the woods, to admire the “beauties of Nature,” in a word, to enjoy the lonely pastimes of a hunter’s life, remote from the society of his fellowmen. He had heard with admiration and delight Finley’s description of the “country of Kentucke” and, high as were his expectations, he found it “a second paradise.” Its lofty forests, its noble rivers, its picturesque scenery, its beautiful valleys, but, above all, the plentifulness of “beasts of every American kind,” these were the attractions that brought him to it. He came, therefore, not to establish the foundations of a great State, nor to extend the empire of civilization, but because it was a wilderness, and such a wilderness as realized, in its adaptation to his inclinations and habits, the brightest visions of his fancy. Having, for reasons like these, chosen it for his abode, nothing was more natural than that he should be willing to risk much to defend it; and the peculiar warfare by which the settlements were to be preserved put in requisition precisely such powers of mind and body as those that he possessed. He united, in an eminent degree, the qualities of shrewdness, caution and courage with uncommon muscular strength. He was seldom taken by surprise—he never shrunk from danger, nor cowered beneath the pressure of exposure and fatigue. In every emergency he was a safe guide and a wise counsellor, because his movements were conducted with the utmost circumspection and his judgment and penetration were proverbially accurate. Powerless to originate plans on a larger scale, no individual among the pioneers could execute, with more efficiency and success, the designs of others. He took the lead in no expedition against the savages, he disclosed no liberal and enlarged views of policy for the protection of the stations, and yet it is not assuming too much to say that, without him, in all probability, the settlements could not have been upheld, and the conquest of Kentucky might have been reserved for the emigrants of the nineteenth century.

With all his qualities as an antagonist of the red man, Boone was no lover of war. He took no delight in the glory of a conqueror. If he idolized his rifle, it was because it contributed to the enjoyment of his darling pastimes—not because it was an instrument for shedding blood. His character, on the contrary, was pacific. But, at the same time, it was unsocial. He had few of the sympathies that bind men and families together and consecrate the relations of society. During two whole years, he abandoned his family for no other purpose than to amuse himself in the wilderness. Yet he was not an unkind husband; on one occasion, we know, he endangered his own to save the life of his son; and I am not aware

that he was ever suspected of treachery in his friendships. At the period of his greatest vigor and usefulness, he was remarkable for his taciturnity, but, as he grew older, he became an agreeable companion, remembering with distinctness remote events, especially those with which he was connected and dwelling upon them with manifest satisfaction. His manners were simple and unobtrusive, exempt from the rudeness characteristic of the backwoodsman. In his person there was nothing peculiarly striking. He was five feet, ten inches in height, and of robust and powerful proportions. His countenance was mild and contemplative, indicating a frame of mind altogether different from the restlessness and activity that distinguished him. His ordinary habiliments were those of a hunter—a hunting shirt and moccasins uniformly composing a part of them. Throughout his life, he was careless of his pecuniary interests. The loss of his lands in Kentucky was chiefly attributable to inattention. When he emigrated to Louisiana, he omitted to secure a title to a princely estate on the Missouri because it would have cost him the trouble of a trip to New Orleans. He would have traveled a much greater distance to indulge his cherished propensities as an adventurer and a hunter. He died, as he had lived, in a cabin, and perhaps his trusty rifle was the most valuable of his chattels.

Such was the man to whom has been assigned the principal merit of the discovery of Kentucky and who filled a large space in the eyes of America and Europe. Resting on the solid advantage of his services to his country, his fame will survive when the achievements of men greatly his superiors in rank and intellect will be forgotten.

THOMAS Z. MORROW.

[Thomas Z. Morrow, Lawyer, Somerset, Ky., was born in Flemingsburg, Ky., September 3, 1835; graduate of Center College, 1855, and of Transylvania Law Schools, 1856; County Attorney of Pulaski County, Ky., 1858; Member of Kentucky Legislature 1861; Lieutenant-Colonel 32d Kentucky (U. S.) Infantry 1862; State Senator 1865; Assessor Internal Revenue 1866; Delegate National Republican Convention 1876; Republican candidate for Governor 1883; Chairman Republican State Central Committee 1884; Department Commander G. A. R. Kentucky, 1886; Judge 8th and 28th Judicial Districts of Kentucky 1886 to 1904.]

MEMORIAL DAY.

An address delivered at the decoration of graves of Federal soldiers in Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville, Ky., May 30, 1885.

The desire for decent sepulture springs instinct in the human heart; the thought that the body after death may rot uncoffined is a terror.

To deposit tenderly, carefully and lovingly into Mother Earth the corpses of those who in life were near and dear has been characteristic of the noble and good in every age, in every clime. To neglect or rudely refuse this tender of respect, or boldly offer an insult to the person of the dead is inhuman and savage. The Roman daughter who drove her fierce chariot over the prostrate form of a murdered father and ensanguined its shining wheels in his blood, presents a picture at once unnatural and repulsive. The dogs eating the painted Jezebel, though a king's daughter, that none could be found to bury her, or to say this is Jezebel, marks in high degree the divine displeasure. The simple, yet exceedingly beautiful, manner in which the blessed Master was laid away in the new tomb of Joseph is in sharp contrast.

Care as to the disposition of the body after death occupies no small share of the thoughts of the living, the time, place and manner of interment not infrequently being uppermost in the minds of the dying. The prominent place given to this idea, in wills and testaments, in the last words of great and small, attests its universality. Bury me by moonlight, at early morn, at evening's shade, at midnight's solemn hour, at high noon, have each been favorite selections as to time; by the sea shore, in mid ocean, on the battlefield, beneath the branches of the homestead oak, by husband, by wife, as to place. "Inter me with honors of war," is the request of one—"Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave" is the entreaty of another. One bespeaks a plain, unostentatious funeral; another would have ceremonies worthy of his deeds and fame.

The performance of the last sad offices of friend, relative or stranger, in accordance with his wishes, is the plain duty the living owe to the dead. Only the unfeeling fail in compliance. To adorn, to cherish, to protect, the spot dedicated to the dead has, from the earliest times, been the concern of individuals, communities, States and nations, whether that spot be where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" or where has decayed what was once a Caesar, or a Virgil, a Demosthenes or an Alexander, a Pitt or a Wellington, an Adams or a Washington. Father and mother plant the rose or train the honeysuckle over the grave of the first born of the household. A modest tablet locates the resting place of the village bene-

factor. States and nations rear the cloud-piercing column to testify admiration for and to perpetuate the memory of warrior, statesman and philanthropist. The honors and affections of republics and empires have most generally been bestowed on those who have "towered above or subdued mankind," to the neglect of the humbler yet equally meritorious instruments in the achievements of the renown. The name of the captain, not the private, the commander, not the seaman, is inscribed on the marble plinth.

To the credit of Kentucky—first born of the Union—he it remembered that in the burial of her choice dead, and in the inscription on her State monument, she carried into practice the sentiment contained in her Bill of Rights—"that all freemen are equal." The white shaft erected on the heights, overlooking alike her namesake river and her capital, and at whose base repose in equal honor epaulet, chevron and unmarked shoulder, bears upon its polished surface these words, as eloquent as they are appropriate:

"Kentucky has erected this column in gratitude equally to her officers and soldiers. The principal battles and campaigns in which her sons devoted their lives to their country are inscribed on the bands, and beneath the same the names of the officers who fell in them. The names of her soldiers who died for their country are too numerous to be inscribed on any column."

The United States, after the war in defense of the Union, had proved a success, imitating the generous, just and exactly proportioned idea of our mother Commonwealth, conceived and carried into execution the grander and more extensive thought of gathering for burial the remains of all her soldiers who had been cut down either by disease or wound and interring them in grounds under the exclusive care and protection of the Federal Government. As the sequence of that humane conception, the face of the country from Maine to Texas, from San Francisco to Washington, is, at intervals, dotted with national cemeteries. These, like Kentucky's battle monument, have been furnished in gratitude equally to officer and soldier and in them lie, in undistinguished honor, general and private, admiral and sailor. The North, the South, the East and the West, the highway and lane, woodland and pasture, mountain and meadow, stream and streamlet, have all been forced to yield up their dead to find a more suitable repository on their country's soil, where over their graves the flag they loved so well might perpetually float. In each of them mingle the ashes of soldiers from all the States, thus constituting the soil in a pre-eminent degree the soil of the nation. This so appropriate recognition of a common merit touches a responsive chord in every heart. "The high and lifted up" did not need this; the world's great have always been remembered in an enduring form. "Westminster Abbey or a peerage" was the exclamation of the heroic Nelson when about to engage the enemy; he sleeps in St. Paul's Cathedral and a tablet in brass on the deck of his ship, the Victory, tells that "Here Nelson fell." The first consul received his apotheosis in the magnificent splendor with which his remains were transferred from St. Helena's rock and laid to rest beneath the dome of the Invalides. Here all are Napoleons, all Nelsons.

Our Government in deciding that the bones of her brave defenders should not whiten the plains has protected the ashes of him who was once his country's soldier from every rude, from every unhallowed touch. This beneficent action on the part of the representatives of the people in providing these "cities of the dead" has met the cordial approval of the

people themselves and now, by common consent, on land and sea, wherever our flag is thrown to the breeze or our drum beats, this is "Memorial Day."

We are here to strew with flowers and evergreens the graves of our dead heroes and by this token perform our part in transmitting as worthy of grateful remembrance their memories to coming generations. The task allotted me in this program is, indeed, a pleasing one, for never was a tribute of praise, gratitude and love to be bestowed on a nobler, truer or wiser band of men than those who, "after life's fitful fever," sleep here and elsewhere under the national sod. The soldiers whose deeds and triumphs are now being rehearsed and commemorated the country round were, when in the flesh, the peers of the proudest that ever laid down a life on any stricken field of battle; the cause in which they fighting fell has not been surpassed by any for which patriot blood has flowed. The ground in which they await the archangel's call is hallowed ground.

"What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured pile you heap,
 Or dews that heavens far distant weep,
 Their turf may bloom,
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.
 But strew his ashes to the wind
 Whose sword or voice has saved mankind,
 And is he dead whose glorious mind,
 Lifts them on high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.
 Is it death to fall for Freedom's right?
 He's dead alone that lacks her light,
 And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws;
 What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause."

That noble cause these men had; that ennobled fight these men fought, Whether there be taken into the account the cause itself, the success that attended it, the more than generous terms upon which it was closed, or all combined, the record of warfare, ancient or modern, may safely be challenged to produce a single example exceeding in one or all of these tests the defensive warfare carried on by the citizens and citizen soldiery of the American Union for its preservation against its only real enemy—Disintegration. The struggle through which our people passed is remarkable, not alone for the skill with which battalions were maneuvered and battles won, but as well for the brain power and patriotism displayed by all classes in comprehending, thoroughly grasping and tenaciously adhering to the paramount question of the hour. Amid the clash of arms and the conflict of opinions, the nation moved forward in a direct line, with an eye single to the accomplishment of the one purpose that overshadowed all others—the integrity, the indivisibility of the union of these States. From this pole star no sophistry could persuade, no violence drive the Union-loving masses. The readiness with which the majority of the people laid aside partisan principles and the celerity with which warring factions were dissolved into consistent, harmonious forces will ever be a matter of wonder and astonishment. The alacrity with which the friends of the country fell into ranks has scarcely a parallel. The brilliant rhetoric of Willard, uttered only a year previous, when the real test came, limped and halted far in the rear of the actual fact. In ringing tones he declared:

"If the Union shall be assailed from within or from without, by foreign or domestic foe, I can place the stars and stripes in the hands of the most timid maiden in Indiana, and more men will rally to its rescue than followed Peter the Hermit to the Crusades."

The shot that struck Sumter gave, in the rebound, a deadly blow to most of the party spirit that still lingered in the adhering States. The response in men and money to the President's proclamation was patriotic in the highest degree. Both were furnished without stint. The enthusiasm knew no bounds. "We are coming, Father Abraham, five hundred thousand strong" was truth, not fiction, prose not poetry, accuracy not exaggeration. The roar of that cannon awakened the latent valor of the people and was the opening note of a conflict of arms the most gigantic. It was not Greek meeting Greek; it was Americans meeting Americans, and it can truthfully be affirmed that, on every field of carnage, the Blue and the Gray, each, realized to the fullest extent

"The stern joy that warriors feel,
In foemen worthy of their steed."

As was to be expected with such combatants, it was war, not child's play; skillful, violent, death-dealing war, destroying property, making children orphans and wives widows. For four years, the din of battle was carried on every breeze; the battle scale stood long in equipoise, the bird of victory perched first on one standard, then on the other, success on one side alternating with success on the other, until the grand finale was reached, and the silent soldier (God grant that the days and years of his pilgrimage may be long in the land) stood the hero of Appomattox. Then the sound of war was heard no more in all the land; Peace spread wide and free her snowy wings; the Union was intact; the late foes clasped hands as brothers, friends, countrymen. The fruits of the success obtained by the suffering, the endurance, the valor, aye, by the heart's blood of those who have here their six feet of earth, inured in equal proportion to victor and vanquished, triumph and defeat united, the beaten were the equals of those who received the submission. We are here to-day to do honor to the men who brought about these results, to claim them as our own, to hail them as noblest and best of conquerors. Other conquerors demanded ransom from the captives; these gave them gifts. Others trod upon the prisoners' necks; these lifted them as high as their own breasts. Others confiscated the property of the fallen; these gave credit and threw open every avenue of trade. While we lavish these remarks of respect for our own dead, we cast no reflection on the dust or memory of those who fought us and were conquered. The annual gathering of surviving Federal soldiers to honor their deceased comrades means no aspersion of the motives of those who died for what seemed to them to be the right. We are here because these dead saw the right as we saw it, and because they were right, everlastingly right. Conceding to those who followed the fortunes of the justly fated Confederacy motives as pure as our own, it must be claimed for the Unionist that he had the better head, the wiser foresight, the deeper wisdom, the truer conception of the mighty interests involved; that he thought better for the Confederate than did the Confederate for himself and his posterity. Each day succeeding the surrender has been a witness vindicating the truth of this proposition; that vindication will grow and grow, strengthen and strengthen as star after star shall be added to the emblem of the nation's glory and power.

The lapse of years, social and business relations, political affinities and marital ties have effaced or are fast effacing the animosities engendered by the collision. The language of envenomed invective has been superseded by words of moderation; scarcely a scar remains. The lexicon of peace has taken the place of the war-cry. "Lincoln hireling" and "traitor" no longer belong to the vocabulary of discussion. At this distance from the conflict, it may be truthfully said that our erring brethren of the South are not to be attainted with treason nor their conduct condoned on the principles of 'charity. They are to be treated with strict fairness, with justice and "naught to set down in malice against them." The war had to be, and we are the stronger and better from having had it; it has proved a blessing in disguise. For one, I have now no disposition to quarrel with those whose actions had it determined by a resort to the last earthly argument that this is a nation, not a Confederacy of States—a free Government, not half free, half slave.

The blood of the Union soldier was not shed in vain; nor did it fall on sterile soil. The harvest is already an hundred fold, and it would stretch the imagination to conceive what it will be at no remote period. If the past years of prosperity be an index of the future, the maintenance of the Union and the destruction of human chattelism was cheaply earned at the expense of every life lost and every dollar expended.

True measurement, by an impartial standard, will be meted out to the actors in the late civil strife by the student of history; and to those who cast their lot on the side of the Union will be awarded the higher meed of praise. As respects fidelity to convictions, the readiness and capacity to endure hardships, the courage to make the charge, the steadiness in receiving it, in general devotion to liberty, equal honors will be granted to the opposing forces by him who shall truly write of these things when those who performed them shall have passed away. Nay, more, the day may not be far distant when the question as to who won the first day's fighting at Old Shiloh church shall be void of interest, save as a problem in military science, the deeds of valor on both sides having become the common and equal heritage of an hundred millions of prosperous American freemen. The question as to which ought to have won on the issues involved in that fight must be decided for the friends of the old flag. In history the Federal soldier must stand highest, not alone because he came out of the contest triumphant, crowned with laurels, but because time has shown and will continue to show that he deserved success. The appeal made on a spot adjacent to this, a few years since, by one of the most gifted of living Confederates (my classmate and friend, Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge), to God and history in vindication of that cause, must be determined against him and it. There is but one side to this question; there is not even debatable ground upon which to maintain a respectable footing. The ranks of those coinciding with the views of the distinguished soldier, scholar and orator whom I have quoted are fast being depleted to swell the columns of those who, after twenty years' contrast of fact against theory, can and do say: "We are glad that we were beaten."

The death-bed of the last survivor who fought for the "Bonnie Blue Flag" will be the death-bed of its last advocate. The heroism in battle, the steadfastness in opinion, the knightly devotion exhibited by the boys in gray will always find for them admirers, but this will only serve

"To point a moral or adorn a tale."

None of the reasons upon which a dissolution of the Union was urged will, for a moment, stand before the scrutinizing eye of the candid historian, whether based on slavery, nullification, secession or revolution. There will be, and there should be, liberal allowances for those who believed in and acted upon these untenable theories, but there can be no justification of the theories themselves. The doctrine of nullification is damnable on the face of it. Revolution by war can be justified only by the "high mandate of an imperative necessity." That such necessity did not exist in 1861 is patent to even the most casual observer of events. No right of the South or of any of the States had been invaded; no oppression was threatened; there was no well-grounded apprehension that any would be attempted. The President, himself a man of Southern birth and parentage, was the most just of men and possessed of as kindly a nature as any in whom the breath of life was ever breathed. From him danger was not to have been anticipated. Every square inch of all the territories was open to the spread of slavery. The party temporarily in control of the administration of the Government was, on the popular vote, more than a million in the minority. The protection to be afforded by the majority united was ample for any and every emergency. Besides, the platform upon which power had been obtained upon the vital subject—Home Rule—gave forth no uncertain sound. It declared "the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, to be essential to that balance of power upon which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends."

The right of a State to peaceably secede from the Union at its own will and pleasure has no warrant anywhere. The motion that such a secession could at that time, or at any time, be effected seems to fall but little short of sheer madness. Many of the wisest and most patriotic of American statesmen had in arguments that amounted to demonstrations shown, time and again, its utter impracticability, if not folly. The most notable example is that of the sage of Marshfield, whose words, read now, in the light of subsequent events, seem prophetic. Mr. Webster, in that grand appeal made in the Senate in 1850, said: "Peaceable secession! Mr. President, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. It is an utter impossibility. Disruption must produce such a war as may not be described in its two-fold character." How true, and yet this truth is not more palpable now than it was when Yancey "fired the Southern heart and precipitated the cotton States into rebellion."

Slavery, which the able and honorable Vice-President of the Confederacy declared was the corner-stone of the new government and its crowning excellence, is now on all hands disavowed as the cause of the quarrel. It is with unanimity admitted to have been unworthy the expenditure of a single shekel or the loss of a single ounce of blood in its defense. A foul stain on the national escutcheon, a high crime against nature and religion, it has utterly perished. The statesman who would even suggest its restoration in this nation would "be bolder than he who stole the fire from heaven" and destined to a more infamous immortality than he who applied the torch to the temple.

All these heresies have met a doom as well deserved as that of any criminal decreed to suffer the extreme of human punishment. Let us hope that as to each it may be said,

"Safe in a ditch it bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on its head
The least a death to nature."

This has been the work of the men whose death we mourn, whose memories we revere, whose course we endorse. Their account is closed, their fame secure. Time, disease and wounds are fast thinning the ranks of the survivors of the conflict. Comrade after comrade has found the end of the path that leads to the grave. Their virtues have been extolled by abler tongues than mine; they need no eulogy from me. While we mourn for the dead, we are not unmindful of the living. We refrain from plaudits to them only because this day is sacred to those who have gone before. Praise of those who have not passed over would be out of place.

Leaving the dead past behind us, we turn joyously, proudly, hopefully to the grand future which lies so invitingly before us. The spirit of the Crittenden resolutions have been faithfully kept; there has been no conquest, no subjugation; the States have been restored with all their rights unimpaired. The pleading voice of him whose name and fame will outlive the stars has, at last, swept over the responsive strings of the national heart. To-day we are friends, not enemies. "The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living hearth and hearthstone in all this broad land has been touched by the better angel of our nature" and we again "swell the chorus of the Union."

Looking down the stream of Time, I see this the grandest of all nations, indeed, the nation of the earth, its liberties preserved, its Constitution maintained; its laws, equal and just, obeyed; its unity incapable of dissolution; the foe of despotism, the hope, the succor of those struggling to be free. I see not one class but all our posterity basking in the sunshine of this glory. I see the sections vying with each other as to which shall do most to lift the nation on high. I see the dear, dear old flag, with its hues as brilliant and fresh as in the days of its youth, still an incentive and an inspiration. I see the affairs of the Government ably and honestly administered; its battles on land and sea fought by men in whose veins flow in mingled currents the blood of Grant and Lee, of Jackson and Thomas, of Rousseau and Breckinridge, of Hanson and Kelly, of Landrum and Grigsby, of Morgan and Wolford. Finally, on a day resembling this, I see a speaker standing in the presence of the living and the dead, and standing by the graves of heroes who had won immortal honor on the crest of a foreign foe, close an address as I now close this, in the beautiful language of an American song writer:

"The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
And fill it, ye true, to the brim,
May the laurels you have won never wither,
Nor the star of your glory grow dim.
May our services united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true,
Our army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue."

JAMES H. MULLIGAN.

[James H. Mulligan, Lawyer, Lexington, Ky., was born in Lexington, Ky., November 21, 1844; educated in Transylvania High School, Lexington, finishing at St. Mary's College, Montreal, Canada, after spending one year at the Jesuit's College, Vannes, France; graduated from Kentucky University law school in 1869; entered into the practice of law in partnership with the late General John B. Huston, at Lexington; was repeatedly and continuously a member of the House of the Kentucky Legislature, and for one term represented Fayette County in the Senate; Consul-General of the United States to the Kingdom of Samoa from June, 1894, to early part of 1896.]

NOMINATING HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE FOR THE UNITED STATES SENATORSHIP.

A speech delivered before the Democratic caucus of the two Houses of the General Assembly of Kentucky, at Frankfort, Tuesday, May 13, 1890.

We are to-night resting under the shadow of a sorrow as great as it was unexpected. We are sensible that the shade of the wing of the dark angel is yet upon us—that a mighty leader has fallen. Scarce recovered from the shock, and with tears undried, the stern requirements of the law, which regard only the living, demand that, while we may with one hand place the wreath of cypress upon the new grave, with the other we shall weave the wreath of laurel to crown the victor in the contest that shall determine who shall take his place.

Who shall take his place? I repeat, for now, even after the few days that have afforded opportunity for reflection, we are still, in recovered calm and control, doubtful as at first, though any one of many might take his place, whether, indeed, one can be found who shall fill it.

We are met under the gaze of interested millions; the eyes of the nation are fixed upon the vacant chair, draped in the sombre hue of mourning; and, at this perilous moment, when silently, but none the less intensely, every chord and fiber of our free institutions—the very flag of freedom itself—is straining under the greatest tension ever placed upon it, none the less dangerous and severe because as yet unmarked by popular outbreak, by open clash or conflict, we are met to counsel together, that wisdom may spring from counsel and guide us, as far as may be, in the task of finding a successor fitted to take his place. And so it is—the eternal mystery rolls on; the king is dead; “long live the king!”—not who shall wear, that is not the question, but who shall wear, to his country's good, the spotless toga of James B. Beck?

The times are strangely out of joint. The very excess of liberty seems to be on the verge of defeating her holiest ends; the very freedom of the franchise seems to make it an easy prey to combined greed; the camp-fires of seventy-six emit but a pale and fitful gleam; the national air of the day is the jingle of dollars; the one topic of the hour is money, money—nothing but money. Capital piles on capital, in combination reaching Alpine heights, crushing the masses in its avalanches, chilling and impoverishing the multitude beneath its dark and freezing shade; the shadow of the custom-house falls across every threshold, darkening every

fireside; wealth accrues to but few, and then in unnatural proportion; the people, as in classic times, are amused by the inspiring prosperity of the few and the specious parade of progress, and, while they sullenly look on, are assured that all this gallant parade, decked out in so much bravery, is solely for their benefit.

The fields are fruitful, but no riches come to the husbandman; the merchant buys and sells, but no profit remains; the wage-earner and the artisan builds and adorns palaces in unwonted number, but finds his own home pinched enough and in his pocket no accumulations. The rich grow richer and the poor become poorer; the nation trembles under the tread of discontented thousands; strikes are the order of the day. The combine, the trust, the enthroned vampire of protection, drawing through a hidden taxation, drains the country and its virgin fruitfulness to a few centers. Abandoning competition with the world, we are shut up to afford an enforced field of profit wrung from our own people. Still the cant of development and the strikes go on. The people ask for bread and a millionaire Congress gives them a stone with vast parade; and so, with all the relations of trade, purposely disarranged and hidden in a cloud of sophistry, we find ourselves at the close of a century of experimental, constitutional government with the gravest questions before us and the times, in all things, strangely out of joint.

This condition will not continue; the end will come, of course, but how? There lies the danger; the end may not come until freedom shall have perished; or, in some desperate struggle for reform, the outburst may carry our institutions down to ruin. To avert these dangers by adjusting conflicting interests, to impose a limit on self-interest without destroying the liberty of the citizen, and yet preserve all the balances of government, is the problem engaging the thinker of the day and demanding the highest phase of philosophic statesmanship in its broadest meaning. A statesman alone shall meet these dangers before it is too late, meet them half way and disarm them, if they be met at all.

I have not overdrawn the picture. This is not the moment for experiment; the occasion demands not the politician, but the statesman; this is not the time nor the hour to retire the great leader who gave the national Democracy its one victory in a quarter of a century.

So surrounded, we rest under a solemn responsibility. We must act upon our best judgment; no canvass has given us access to the voice of the people. The issue is new and unexpected. As I believe in the mercy of God, so do I believe that the result of this caucus will, in no little measure, affect not alone the immediate welfare of the country at large, but that of generations yet unborn. We are, by our action, to affect not merely only our own people, but those of the republic; we are to select a Senator not simply to represent Kentucky, but the Democracy of the Union as well. It is fortunate, in this exigency, that Kentucky, who has ever been able to hold her place in the front rank, is again able to furnish a man up to the fullest requirements of the hour; one to whom the eyes of the country turn as by common consent; one demanded by the Democratic press of the Union; one demanded by the Democracy of the country; one demanded by the peril of free government; one long recognized as the leader; one who is the very personification of government for the many, and of tariff reform; the one great master of the one vital question of the day; one so recognized and commanding an absolute confidence in Maine

as in Florida, in California or Nebraska as in Virginia, in New York as in Kentucky. That man is John G. Carlisle.

It is a part of the very recent political history of the country that tells us that Mr. Morrison, who was the supporter of the gentleman whom I have just named in the great movement for tariff reform, was overwhelmed when he presented himself for re-election, and it was immediately heralded over the country that even the fertile prairies of the great West had declared thus emphatically in favor of protection; that when the Democratic administration under Mr. Cleveland, although supported by a great popular majority, was hurled from power by the operation of our curiously complex election system, that the country had placed its condemnation upon the movement for tariff reform. These were but the pupils of Mr. Carlisle; and now if, before a Kentucky Legislature, this representative and type of a Kentucky idea, this man who, as I speak the simple truth and as you know, put aside the senatorship when it was offered to him, for the simple reason that duty demanded he should remain in the House—this man who, did he live three hundred yards north of the spot where are his hearth and roof-tree, would be the next Democratic candidate for President—if he be humiliated thus in defeat, what man shall be bold enough to deny that even Kentucky, land of legend and heroes, has, abandoning her past, set her seal of condemnation upon her own son and all that he best represents?

And yet there are those who have the temerity to say that this man—this man who was first to recognize and grapple the monstrous wrong of legalized robbery, who, in spite of the dismay and remonstrance of all mere politicians, became its apostle who brought the American Democracy solidly to its support through the power of his intellect and the simple sincerity of his faith; this man who made a Democratic President possible; this man who has even forced the Republican party and its administration into a pretense of justice to the people, that this man's brow should be marked in his own home with the ashes of defeat, because, as the leader of the House, he can not be spared. Out upon such hypocrisy! This exposes to itself the insincerity of those who utter it. No reason is necessary, no excuse can be demanded. This is to proclaim that mediocrity is to be rewarded above intellect; that genius is to give way; that bravery and capacity are not to find promotion; that to prove worthy of trust is to be debarred from trust again; it is to reverse the experience of human nature; this is hypocrisy wearing the mask of patriotism. Vote as you please, vote for your neighbor, vote for your friend, vote as you see fit, and we shall cheerfully accord to you the same consideration we claim for ourselves. But be manly. Strike him down if you will, but, in the name of fairness and of truth, grant that this gladiator, who in the arena ever wore your colors and never yet turned face from the foe when the fight was fiercest, shall go down with his death wound among the proud scars that mark his breast—not stabbed in the back.

I present to you a man who gave to Democracy a living issue; one who carries the mind back to the days of the fathers; one whom the country regards as among the first of its great intellects; a leader among leaders; one who carries the myriad details of government at his finger's end; one who knows the wants and needs of his country; a profound jurist, a statesman in its highest sense; one whose career is part of his country's history; one who has added luster to his native State; one whose name is a household word; one who, as Speaker of the House of Repre-

sentatives, challenged the admiration of the country—the hope, the guiding star of the vast army of toilers; the champion of the people as against the robber barons and monopolists; one so poised and calm, with abiding faith in the triumph of right and justice that, not carried away by the excitement of victory, nor dismayed in the presence of defeat, ever sedate and self-contained, he towers above ordinary men as the Sphynx looming above the shifting sands of the desert, with prophetic eye, penetrates the mysteries of the future. That man is John G. Carlisle.

I present to you as our candidate a man who unites to all these qualities the simplicity of a child, with the heart of a girl. His life passed in public station, yet he is no politician; administering the most important functions of government, his poverty attests his integrity; his life is an open book. Moving under the beating light for years in public position, no flaw has ever been discovered in his integrity; his reputation beams with the calm and unspotted radiance of a summer evening star. He is one, “indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man.” That man is John G. Carlisle.

In the name of the Democracy of the Union; in the name of the millions who wearily follow the plow; in the name of the brawn and sweat of the republic; in the name of all who grow deaf mid the clatter of shuttles, the roar of the wheels and the crash of machinery; in the name of those who crisp at the blazing doors of the furnaces; of the boys who, in darkness, tread the slippery roof of the train; of those who forge and those who build; of all who produce and those who consume; of the millions of humble homes of the land; in the name of equal laws and fairness; of justice and equal rights; in the sacred name of freedom and equality, I nominate for the position of Senator in the Congress of the United States John G. Carlisle, of the county of Kenton.

EDGAR YOUNG MULLINS.

[Edgar Young Mullins, D. D., LL. D., President of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., was born in Franklin County, Miss., January 5, 1860; Pastor Baptist Church, Harrodsburg, Ky., 1885-1888, and of Lee Street Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md., 1888-1895; Associate Corresponding Secretary Foreign Mission Board of Southern Baptist Convention, Richmond, Va., 1895-96; Pastor First Baptist Church, Newton, Mass., 1896-99.]

GREEK AND MODERN IDEALS IN EDUCATION.

An address delivered at the Winter Convocation of the University at the Stetson University, DeLand, Florida, February, 1903.

One of the Old Testament prophets paints for us a graphic picture which may serve as a symbol of the relation sustained by Greek to modern education. A mighty eagle comes from the East and crops from a cedar on Mount Lebanon the topmost twig and, flying away with it, the twig is planted by the side of the great river. When the cedar twig thus planted begins to grow, a remarkable transformation ensues. Instead of a cedar, it becomes a vine laden with clusters of luscious grapes for the refreshment of the nations. The topmost twig of the cedar which grew on the Lebanon of ancient civilization was Greek education. The Christian spirit has seized it and planted it by the River of Life, and is slowly transforming it. Under the spell of that spirit, the ancient education has already yielded rich vintage to gladden the hearts of men, and the future is destined to witness even a greater transformation and more abundant blessings.

Note clearly what is proposed in this address. The aim is not to set forth a history or exposition of Greek education, or a comprehensive survey of educational methods, but rather to indicate briefly a few of the ideals of the Greeks, in order to compare them with some of the modern ideals.

Notice, then, some of the Greek ideals. First of all, Greek education encouraged the love of the beautiful. The artistic faculty found a more thorough and consistent development among the Greeks than any other ancient people. It has been well said of the Parthenon that "it is a matchless pean in stone to divine wisdom as the conqueror of brute force." The words harmony and wholeness, or symmetry and completeness, express the Greek conception. The chiseling of the choicest pieces of marble into suitable shapes, the joining of piece to piece in an ideal plan, until the finished temple stood forth, perfectly satisfying the eye in every line and curve, this was the constant aim and struggle of the Greeks in all departments of life. To harmonize the inner and the outward life, the religious and the secular, the practical and the theoretical, the physical and intellectual, to make of a man a true friend, a good soldier, a loyal and capable citizen, a fearer of the gods, to make him "a speaker of words and doer of deeds," was the organizing principle of Greek education.

To the Greeks all life was capable of interpretation in terms of music. But this was a very comprehensive term. In addition to music in the ordinary sense, enunciation, accent, pronunciation, as well as poetry and other literary forms, were regarded from this standpoint. Most pathetic

and suggestive was the use made of music as a means of cleansing the soul of evil. The age-long discord, which the spirit of man has felt within, accompanied by the unceasing effort to attain inward peace, was known to the Greeks. This struggle Professor James, in his recent work on "Varieties of Religious Experience," describes as a consciousness of disorder removed by an adjustment with powers above man. The same experience is also known to Christian theology as the consciousness of sin, followed by reconciliation through Christ. The Greeks knew it not in the deep Christian way, but they felt the struggle within. The deep cry of their spirit was for a master voice which could quell the riot of the passions within the soul. With the intuitive conviction that any form of discord was alien to the spirit of man and that a countervailing influence must somewhere be found, music was resorted to as the cleansing power. Defective as it was, yet profound was the insight of this use of music by the Greeks. Something definite and constructive must be introduced as a power from without, if man's nature is to be subdued.

In the earlier and heroic period, music and gymnastics were the only studies in the curriculum; but as in the earlier, so in the later, when speculative thought received its highest development, the fundamental ideal of harmony prevailed. It was the same struggle, through wisdom, to combine the parts into a symmetrical whole. Here certainly at a single point, if at no other, the Greek and the Hebrew spirit touched each other. In the eighth chapter of Proverbs, the career of wisdom is portrayed by the inspiration of the Hebrew poet. Wisdom there describes her career as a constructive force in the building of the universe. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way. I was set up from everlasting. When there were no depths I was brought forth, when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth. When He prepared the heavens I was there; when He set a compass upon the face of the depth. When He established the clouds above. When He gave to the sea His decree that the water should not pass his commandment, when He appointed the foundations of the earth. Then was I by Him, as one brought up with Him and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him, and my delights were with the sons of men."

There is a rabbinic story that when divine wisdom and power had finished the material universe, the angels were called to gaze upon its beauty and its harmony. When asked if the fair creation needed anything more to make it perfect, they replied: "Give it a song, and let it sing forever," and from that moment "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." In the construction of their social and political universe the Greeks gave to all the parts and to the whole a song, and to-day the world listens unwearied to the music of her architecture, her poetry, her sculpture, her logic and rhetoric and her philosophy.

Let us notice now some of the excellencies of the Greek system in its attempt to realize its ideals in a practical way.

Among the most notable of these excellencies was the attention to the training of the young. It was the constant aim to envelope the mind of the child from its earliest years with the noblest ideals. The selection of the nurse was considered a matter of vital moment. The rhymes and the stories of the nursery embodied, as far as possible, the ideals of noble character. A guard was set about infancy and childhood as the citadel of

the nation's strength. The modern kindergarten recognizes with scarcely more profound insight the supreme value of childhood as the key to all education.

Remarkable strides have been made in our day in psycho-physics. The relation of physical to intellectual and spiritual development is a fact of vast importance for the trainer of the young. A recent writer has written a suggestive little book, in which he emphasizes the importance of environment upon child-culture. He quotes a pretty verse of poetry from Shakespeare, in which are mentioned various flowers which adorn the meadows of Stratford. His point is to show that, unless the images of the flowers had been stamped upon the brain of the boy who ran about the Stratford meadows, even the genius of the great poet would have lacked the material for the creation of beautiful poetic forms. Now, we are but emphasizing the physical side of the great truth which the Greeks recognized. To the ancient Greek, the education of the child was not, indeed, what in part it is to us the education of the lower and higher nerve-centers, but it was the seizing of the child nature as the most precious element of Greek life and moulding it to the highest ideals.

Before passing this point, it is pertinent to ask: Are we as wise as the ancient Greeks in the strategic significance which we attach to childhood? Have we correlated our new knowledge of the nervous system with our old knowledge of spiritual laws and relations? Do we Americans sufficiently guard the intellectual and moral life of our children by careful attention to the books and magazines which enter into their intellectual life at its various stages? Is there not much to justify the quaint satire of Mr. Stockton in his little essay on the "Training of Parents"? He says the old theory of the training of children has given place, under the modern regime, to a theory for the training of parents. "Begin early," he instructs the child, "and persevere. Your task is difficult, for you must mould two mature beings until they conform to your will. Let each of the children in turn join in the undertaking, and you will in the end succeed. It has often happened that when all the older children of a family have failed, the youngest has taken the matter in hand and achieved the desired end to perfection!" Mr. Stockton then concludes that the ancient injunction, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it," must, under the modern regime, give place to the motto, "Train up a parent in the way he should go, and when you are old you will know how to go that way yourself." We Americans have learned the lesson of freedom. Our distinctive contribution to the life and thought of the world must be stated for the most part in terms of freedom. But our task and our contribution will not be completed until freedom shall take on its final form, which is obedience. Through law to liberty is the legend inscribed on Nature everywhere. The birthright of all childhood is a parental discipline which shall train the will. All who have to do with the training of childhood would do well to learn from the symbolism of a certain painting. The artist represents an angel kneeling by a tomb engaged with great earnestness in some lowly task which at first does not clearly appear. The glories of heaven shine through the rifted sky overhead and beckon upward; yonder on the horizon the outlines of earthly enterprise loom large and beckon away. But the angel remains as if chained to the spot absorbed in a nobler task. Closer inspection discloses what that task is: A little child is kneeling and, with clasped hands and closed eyes, turns the face upward. The angel is teaching the child to pray.

This leads me to note a second excellence of the Greek system, which was its earnestness and discipline. No one can examine the education of the Greeks, either in Athens or Sparta, without being impressed by the heroic spirit which characterized it. Aristotle said pithily there is no learning without pain. Boys met at appointed places and marched in military order to the schools. During an extended period the pedagogue was, as it were, the very shadow of the school boy. One scarcely knows which of these most needs our sympathy, the boy or the pedagogue. Surely the life of the latter must have been a constant burden if the Athenian bore any resemblance to the average American boy. And yet that boys could be brought into subjection to such a system was a mark of the educational genius of the people. The Greek school boy led a strenuous life. It was once necessary to pass a law forbidding the opening of schools before sunrise and the closing of them after sunset. "The Spartan cadets presented themselves naked before the ephors every ten days," says a writer; "if they were well knit and strong and looked as if caryed and hammered into shape by gymnastics, they were praised; but if they showed flabbiness or softness or any little swelling or suspicion of adipose matter due to laziness, they were flogged." "A well-developed chest, clear complexion, broad shoulders and a short tongue"—this was the fine physical ideal of military Sparta.

It was this discipline which created some of the greatest of Greek characters. Thomas Davidson says, in his book on "Ideals of Ancient Education," that Epaminondas, the Theban general, was the bravest and most lovable man Greece ever produced, and that any enthusiastic believer in education can fortify his cause by taking him as a brilliant example. Lysis, the Pythagorean, taught Epaminondas. The example of Epaminondas kindled the ambition of Philip, of Macedon, who was educated under his eye, and of his more famous son, Alexander the Great, who made all Greece a province of his empire. Note the educational succession—Pythagoras, Lysis, Epaminondas, Philip, Alexander—in five brief generations an earnest teacher conquers the world.

An educated man is like the army of Epaminondas. You recall how he used to form his soldiers into converging lines until, in the shape of a wedge, he would hurl them point first at the center of the enemy's line, divide it and then defeat it. The intellectual powers of a truly educated man are thus disciplined and thus directed, every faculty and power contributing its force to the one object of the commanding general—the will.

Let the Greeks, then, teach us their lesson of earnestness, of discipline; let us put into our struggle for the highest development the truly heroic spirit. Let no college or university student despise the drudgery and the grind of a three or four years' course. Let him remember that the battles of life are usually won before the conflict actually takes place. "Presence of mind is preparedness of mind."

Again, the Greeks emphasized the necessity for the development of intellectual capacity as distinguished from mere acquisition. Encyclopedic knowledge may be desirable, but the true test of mental power is ability to think rather than that which can remember large masses of facts. Aristotle is thought by some to have been the most highly educated man who ever walked the earth. His intellectual labors were marvelous in range and results. In writing a political work, he examined the Constitutions of more than two hundred and fifty States. His information was almost unparalleled on all subjects with which ancient thought had to do. Yet

his pre-eminence must ever continue to lie not in the compass of his knowledge, but in the creative force of his intellect. He is the supreme master in deductive logic to-day and he anticipated by many centuries the deductive method formulated by Bacon and employed so universally in modern science. It is a question often discussed, What distinguishes man most of all from the lower animals? Formerly it was said to be his capacity for laughter, or his power of speech, or his ability to reason. But in recent times research has narrowed the line of division in these respects until it seems well nigh invisible. A recent writer holds that the really distinguishing mark of man is his ability to extend his sympathy beyond the limits of his own tribe. This may be true or not, but I think it must be conceded that, in addition to his religious nature, man's capacity for growth, not in the merely instinctive way through heredity and the struggle for existence, but by choice and voluntary application, is an attribute of his nature which sets him apart from all the lower animals. When his natural powers fail, man invents a way to attain his end. Some lower animals have a keener sense of vision than man, but no eagle ever invented a microscope or telescope. Other lower animals excel man in the power of hearing, but no deer or antelope has ever constructed a telephone. This is man's distinguishing characteristic; this marks him off and places him in a class by himself, his capacity for endless growth, his eternal discontent with his present attainments. The man who ceases to grow thereby descends to the sub-human plane. The fact that his nature reaches upward to the eternal and rests not in any past achievement marks his kinship to the divine.

"Surely that which made us meant us to be mightier by and by,
Set the sphere of all the boundless heavens within the human eye,
Sent the shadow of Himself, the boundless, through the human soul,
Boundless inward in the atom; boundless outward in the whole."

Here, too, the Greeks beckon us onward and upward. They valued growth, the increase of capacity, as the choicest flower of education.

Once more, we may note as an excellence of Greek education that it encouraged the belief that the best verification for all truth is to be found in the school of practical life. In this they come into vital touch with our modern American ideal. The value of the dialectic method was appreciated to the full. As often remarked, nothing was better suited to quicken thought and sharpen the wits than to join a circle on the street corner or in the market place in which Socrates asked his searching questions or answered those of others. A modern man of wide influence has said three things are essential to every man's efficiency in practical life: First, to spend as much time as possible in the open air; second, to mingle as freely as possible with the common people every day; third, to make it a rule to converse every day with some one who knows more than one's self. The Greeks sharpened their wits and kept their bodies healthy by observing all three of these injunction.

Then, too, the art of war was learned by practice in the field. Every hill and stream, every fastness or mountain defile, became familiar to the young Greek as he took his drill in the closing years of his university education.

We must pass now to consider some of the defects of the Greek education, and our consideration of these will prepare the way for our closing remarks as to the modern ideals.

If we were to characterize these defects in general, we would say they might be summed up in the statement that the Greek ideals of education were not sufficiently human. It was, broadly speaking, an attempt which sacrificed humanity on the altar of art. An artificial conception of society was made to do service in a manner so thoroughgoing as to do violence to much that is elemental and permanent in human nature. The principle of harmony around which Greek thought and life were organized was inadequate. The pattern of the temple was beautiful, but much of the marble was left unutilized when the edifice was complete.

Coming to particulars, we observe, for one thing, that Greek education robbed the State of the priceless boon of motherhood. The boy was snatched from the mother's care at a very early period of his life, and committed to the care of others. Much of that lengthened period of infancy, characteristic of man as distinguished from the lower animals, which Mr. Drummond has so beautifully described for us, in which unfolding life is entrusted by wise Nature to the tender care of the human mother, and which is beyond all question one of the supreme factors in the formation of character, was denied the Greek boy. Thomas Carlyle's tender appeal to his dead mother well voices the modern and Christian conception of motherhood and is worthy of a place in literature as the classic expression of filial love: "O pious mother, kind, good, brave and truthful soul as I have ever found, and more than I have ever elsewhere found in this world, your poor Tom, long out of his school days now, has fallen very lonely, very lame and broken in this pilgrimage of his, and you can not help him or cheer him by a kind word any more. From your grave in Ecclefechan Kirkyard yonder, you bid him trust in God, and that also will he try, if he can understand and do." Sad is the lot of any nation which becomes impoverished of mothers, or which seeks by some principle of harmony to organize society without leaving to motherhood its peerless rank in the scheme of educational forces.

The same statements apply to wifehood and womanhood in general, as to motherhood among the Greeks. There was no sufficient provision made for the education of woman, or adequate recognition of her place in society. Some of the later Greek writers began to see the importance of reform at this point. Thomas Davidson, in his work previously referred to, quotes a long passage from Xenophon, in which he sets forth a scheme for the education of the young wife by the husband. He represents Socrates as inquiring of Ischomachus, the young husband who has the fortitude to attempt the education of his wife, how he went about the novel task. We sympathize with the interest of Socrates when he makes this inquiry and adds: "I shall be more interested in hearing you tell that than if you told me all about the finest gymnastic or equestrian exhibition." Listen to the brave young husband as he explains in detail the course of instruction through which he conducts his wife. He taught her how to train servants; how to make herself attractive without the use of cosmetics or fine clothes; how to have a place for everything and everything in its place, and various other duties of the housewife. When one considers the possibilities for domestic broils which lay along the career of this young husband and wife, and reflects that the name given to the husband, Ischomachus, means "strong fighter," one is tempted to regard Xenophon in the light of a humorist. In this portrayal we have a strong reflexion of the consciousness which was taking place among the Greeks,

that the safety of the State was vitally related to the proper education of woman.

After what has been said, it may seem strange to add that Greek education gave no proper recognition to manhood as such. The man was constantly sunk in the citizen. The State was supreme in all the ideals of Greek education. The first of the two degrees bestowed was that of "citizen novice," and the second that of "citizen." The State was the alma mater of every educated man. Moreover, Greek civilization failed to recognize the manhood of the slave or the barbarian. It was essentially an aristocracy. Thus we see that Greek life was, after all, a Procrustean bed, on which manhood, womanhood and family life were sacrificed to an artificial standard.

Most of all was the Greek system defective in the absence of moral discernment and moral force. Socrates inaugurated a new era in this respect, and those who followed him profoundly felt that there was moral lack, but failed to grasp fully the elements of the problem. Another thinker who proclaimed the dictum that "Man is the measure of all things" made a long stride towards the recognition of the worth of the individual. But no new moral sanction was discovered which was equal to the needs of the hour.

It is at this point that we discern most clearly the element which Christianity introduced to make good all that was defective in the Greek system and gradually transformed it into nobler forms than it had ever known. What Christianity introduced was ethical and spiritual power, accompanied by a new and higher conception of virtue. In the Christian teaching the "summum bonum" was no longer the state, but the kingdom of God; citizenship was no longer confined to racial or geographical or national lines, but men were citizens of the world; no longer were men divided into Greek citizens on the one hand and barbarians and slaves on the other; all were equal before God. The individual was in and of himself of supreme value to God, who loved all men. The highest virtue was to be realized in the spirit of service; and particularly did Christianity proclaim that in the union with Jesus Christ by faith, moral and spiritual reinforcement came to the wills of men which, in the long and vain struggle with sin, had suffered paralysis.

We may now recur to the general statement of the Greek ideal which we found to consist primarily of the idea of harmony and wholeness, the attempt to "see life steadily and see it whole" combined with a heroic effort to unite the parts into a perfect political and civic life. The modern ideal may also be stated in terms of harmony. The aesthetic are now, indeed, subordinated to the ethical harmonies. In a deeper and wider sense, the passion for order finds satisfaction. If then we note some points at which the modern harmony succeeds, we shall thereby indicate wherein the Greek effort for harmony failed.

Observe, then, first, that in the best modern education, the end sought is a successful union of the forces which make for character with the forces which make for intelligence. Man is regarded first of all as a moral being and, secondarily, as an intellectual being. So exclusively intellectual did the Greek system become that in the end virtue (*arete*) was made identical with wisdom or knowledge. Modern education must forever guard the distinction between the two in order that, in the administration of educational forces, proper provision shall be made for the forces which make for character along with those which make for knowledge.

Again, the best modern education seeks successfully to combine the theoretical with the practical life. The later Greeks were dreamers of beautiful dreams. The republic of Plato is one of the most brilliant of the many Utopias which have emanated from the human brain. But the tendency of the speculative life so highly developed in the later stages of Greek history was to paralyze the practical. The feet of the super-civic men were finally lifted clear of the earth and into an intellectual dreamland. The tendency in our day is in the opposite direction. Empirical science has left its mark on everything. Impatient of the claims of any realm which lies beyond the range of verification in the ordinary experimental way, it often looks with insufficient interest upon the phenomena which have their roots in the world of spirit. It is one of the most urgent tasks of modern education to reassert and make good the union between the practical and theoretical or ideal sides of life. A steady hand must be kept upon the helm of the ship of education in its voyage across the sea of experimental science, so that when it arrives at its destination it shall cast anchor in the haven of the unseen and eternal.

In the third place, the best modern education seeks to keep steadily in view the union of the kingly and the priestly elements in life. By the kingly I mean the elements of power; by the priestly the elements of service. In human history most of the disaster has been wrought by the separation of these elements. Rarely, indeed, has it been true that kingly men were also priestly men. But in the Christian revelation the redeemed and ideal humanity forever unites the two. "He made us to be kings and priests unto God." Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Nero and Napoleon Bonaparte were kingly men without the priestly instinct. Alfred the Great, Oliver Cromwell, George Washington, Robert E. Lee and Abraham Lincoln were both kingly and priestly men. The great brain in each of these men was joined with the great heart; the spirit of conquest was ennobled and glorified by the spirit of service. The fire of genius was intensified by that "touch of humanity" which makes the whole world kin, and they are enshrined forever in the memory of the race as benefactors, because their ideal was the service of man. Henceforth he who possesses power in any form must hold it in trust for the service of his fellowman. He who ascends the throne of culture or wealth or power in any form must ever hold himself in readiness to descend to the ranks of his fellowmen and don the priestly robes of service, bringing with him the sceptre of his power. Modern life, if it is to be saved from materialism and vulgarity and brutality, must be moralized. The ballot is a form of kingly power. Every voter is one of the sovereign people. The American citizen is a king. He needs also to become a priest; to hold his power as a sacred trust and make of citizenship a means of serving the highest ideals of social and political life. Thus shall our relations to foreign peoples and possessions find expression not merely in the kingly assertion of power, but also in the priestly activity of service. Thus shall we as a people conserve and observe the universal law of love and righteousness.

WILLIAM C. OWENS.

[William C. Owens, Lawyer, Louisville, Ky., was born in Scott County, Kentucky in 1853; former County Attorney; Member Kentucky Legislature 1879 to 1887; Speaker of House in 1887; Chairman National Democratic Convention 1892; Member of Congress from Seventh District 1895-1896; Major in 2d Kentucky Regiment, Spanish-American War.]

OUR PRESIDENT.

A speech delivered at a banquet given to Hon. Leslie Combs, at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., January 5, 1903.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

To the patriot citizen the President of this great republic must always be an enthusing theme. Apart from personal considerations, which determine his selection from the multi-million mass about him, apart from the political convictions to which he owes his elevation to that proud eminence, the fierce light that beats upon the place of power invests its occupant with an interest profound and intense. Above the man, above the party, rises the great office, the incarnate representative of the might and the majesty of millions of people consecrated by more than a century of time to the great problem of free government. Among the sons of men, there is no nobler ambition than the first place among such a people, and that ambition achieved, there can be no holier purpose than to come completely up to the lofty standard of its many and multiform duties.

It is one called to that proud station and moved, as I believe, by that sacred purpose, that your chairman commends to us this evening. It is never praiseworthy to become the unthinking critic of a foe or the unseemly eulogist of a friend, but, standing in the presence of this President, of whom I speak to-night, measuring as best I can the symmetry of his peculiarly rounded character and noting his unique fulfillment of the highest ideals of American youth, and later of American manhood, it is difficult, if not impossible, to keep within the area of conservative statement. The history of obscure youth bearing the burden of poverty, but undaunted by obstacle, struggling upward from the dull earth to match his name with the proudest and the greatest, is now, as ever, the familiar refrain of both song and story, but we have been called upon, alas, too seldom, to pay tribute to the sturdy worth of that character which, born to generous wealth and station, calmly puts aside the gracious gifts of both and counts only that as worthy which by merit it may proudly win, and then by the only right divine as proudly wear.

We have had many great Presidents, choice spirits gathered from the world's every walk, but I believe it may be truthfully said of Theodore Roosevelt that he has touched the current of American life at more and more diverse angles than any other citizen, living or dead, of this republic, and never touched it save to leave it better for the contact. In the palatial homes of the East, in the rude tents of the border West, plodding in the libraries for the material to enrich and illumine history, delving in the slums in his work of the purification of a great city, perfecting a navy

for the giant task it had to do, Governor of a mighty Commonwealth and President of a mightier republic, his post, whether it be in public or private station, has always been the post of honor.

In peace easily equal to every demand, war withered no laurel that his worth had won. On a foreign soil, with a foreign foe before him and his country's flag above him, he threw himself as unhesitatingly and as exultantly into the "battle's perilous edge" as if life had held no light to guide or cheer his hope. Summoned under the providence of God to the chief magistracy of a great nation, by splendid courage, by wise foresight and loving sympathy, he has stilled at home the legions of unrest and discontent, silenced by results the criticisms of the small, and, among the nations of the world, lifted his country's banner nearer to the sun. Called to the leadership of a great party, a party born in the throes of war and christened at the font of freedom, a party whose principles have flowered in the rich development of a people whose unmatched achievements shame the magic of Oriental tale and will stand through the unfolding centuries the marvel and the wonder of the world; a party entrusted by such a people with unlimited power to fashion their policies and shape their destiny, before his wise and forceful faction vanished whenever true Republicanism had a home, and at the last election a cordon of States that knew no bounds save the ocean waves placed the stamp of approval upon his conduct of both public and party affairs.

If I read myself aright, I am not now and never was a hero worshiper, but, to my mind, this man stands as the most tensely representative American character in all the wide range of American history.

A son of wealth, a cowboy on the plains, a historian and a maker of history, a soldier, a statesman, a civilian and high official, keeping always to the faith, holding sturdily to the best ideals of duty and of honor and wearing through all the tract of busy years "the white flower of a blameless life."

Holding to this idea, should I be called upon to name some bright exemplar upon whom the hopeful and earnest youth of America might fashion lives of usefulness and honor, where should I turn if not to the President of this, the only true republic? And such a republic is not ungrateful, for it requires no prophet's ken, no seer, no sage to look forward to the good year of 1904 and behold him nominated by the Republican party's one acclaim and triumphantly elected by a vote without precedent in the history of American politics.

R. R. PERRY.

[R. R. Perry, Editor of the "Sun-Sentinel," Winchester, Ky., was born in Anderson County, Ky., October 18, 1846; Postmaster, Winchester, Ky., now serving third term.]

THE LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON.

A speech delivered at the decoration of the graves of the Federal soldiers in the cemetery at Lexington, Ky., May 30, 1906.

With a perfect civilization, there would be no occasion for an assembly of this kind. There would have been no civil war. But those who live in the present age must accept the conditions as they find them, and with these conditions wars are inevitable.

It will not be improper at this time to review some matters connected with our Government prior to the Civil War. The first settlements were made along the Atlantic coast. The African slave trade was recognized as legitimate business, and the slave dealers plied their trade along the coast from Maine to Florida. The inhabitants in the Southern part of the country were from what was known as the Cavalier class of the older countries, while those of the North were of the more sturdy or business class.

The natural conditions made slavery more profitable in the South, and, finally, it became a Southern institution. There was very little internal trade and about the only exports were tobacco and rice. Cotton could not be raised profitably. The slaves increased rapidly, with the result that the owners could not use their labor to advantage, and it was said of many planters that they were slave poor. The first emancipation societies were formed in the South. And it was Virginia that put the first restrictions on the extension of slavery. In ceding the Northwestern Territory to the Government, Virginia made it a condition of her grant that there should be no slavery in the ceded territory.

A simple mechanical invention by a Northern man, Eli Whitney, in 1792, made slavery profitable; and his discovery was an accidental one. In sawing a pine board lying on a pile of cotton, he noticed that the fiber would attach itself to the gum on the saw, and this gave him the idea of the cotton gin—a simple machine that produced far-reaching results.

Slavery was then profitable, and the anti-slavery societies in the South disappeared. Prior to this invention, the most expert slave could gin no more than fifty cents' worth of cotton a day.

As civilization advanced, the moral sentiment against the institution of human slavery increased in all the countries, but in none so great as in the Northern and Western half of our country.

And in the South there was a considerable element that was against slavery. One of our most distinguished Kentuckians, Cassius M. Clay, was one of the leaders, and, while Henry Clay was a slave owner, he did not approve of slavery. In this connection, I will give a story of Henry Clay. It has never been in print, as far as I know:

Mr. Clay conceived the idea of emancipating some of his own slaves.

He put it into effect by going to Indiana and buying a large body of land and locating his slaves, with their families, in that free State. In the fall of the following year, he was sitting on his porch at Ashland, when he faintly heard singing down the road in the direction of Lexington. The music became more and more distinct and, in a little while, there came marching through the gate the entire crowd of negroes to whom he had given freedom. They would rather be slaves of Henry Clay in Kentucky than free in Indiana. And there is no greater hero in American history than Cassius M. Clay, who, when a mob in this city was gathered to destroy the plant of his emancipation paper, barricaded himself in his office, armed, and, with a loaded pistol in the touch-hole of a keg of powder, said to the mob: "Come on; I will fight as long as I can and, as a last resort, will fire this pistol into the powder and blow you as well as myself into eternity." The mob did not come; they were acquainted with "Cash" Clay.

There were reasons other than slavery why the Southern States tried to withdraw from the Union, but without slavery these would not have existed. It was slavery and the attempts to extend it that furnished sentiment in the North. In addition was also the determination that the Union must not be severed.

Many Southerners honestly believe that, under the original compact, a State had a right to sever its connection with the Union.

While it was a Northern man that, by his invention, made slavery profitable, it was a Southern man, Cyrus H. McCormick, a Virginian, who, by the invention of the reaper in 1831, made it possible for the Union armies to be sustained during the war.

McCormick's machine was not appreciated in Virginia, and he went to Chicago in 1847. His machine was in general use by 1860, and it was by it that the grain of the Central West was harvested. It supplied the deficiency of labor, and was the means of furnishing bread to the soldiers in the field.

In Kentucky the sentiment between adherence to the Union and secession was about equally divided. It looks like a contradiction, but it is true; patriotism from a different view-point caused both sides to pursue the course that they did; the Unionists to perpetuate the Union, the Confederates to maintain what they believed to be the sovereign rights of the States.

The war ended and those of us who survived returned to our old Kentucky homes and resumed the same business and fraternal relations that existed before the strife. There was not at any time a feeling of bitterness by the contestants on either side.

We have no fault to find with those who cherish in loving memory their achievements in a lost cause. But those of us who are members of the Grand Army of the Republic know that we are the ones that saved the Union from dissolution. The little bronze button that we wear is more precious to us than the diamonds of the world. The best that the future historian can say of the other side will be that they fought for a principle and their purpose was to dismember the Union. On the other hand, the Federal soldiers will be treated as the saviors of the Union. The proudest heritage that any American can leave to his posterity is to have been one of those who sacrificed his life to perpetuate a union of the States, the result of which was to make this the greatest nation of the world.

Veneration for the dead is a universal trait of human character. At this hour, all over this great country of ours, the few remaining ex-soldiers, their descendants and friends, are assembled to do honor to fallen heroes. It is no more than a sentiment, 'tis true, but it is a noble sentiment. It does not affect the dead, but it tends to elevate and give purer thoughts to the minds of the living.

And now, comrades, a word to you: Our race is almost run. I was one of the youngest, being less than sixteen when I enlisted in 1862. Probably each of you is older than I am, and I am referred to as an old man. A few more years and our bodies will lie in line with those of our comrades that have gone before, and friends will come on this memorial day and strew flowers on our graves.

There is no class of people upon which greater responsibility rests. Following our loved flag, we fought to make the country what it is to-day. Let us so live that the glorious achievements of our younger days may be perpetuated in the minds and hearts of those who will come after us.

JOHN POPE.

[John Pope, United States Senator, Governor, was born in Prince William County, Va., in 1770; died in Springfield, Washington County, Ky., July 12, 1845; he was brought to Kentucky in boyhood, and, having lost an arm through an accident, he was compelled to abandon farm work, and after studying law was admitted to the bar; he first settled in Shelby County, but afterward removed to Lexington, Ky.; he was a member of the Kentucky Legislature for several years, and in 1801 was a Presidential Elector on the Jefferson ticket. He was elected to the United States Senate as a Democrat, and served from October 26, 1807, till March 3, 1813, acting as President pro tempore of the Senate in 1811; from 1829 till 1835 he was Territorial Governor of Arkansas; returned to Kentucky and was elected to Congress, serving from September 4, 1837, to March 3, 1843.]

THE OCCUPATION OF WEST FLORIDA.

A speech delivered in the Senate of the United States on Thursday, December 27, 1810, favorable to a "Bill declaring the laws now in force in the Territory of Orleans to extend to, and to have full force and effect, to the river Perdido, in West Florida, pursuant to the treaty concluded at Paris on the 30th of April, 1803, and for other purposes."

Mr. President:

I regret that the honorable chairman of the committee who reported this bill is not here to give it that support which his talents, information and the importance of the subject authorize us to expect. His absence has devolved on me, as a member of the committee and a representative of that section of the Union more immediately interested in the subject before us, to explain to the Senate some of the grounds which induced them to make this report. The first important question which the proclamation of the President and this bill presents for consideration is whether or not the United States has a good title to the territory in question. Before I examine the treaty of cession from France to the United States of 1803, the source of our claim, permit me to inquire what were the limits of Louisiana in that quarter to which this subject leads us before the treaty and cession of 1792-3, between France, Spain and Great Britain? On this subject, however, I believe there is no contrariety of opinion. Before this period, Louisiana extended east of the river Mississippi to the river Perdido. France and Spain, by the treaty of 1719, established this boundary between Florida, now called East Florida, and Louisiana. The ancient limits of Louisiana have been so fully ascertained by the documents laid before Congress at different times, and the numerous discussions the subject has undergone, that I should only waste the time of the Senate in attempting to throw any new light on it. I shall only refer the Senate to one additional evidence that the river was the ancient eastern boundary of this province. Mr. Smollet, in his continuation of "Hume's History of England," states the answer of the British Government to the propositions made by France for peace early in the year 1761, from which it appears that France then claimed the river Perdido as their eastern limit, nor does this fact appear to have been contested by the British minister. It appears that, previous to the war which terminated in 1763, Louisiana compre-

hended nearly the whole country watered by the Mississippi and its branches. I find it stated in a pamphlet, published in New York, that France, by a secret cession, contemporaneous with the treaty called the family compact of 1761, transferred this country to Spain to induce her to become her ally in the war against Great Britain; and, although I can find no evidence to support this statement, yet the events of that war, previous to that period, renders it at least probable. It will be remembered that the arms of Great Britain had triumphed over those of France, both by sea and land. France had lost Canada and a great number of ships of war. Spain was not then a party in the war, and to induce her to become so, it seems probable that France, under the pressure of adverse fortune, ceded to her this province. But, as this statement does not correspond with the documents on our tables, nor the views of others who have examined this subject, we are compelled to take it for granted that the cession of West Louisiana, since called West Florida, to Great Britain, was made at the same time, in the year 1762. It is, however, well known that France made the cession to Great Britain at the instance and for the benefit of Spain to enable her, with the cession of Florida, now called East Florida, to obtain restitution of Cuba. The whole of Louisiana, not conquered by Great Britain, may, with propriety, be said to have been given up or ceded to Spain. Let us now examine that part of the treaty of cession between the United States and France of 1803, which relates to this question. By that treaty we acquired Louisiana as fully, and in the same manner as it had been acquired by France from Spain, in virtue of the treaty of St. Ildefonso of the 1st of October, 1800. By this treaty Spain retroceded Louisiana to France "with the same extent it then had in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it, and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other States." That this extract from that treaty is correct can not be doubted, as it has never been denied by Spain. The word "retroceded" in this treaty has, I believe, occasioned more doubt with regard to the meaning of this cession than any expression contained in it, but can not, when the subject is properly examined, have the effect contended for. It is said that, as France ceded to Spain, in 1762, Louisiana west of the Mississippi, including the island of New Orleans, the word "retrocede" must limit the cession to what had been previously ceded by France to Spain; but if it be true that Louisiana east and west of the Mississippi was ceded to Spain in the year 1761, although East Louisiana was afterwards ceded by France, with the consent of Spain and Great Britain, the word "retrocede" might, with propriety, be used with reference to the original grant to Spain in 1761, or if, what will not be denied, the cession of East Louisiana, alias West Florida, so called by Great Britain after 1763, could well say to France, I re-grant to you what you ceded to me, and on my account, or, at least, so much as I can re-grant consistently with the treaties I have since made; and this seems to be the plain and evident meaning of the instrument. If the parties had meant to confine the retrocession to the limits of the cession, made by France to Spain, of Louisiana west of the Mississippi, including the island of New Orleans, they would have used the same description. They would certainly have stopped after saying the extent it then had in the hands of Spain. But, to prevent mistake or misconstruction, they add, "that it had when France possessed it," and, what is still more conclusive of the meaning of the parties, they go on to say, "and such as it should be after the treaties subsequently

entered into between Spain and other States." As Spain had never entered into any treaty with regard to the western boundary of Louisiana, and as the only treaties to which the parties could have alluded was that of 1783 with Great Britain, and of 1795 with the United States, both relative to limits on the east side of the Mississippi, it is perfectly clear that the contracting parties meant to comprehend whatever of Louisiana, on the east side of the Mississippi, Spain had a title to. If the construction I contend for is admitted, then the later parts of the description will have no effect, contrary to a settled principle of law and common sense that every part of an instrument shall have effect, if it can by any reasonable construction. To strengthen the construction for which I must insist, it may not be amiss to consider the views of the French Government at the time this treaty of St. Ildefonso was made. They, no doubt, acquired this province with an intention of holding it, and it was an object of national pride to regain as much as practicable of the colonies which had been lost under the old government. Besides, they could not be ignorant of the importance of East Louisiana, now West Florida, to the security of New Orleans; and, as the practicability of obtaining it at that time from Spain can not be doubted, the presumption is irresistible that the cession was intended to embrace it. I had intended to have ascertained at the Department of State the ground of objection with Spain to the surrender of that country to the United States, but I have not made the inquiry. I do not, however, think it difficult to account for the conduct of Spain. My conjecture is that France, after she had sold Louisiana to the United States and received the price stipulated, secretly advised Spain not to surrender it, having at that time formed the project which she is now attempting to execute, of acquiring the whole Spanish empire. Her interest was, therefore, identified with that of Spain, and she was, no doubt, willing to unite with Spain in giving the most limited construction to the cession to the United States. I find that Congress, by an act passed on the 24th of February, 1804, have solemnly asserted our right to this territory and authorized the President to take possession of it, and to establish a port of entry, etc., on the Mobile, whenever he should deem it expedient. The time when and circumstances under which this step should be taken were submitted to the discretion of the President. I may be permitted to ask why, if we had no title to this territory, the President was urged to take possession by force and censured for not doing it? If my recollection is accurate, all parties agreed we ought to have the country; they only differed as to the mode of acquiring it. The President, influenced by that policy which has hitherto guided the present administration, of avoiding of making this nation a party in the present European war, in the exercise of discretionary power vested in him by that act, did not think proper to seize upon it by force, but to wait for the occurrence of events to throw it into our hands without a struggle.

The expediency of taking possession of this territory can not, it appears to me, admit of a doubt. If the President had refused or hesitated to meet the wishes of the people of West Florida by extending to them the protection of the American Government, and they had sought security in the arms of a foreign power, or, if time had been given for intrigue to mature itself, another Burr plot would probably have risen from the ashes of the first, more formidable to the integrity of this empire. Burr, like Archimedes, fancied that if he had a place to stand upon—a place beyond the jurisdiction of the United States to rally his followers—he could over-

turn the Government. He has, it is true, fled from the frowns of an indignant country, but he was not alone. Let an opportunity be afforded, and a thousand Burrs would throw off the mask and point their arms against the Federal Union. On a subject of such interest, it would have been criminal in those appointed to watch over the national safety to have hesitated. I was surprised to hear this procedure pronounced a robbery and making of war. Why should our sympathies be awakened in favor of Spain? What claim has the Spanish Government upon our moderation and forbearance? What has been her conduct? From the moment we became an independent nation, she has been intriguing to separate the Western country from the Atlantic States. She has made, at different periods, and as late as the year 1797, in violation of her treaty of 1795 with this country, direct propositions to the Western people to secede from the Union and, to accomplish her object, at least attempted the use of means most corrupt. What has been her conduct since we acquired Louisiana? If I am correctly informed, our deserters and slaves who have taken refuge in Florida, in many instances, have not been surrendered, and enormous duties have been imposed on our vessels navigating the Mobile. Under all these provocations, sufficient to have drawn upon them from almost any other nation an open declaration of war, our Government, influenced by that pacific policy which has hitherto regulated its course towards foreign nations, exercised patience and forbearance. And, since the late revolution in Spain, I believe it will not be pretended that this Government has manifested any disposition to throw our weight into the scale of France against the Spanish party. Our Government has taken no step in relation to West Florida until compelled by a regard to our own safety. The executive in the proceeding under consideration has used language the most conciliatory, and, on the face of his proclamation, given a pledge that this Government will at any time enter into amicable negotiations on the subject of our claim to this territory, if it shall be disputed.

As this measure has been emphatically called an act of robbery and war, it may not be amiss to consider the political state of the Spanish colonies in relation to the Spanish Government in the hands of the Junta and the new dynasty about to be established by Bonaparte. It may be said, perhaps, that the late alienation of the Spanish crown and the revolution in Spain have dissolved the tie which connects them with the mother country. On this point I will not detain the Senate. If the French arms shall be successful in Spain, of which I believe few entertain much doubt, and the Junta shall be driven from old Spain to any of the colonies, their political character must cease, and they can no longer claim the exercise of any jurisdiction or sovereignty over the colonies. The colonies are not bound together by any political bond unconnected with the mother country; they are subject to the mother country, but the moment she is conquered, they are at liberty to provide for themselves, unless, indeed, the Emperor of France or King Joseph claim them. France, in an official exposé, and King Joseph, by proclamation, have declared their willingness that the colonies should become independent, provided they do not connect themselves with Great Britain. If France, therefore, shall, which is probable, conquer the mother country, we are fully authorized by her public declaration to the world to acquire, with the consent of the inhabitants, not only West but East Florida, Cuba or any other province which we shall deem it expedient to connect with the United States. This bill may be justified, independent of title, by the law of self-preservation. Have we

any assurance that the Spanish Government will maintain their neutrality in this territory, if we should be involved in a war with either France or Great Britain? Can they, or will they, prevent the march of an enemy's force through that territory into the United States? No, sir; we have every reason to expect the contrary. Considering how vulnerable we are from this territory, its present state, and the aspect of our foreign affairs, it appears to me that we are authorized to take possession of it as a measure of national security. It may be objected that taking the property of others by force tends to relax the morals of the people, by destroying that criterion of right and wrong, the observance of which is so necessary to the purity of our republic; and I am ready to admit that we ought to proceed upon this principle of necessity and expediency with great caution, and never to act upon it but in extreme and evident cases. Had we a colony on the coast of England or France, similarly situated, we know they would not hesitate. When we reflect that our property is seized by almost every nation; that the laws and usages of nations are disregarded by nearly all of Europe; that their conduct has been lately marked with a degree of perfidy and rapacity unexampled in the history of the civilized world; that they have in fact become States of barbarity, it appears to me that we ought not, as regards them, to be over-nice or squeamish upon questions of this sort. Shall we sit here with our arms folded until the enemy is at our gates? If we waste our time in discussion and refining abstract questions of right and wrong, we shall lose our independence, and we shall deserve to lose it. I had hoped this bill would have passed without much debate; I know the people are tired of long speeches and documents. This fondness for lengthy discussions has even drawn upon Congress the reproaches of the ladies; they begin to say: "Less talk; more action."

EDWARD LINDSAY POWELL.

[Rev. Edward Lindsay Powell, D. D., Louisville, Ky., was born in King William County, Va., May 8, 1860; graduated from Christian University, Canton, Mo., with degree of M. A.; honorary degree of LL. D., from Kentucky University; Author of a volume of sermons, "The Victory of Faith," and a series of addresses, entitled "Savonarola," &c.; President American Christian Missionary Society; Member of the Louisville Free Library Board.]

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

A lecture delivered in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on the night of April 29, 1906.

I ask your attention to the first verse, twenty-sixth chapter, of the Book of Acts: "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." Then Paul stretched forth the hand and answered for himself.

Let us, in the first place, get the setting of our story. Paul had but just returned from his third missionary journey. Immediately upon his arrival in Jerusalem, he reports to the elders of the church and rehearses before them his experiences. A few days thereafter, he is recognized in the temple as the hated and powerful new convert to the faith that was spreading like a conflagration. It required only a little time to form a mob, from which he escaped with his life only through the intervention of the Roman authorities. Then follows the hurried trial before the Sanhedrim, and, under an armed escort, he is almost immediately transferred to Cesarea, the political capital of Judea. There he faces Felix, the Roman Governor. As he stood before him on this memorable occasion, he reasoned of righteousness and temperance and judgment to come. Felix trembled. He is kept in prison for two years, or until the expiration of the term in office of Felix. When Festus comes in the room of Felix, the case of Paul calls for immediate attention. Standing before the successor of Felix, the apostle makes that memorable appeal to Caesar, which made possible his journey to Rome. During the interval, the time of waiting for his journey to Rome, there comes to the capital Agrippa with Bernice, his sister, to make a visit of congratulation and ceremony to the newly-elected Governor. Festus arranged for the interview between the king and the Roman prisoner, and so it happens that, for the first time in Paul's eventful and memorable life, he faces a king. The last prince in the Herodian line stands in the presence of the chief among the apostles.

Now, my friends, it is interesting to study the orator whose great speech we are to consider to-night. Some one has said that two elements enter into any great speech. They are truth and personality. We are interested in the personality of Paul. What sort of man was he? Was he dramatic? Was he picturesque? Are we to discover in him any of those imaginary qualities which we think should be dominant in the character of a great speaker? I think of Paul as a man of small stature, certainly not of commanding presence, and utterly wanting in any physical grace other than that which was natural and spontaneous. He had not studied in any school

of oratory, but in this insignificant body was the soul of a king impressing itself, as I believe, upon his features and carriage in such fashion as to make of him a man of dignity and power. He is no ordinary man. He is proud of his lineage and reckons himself to have been born in no mean city. He stands in the presence of royalty unawed. He was a man of culture, having studied in the schools of Tarsus, and having been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, whose name was known throughout the realm of the Jews. He was a man of intense convictions, having truth to possess him rather than on his part possessing the truth. When as yet he was a young man, he persecuted with ardor the new faith. Perhaps the bravest and most honest foe of the primitive church was this Paul. When he drew the sword from his scabbard, the scabbard was flung away. He was a fighter. He threw his whole soul into his cause. Then comes the vision hour, and all the world is changed for him thereafter.

He sees the glorified Christ. It is no subjective vision; it is real. He hears His voice speaking to him in tones he could never forget: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" Then, with the ardor of an intense nature, he gives himself to the proclamation of the gospel he had once despised. He goes everywhere preaching the word. He travels in strange cities and distant lands; he meets with all sorts of adventures; he is in perils on the land, in perils on the sea, in perils among false brethren. He takes to trouble as the swimmer does to the waves, with the same gladness and the same abandon. He never makes moan. He is a conqueror from the time he lifts the flag and carries it into the thick of the fight. He moves steadily onward and forward until the last pean of triumph was sounded when, with no modesty, but with a clear spirit of faith, he declares: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," and now, after two years of unjust imprisonment, he stands in the presence of Agrippa. The man and the hour have met. The great occasion is to find one ready to adequately meet it and honor it and dignify it with immortality.

I have remarked that it was a great occasion. In what consisted its greatness? Certainly not in the pageantry and pomp attendant upon the occasion. Agrippa had come to the hall of justice in his robes of office. There was glitter and beauty. There were accessories that were dazzling in their character, but all this was but light and color. An occasion is great in itself or it is not great at all. Nothing in the way of ornamentation or decoration can ennoble it. These may be, to some extent, an expression of the dignity of the occasion, but they do not at all reveal the greatness thereof. Nor was it a great occasion in view of any danger that might possibly come to Paul. Remember he had made his appeal to Caesar. He must go to Rome for his trial. This was a simple interview between the king and the prisoner. Paul's life was not in any wise endangered. It was no such occasion as that when Warren Hastings was on trial in the presence of that magnificent audience that filled the galleries of Rufus Hall. The occasion was great, my friends, because souls were weighed at that time in the balance of eternity. That brilliant company was called upon to hear from the lips of the inspired apostle the eternal message of the Eternal God. They could never be the same afterward. They must be either better or worse. The great opportunity with its great call comes, and if we do not accept it, we turn away from it with the assurance that we must go further and further away from the splendid vision to which it summoned us.

It was a solemn hour. One can almost imagine the hush of eternity. Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide. That crisis hour came to Capernaum when Jesus trod her streets. That crisis hour came to the Athenian philosophers when, after giving patient attention to the introductory of Paul's great speech, they turned away upon the mention of Jesus and the resurrection. That crisis hour came to Felix when Paul reasoned of righteousness and temperance and the judgment to come. The Roman Governor gave back the feeble response: "Go thy way for this time; at a more convenient season, I will call for thee." It comes to every man. It has perhaps come to you when you have been called upon to face some great temptation. You have been called upon to decide between success, as the world calls it, with dishonor and obscurity with self-respect. You have been called upon to choose between the right and the wrong, between God and all that is antagonistic to His spirit. I do not know but that this very hour may be a crisis hour in the soul of some one to whom I am speaking.

But now let us consider the great speech. Buffon tells us that a man is the style. This noble utterance of Paul magnificently illustrates that dictum. It was the sermon of a great soul pouring itself out in an earnest speech. It reminds us in its simplicity of Lincoln's Gettysburg oration. There is nothing in it adventitious or meretricious. There is nothing whatever to suggest the rounded periods and dramatic climaxes of Bossuet or Massillon; no marshaling of sentences as in Edmund Burke, concerning whom Macaulay says that, in aptitude of comprehension and richness of imagination, he has had no superior in ancient or modern oratory. There is here no play of the imagination, as in Jeremy Taylor, when he bids us follow the flight of the lark or gaze upon the rose springing from its hooded cleft.

The great utterance flows on like a majestic river, unconscious of the praise it may evoke and unmindful of the beneficent influence it may exert. There is something of reserve power in every sentence. One feels the great beating heart of a great man back of this quiet utterance. Longinus says that this speech entitles Paul to be ranked among the greatest of the Grecian orators. Let us look at it for a moment. In the first place, it was marked by a distinctive affirmative and bold tone. Paul was not afraid of the face of man. He was never awed by circumstances. He was conscious of being clothed upon with a dignity in comparison with which the honors of this earth were insignificant. He was perfectly self-possessed when standing in the presence of the Athenian philosophers, and met them on their own ground of culture and intellectual ability. He spoke to Felix with that intense conviction which marks the master mind, and dominated the Governor as completely as though he had been a child; and so, on this occasion, when Agrippa is seated before him, clothed with his robes of office, while beauty is represented in the person of Bernice, the wicked sister of the king, there is the undaunted spirit of a brave, self-respecting man in Paul. Every sentence rings like a bugle blast. There is not one weak note. It is all bold, aggressive.

My friends, if the time shall ever come when the tone of the pulpit becomes apologetic, when the preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ shall be awed by wealth or fashion, or official position, or what not, then the pulpit has resigned its scepter. It is no longer a throne of power. The power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is in its affirmative, positive, dog-

matic presentation. Woe be unto that man who holds the truth of heaven and who dares to speak it in a whispered tone!

But, furthermore, the greatness of this speech is impressed upon us as we consider the character of the man, the conscious integrity of the orator. He says, as he proceeds: "My life is known to all of the Jews. I have nothing to conceal. It is an open book." Never in that life of his was there a moment when he was ashamed to have the record read. He said on one occasion that which could be said all through his life: "I have wronged no man, I have corrupted no man, I have defrauded no man." He stood in the presence of royalty at this memorable hour, conscious of his moral integrity, and, therefore, every sentence had back of it power. Say what you will, there can be no great oratory unless there be great living. That is true in literature no less than in the realm of spoken and uttered speech. One has said that history has ever refused to crown with her choicest laurels the brow of genius alone; it must be as pure as it is broad. History refuses to rank among its noblest writers Voltaire or Heine or Swinburne. It demands that there shall be along with genius the character of a Milton or a Dante. I verily believe that no painter can execute a picture that is superior to the character of the painter himself. No great utterance can come from one who is conscious of guilt, conscious of moral weakness. The great orators are the men who have had fellowship with duty and with truth and with righteousness. I am not unmindful of the weaknesses of a Daniel Webster, yet I remember that it was Daniel Webster who said: "The greatest thought that ever entered my mind is that of individual responsibility to God." Give us an age of high thinking and right living in our national life, and it will not seem strange when one Senator in the United States makes a great speech so notable and exceptional that the newspapers commented upon it as something greater than had been heard in the Senate since the olden golden days seemingly forever gone by. The power of that speech was in its appeal to righteousness, in its appeal to high living, and its summons to the nation to turn away from the base and to lay hold of the choice and eternal and enduring.

Furthermore, this speech is marked by a magnificent idealism. In fact, the splendid vision hour which came to Paul on the Damascus road shines in every sentence of this speech. He had seen Christ, and, although an intensely practical man, that vision ever abided with him. He was never freed from its influence. And so the whole speech is given to a narration of his conversion, and the great vision hour of his soul. My friends, I believe that the men who are under the spell of invisible beauty and truth and righteousness are the only men who can move audiences or stir great throngs of people to anything that is really worth while. Festus cries out, while the preacher proceeds with his sermon: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." So it seemed to the cynic, to the materialist.

To the stolid, lethargic individual, the man of enthusiasm is little better than a madman. We who are in the dust and in the valley think it altogether strange that one should find any especially uplifting and inspiring influence from mountain heights. Paul mad? He was the sane man in that hour and that gospel which he was preaching, regarded by Festus as scarce worth his attention, as the gospel that has shaken empires and nations and given to the world a Christian civilization. I doubt not that many a noble and earnest life, because it is under the influence of high and noble ideals, is regarded by the man of the world as altogether eccen-

tric. The Christian life is sane living. It is normal living. It is the only life, my friends, that is in strict accord with the nature that God Almighty has given us.

But now the great orator comes to his final and splendid outburst; the magnificent climax is reached. As he proceeds, it is plain that Agrippa is greatly moved, and he cries out, interrupting the speaker: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Whether he spoke in jest or earnest, it matters not for the purposes of this discussion. Paul accepted the statement as made in earnest, and then he turns to the king and makes the most magnificent appeal that can be found in literature: "I would to God that not only thou, but all who hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am, save these bonds." Is there anything more magnanimous than this noble utterance? Could anything be more unselfish? There are certain sentences which have come down to us associated with terror and desolation and revenge, as, for instance, that remark of Caligula, when he wished that the Roman people had but one neck. There are sentences that fairly flame with hot indignation and destructive venom. Paul's declaration shines out with the brightness of the sun, luminous with the glory of heaven. To wish one to be a Christian is to wish the "summum bonum"—the highest good.

There is nothing beyond, save the reward which comes to the Christian. There is in earthly existence no higher dignity nor more magnificent honor. What is it to be a Christian? I am overwhelmed as I try to think of the blessedness and dignity involved. I can say this much. It means, in the first place, enrichment of life; it means an added power of appropriating all that is true and beautiful and noble and good. The same Apostle Paul, whose speech we have been studying, said on one occasion: "All things are yours if you are Christ's." The man of artistic soul can say: "All art is mine," because he has this spirit which can appreciate art. The man who is living a Christian life, who has the Christ spirit, can say: "All that is akin to Christ in all realms, in all departments of activity and thought, is mine." It means that you shall no longer be anemic and impoverished. It means quickened imagination, renewed affections, splendid conceptions of duty and of God. It means soul liberty. Here is a stream frozen; we say that it is ice-bound. So it is. It is not free, but wait until the sun shines upon it and the south wind has made its influence felt; wait until the summer time has come, and see how the bondage is burst and the great river goes flowing on to the sea which is its home.

Here are men and women with magnificent faculties and powers, but they are bound by sin, by appetite, by passions. They speak of themselves as free men; they are not free until these faculties and powers have been given a chance to fulfill themselves. No power is free that is not in action and in harmony with its nature. To be a Christian is to be a free man. Jesus Christ touches the life, and the whole nature answers to that touch, and the hitherto enslaved man goes forever free. There is no magic about it. Conversion is simply turning the nature of the man under heavenly influences to high and noble ends. Conversion is like the tuning of an instrument; you do not add new strings; you simply get these strings into proper adjustment and relief. We have the same nature, but it is that nature under the influence of a higher power touched by the glory of God.

My friends, to be a Christian, furthermore, is to have outlook, perspective, horizon. Immortality never shone as a sun until Jesus Christ

came forth from the grave of Joseph of Arimathea. You do not find a clear, distinct utterance in the Old Testament concerning immortality. You do not find a clear and distinct utterance in any other literature. If we shall look beyond with the clear eye of assurance, it must be under the leadership and guidance and direction of Him who has brought life and immortality to light. The average man is living with the four walls that compass him about. He mistakes the dome of his building for heaven's infinite blue. He does not know what it is to stand on the mountain height and to gaze out into affinity. If you want to know the joy of a great, splendid faith; if you want to know something of the thrill which comes through glorious vision, then put yourselves under the power and leadership and instruction of Jesus Christ. There is no higher honor. There is no nobler dignity than that of being a Christian. Yet Agrippa has to say: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." "Almost" is but to have one's foot on the threshold of a palace, and then not to enter. "Almost" is high, splendid feeling, but no action. "Almost" is to die in sight of home, with the lights burning and the door thrown wide open. "Almost" is to starve when there is plenty of bread and to spare. "Almost" is the weakest of irresolution.

" 'Almost' will not avail,
'Almost' is but to fail,
Sad, sad that bitter wail,
'Almost'—but lost."

JOSHUA D. POWERS.

[Joshua D. Powers, Banker and President Commonwealth Insurance Co., Louisville, Ky., was born in Hawesville, Hancock County, Ky., October 17, 1844; Member Kentucky Legislature 1873; Collector Internal Revenue, 2d District, Kentucky, 1893-97; President Kentucky Bankers' Association 1898; elected vice-President American Bankers' Association 1906.]

PATRIOTIC SPIRIT OF BANKERS.

A speech delivered at the Annual Convention of American Bankers' Association at Denver, Colorado, August 24, 1898.

A long course of prosperous industry does not unfit those who have been winning the spoils of peace, for the defense of their country at a time of great national danger, the accumulations of peace being the true resources of war. Paradoxical as it may seem, the subject assigned me may be abridged by expanding it, so as to make it read: "The Patriotic Spirit of Bankers of America." So, from the subject thus "abridged," I shall proceed to the discussion of the topic.

Whilst the subject does not question that love of country is general with all classes, it does assume the prevalence and diffusion of the spirit of patriotism among that class whose representatives are here assembled, and accentuates its existence as a characteristic thereof.

Honor, patriotism, reverence, all things which our fathers esteemed as more precious than gold, have not departed, but, as a rich heritage, have been transmitted to their sons, and stand out as pre-eminently in the character and acts of this generation as they shone resplendent in the days of the Revolution. Though there is necessarily a distinction between the acts of heroism and those of patriotism, they find unity in the accomplishment of high resolve and noble purpose, when uninfluenced by the ends of vain glory, or the glamor of the deeds to be performed.

So, looking first at the heroic side of patriotism, we see the patriotic spirit of those who personally answer the call of their country for its defense, its protection, its honor, its glory and its renown. Without distinction of party, place, position or section, they consecrate their lives to its glory. Some leave the quiet country home with meadows, brooks and flocks, giving a fond and perhaps final adieu to mother, sister or sweetheart, and, with a father's blessing, go forth to return, perchance, no more forever. Others, giving wives a fond, last embrace, looking lovingly upon the blessed bonds of their union asleep in the cradle, or prattling about their knees, little reckoning of the woes that betide them, rush under the exciting influences of the hour to meet the enemies of their country.

We see them in the tented field, alert for every duty, actuated by lofty desire, and driven on by a patriotic spirit, eager for the fray, anxious to meet and defeat the enemy. In answer to the order, "Forward, march," they keep quick and regular step to the music of the nation. See them on the lonely sentinel's beat, standing guard under the quiet stars, or in the raging storm. See them at their post of duty, with the missiles of death showering about them. See the advance in the face of the galling, deadly

fire, as they go, breasting the hail of shot, the storm of battle, the thunder of the oncoming foe, the lightnings of hell, to victory or to death. Some wildly exultant over the great victory won, others, alas, wounded, bleeding, frenzied with thirst, while the stream of life fast ebbs away, dying, dead. Where in all this carnage are the Florence Nightingales, the Clara Bartons, the noble women of the Red Cross, whose gentle touch, angelic look, sympathetic, kindly word and helpful hand allays pain, quiets anguish, soothes the soul and gives hope of the future, peace to the dying and consolation beyond the grave? Think you that the spirit of patriotism in them is less than in those to whom they are as ministering angels? What of all the blare of trumpets, the waving of banners, the pomp and circumstance of war, without the sinews of war, without the money and credit to sustain it? What, then, is the first great care of a nation about to engage in war, offensive or defensive—to look well to its finances, and to see who will sustain the government's credit and furnish the means with which to provide the army and navy and, having provided them, to provide for them. Where and to whom does it look? What spirit is invoked to work out the problem but the patriotic spirit of the bankers? In this glorious land that spirit has never been wanting from the time that Robert Morris answered the call and furnished Washington the means to win the battle of Trenton, even down to the glorious, though bloody, field of Santiago.

New Year's morning, 1777, Robert Morris went from house to house in Philadelphia, rousing the people from their beds to borrow money with which to relieve the destitution of Washington and his men, and, early in the day, he sent \$50,000 with the reassuring message that "whatever I can do shall be done for the good of the service. If further supplies of money are necessary, you may depend upon my exertions either in a public or private capacity."

Later on, when the public credit was at its lowest ebb and the public exigencies most pressing, a banking institution was organized by a few patriotic citizens for the sole purpose of sustaining the army, but no profits whatever were to be derived from its operations by those who had subscribed the £315,000 as its capital stock.

Growing out of this association, the Bank of North America was organized by Morris and his associates, who pledged their private fortunes to sustain the credit of the bank, and through it were all future obligations of the Government promptly met by the patriotic spirit of those early bankers.

When later, in 1812, the credit of the Government was so low and doubt and distrust were so great that it was impossible to float the bonds of the Government to enable it to defend itself for a second time against the aggressions of England, Stephen Girard, the great Philadelphia banker, came to its rescue and took millions of its securities and re-established confidence and sustained its credit to the end that we were enabled to crush the enemy and once more enjoy the blessings and prosperity of peace.

More than a third of a century later, in the war with Mexico, the same spirit which had actuated Morris and Girard enabled our soldiers to stack arms in front of the halls of the Montezumas, and left us, at the conclusion of peace, with a vast and rich domain added to our possessions.

When grim-visaged war unrolled his wrinkled and horrid front within our happy and prosperous land and threatened with destruction that for

which so much blood and treasure had been expended, the needs of the Government were promptly met by the bankers of America in a spirit of lofty patriotism, and they gave ungrudgingly of their gold for the promises of the nation, and continued so to do until, in an evil hour of expediency, the then Secretary of the Treasury foisted upon the country an emergency money which closed the doors to the vaults of gold and inaugurated a desperate game of speculation, the evil fruits of which have not ceased until this day. But the patriotic spirit of American bankers has not alone exhibited itself in times of national peril and distress as the result of war, but has shown its character and strength as well in the days of peace.

Growing out of the conditions made possible by Secretary Chase's financial policy, there remained a dangerous residuum in 1894, and, unfortunately, still remains, of about \$500,000,000 of currency notes of the Government for which gold may be demanded, but which, when re-purchased by the Government with gold, can not be retained or canceled by it.

Thus there were existing ills for which there was no adequate remedy, causing the then Executive, and his most excellent Secretary of the Treasury, to protect and replenish the gold reserve by putting upon the market \$50,000,000 of bonds, authorized under the act of January 14, 1875, and subsequently, in November of the same year, to duplicate the issue, thus realizing to the treasury more than \$116,000,000 in gold; but, in the same period of time, through the processes of this greenback endless chain, nearly \$103,000,000 in gold was drawn from the treasury and, within the succeeding sixty days, more than \$69,000,000 additional gold was so withdrawn, and, in the language of President Cleveland, "These large sums of gold were expended without any cancellation of Government obligations, or in any permanent way benefiting our people or improving our pecuniary situation."

Thus confronted with serious conditions that were fast tending to the destruction of our national credit, and seriously affecting our financial standing at home and abroad, without the sustaining power and helpfulness of Congress to beneficially enlarge the powers of the Secretary of the Treasury in the premises, the Executive and Secretary were compelled, in order to protect the country and its credit, to make still another bond issue in February, 1895. These bonds were negotiated at a premium to be allowed to the Government, so as to fix the rate of interest upon the amount of gold realized at $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. per annum; but, actuated by a spirit of patriotism, the bankers who were to become the purchasers, proposed to the Government that if they would allay the suspicion and deprive the bonds of the uncertainty as to the kind of money in which they would be paid, and make them in terms, as everybody felt confident and sure that they would be in fact, payable in gold, they would take the entire issue at 3 per cent., thus saving to the Government, by the terms of the bonds and the price to be paid therefor, \$16,174,770; but Congress, swayed by popular financial fanaticism, refused consideration of the President's very urgent message imparting these facts and conditions, and thus the Government, by political demagoguery, was forced into an enormous ultimate loss over the most earnest protest of a President and Secretary, whose high character and sound judgment have never been, and likely never will be, surpassed in the history of this Government.

But now to the conditions that are present with us and the developments that have been brought about by the war which has been forced upon

us as a rebuke to our philanthropy, our protection of the helpless, and the feeding and care of the starving.

The present Secretary of the Treasury made a visit to New York prior to the issuance of the bonds of the Government and, although the threatened dangers and insecurities of war had caused the people of the country to withdraw from the savings banks large balances, and to hoard them, and in turn these savings banks had called upon the commercial banks for their balances, and money in New York was worth 6 per cent., fifteen of the leading bankers of that great financial center called in a body upon the Secretary and assured him of their patriotic desire to see a 3 per cent. loan not only floated at par, but to enable him to make it a popular loan, without fear of its miscarriage, they agreed to take the whole, or any part, of the \$200,000,000 at par.

With this splendid financial backing, the Secretary issued his call for subscriptions to the bonds and, almost immediately upon its announcement, nearly double the amount of the loan was subscribed for, that there might be reassurance of the promises theretofore made, and by this aid and assistance of the bankers the loan became a popular one, and has been scattered all over the country to those of moderate and small means, to the exclusion of banks and bankers.

But the history of the bankers with reference to this loan does not end here. Out of thousands of letters received at the Treasury Department, coming from almost every bank in the United States, there was not a single instance in which any bank sought to have commissions paid to it for placing this loan, but, on the contrary, the universal expression was a desire to help the Government and to render any service that might be required of them in connection therewith, free of all cost.

From the heights of Bunker Hill to the bloody crest of San Juan, one spirit, animated by love of country, has pervaded our soldiers, whom no difficulty deterred, and no danger dismayed, whilst our bankers, in the most trying moments, maintained their courage, constancy and confidence unshaken, always ready to uphold the integrity of the country at every hazard. The great heart of the nation, vibrating in sympathetic tones with each patriotic breath, from the North, South, East and West, feels no pang of sectional discord, but thrills equally at the unexampled feat of that gallant son of Vermont in far-off Manila Bay, and the daring self-devotion of the intrepid son of Alabama in Santiago Harbor. Swelling now in grateful recognition of the glorious victory by land and sea achieved in Cuba, it mourns the loss of the brave men who suffered and died to spread the blessings of free government. Its true heart can not fail to recognize those who, unacquainted with the stern and cruel physical facts of war and unallured by its glare and pomp, have ever stood as a mighty bulwark, sure and steadfast upon which the Government could at all times depend for help and succor in time of need.

Thus unalterably fixed, like the sun in the center, this country shall shine with unborrowed luster, diffusing its rays of light, liberty and progress on the nations around us.

"Whilst o'er us, one flag shall float,
One song ascend from every throat;
That flag, the banner of the free,
That song, the song of liberty."

WILLIAM PRESTON.

[William Preston, Lawyer, Soldier, Diplomat, was born near Louisville, Ky., October 16, 1806; died in Lexington, Ky., September 21, 1887; educated under the direction of the Jesuits at Bardstown, Ky.; studied at Yale, and then attended the law-school at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1838; he served in the Mexican War as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 4th Kentucky Volunteers; elected to Congress in 1851, serving till March 3, 1855; United States Minister to Spain under President Buchanan; entered the Confederate service in 1861 as a Colonel, and at the close of the war in 1865, he was a Major-General; in 1867 he was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky, and in 1880 he was a Delegate to the convention that nominated General Hancock for the Presidency.]

RIGHTS OF SUFFRAGE TO FOREIGNERS AND A DEFENSE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS AND IMMIGRANTS.

A speech delivered in the Kentucky Convention December 15, 1849, in reply to Garrett Davis' speech on native Americanism and disfranchisement of foreigners.

I can not, Mr. President, without proving recreant to the trust reposed in me by my constituency I have the honor to represent, permit the remarks which have fallen from the gentleman from Bourbon (Garrett Davis) to pass unanswered in this hall. They have been received with marked attention by the House, and the applause of the galleries at the utterance of sentiments so pernicious, when eloquently urged, makes me tremble for the fate of my country. But, sir, I will tell them before they applaud this proposition, to tear away the right of suffrage from the unfriended and defenseless immigrant, to pause, for, if it be accomplished, the time is not far distant when the pauper will be disfranchised and, by degrees, the privilege will be alone enjoyed by the landlord and the capitalist. When that inauspicious day shall arrive, when labor lies suppliant and manacled at the feet of capital, when the immigrant and poor citizen are alike enslaved and enthralled, then your loud applause will be turned into wailings and lamentations, and you will curse the day on which you permitted the elective franchise to be invaded.

Mr. President, this is a question which alone is not confined to the realm of politics, but transcends it and interferes with the rights of conscience. It offers two stabs at liberty, one at the rights of the foreigner, the other at freedom of religious opinion; if carried out, it will lead to the establishment of religious intolerance and destroy the equal political privileges of the poorer classes of society. Politics and religion are blended, and the gentleman raises his warning voice to persuade us to forbid the foreigner from landing on our shores, from enjoying that equality which should belong to every freeman on our soil, and, by the power of eloquence, arouses the passions of the worst classes of the Protestant persuasion against their Catholic brethren. I will not say such is his design, but I do say it is the inevitable result of his doctrine. Oh, how unnecessary, how uncalled for! Where around us are the evidences of the mischievous behavior of the foreigner? There are numbers of them citizens of the

State, yet, when we gaze around this hall, we behold no single delegate born in a foreign land. Has ever a foreigner filled the executive chair from the hour when Isaac Shelby was chosen Governor of Kentucky? Have they ever filled great and lucrative offices of honor and profit among us? Thousands have been naturalized among us and have passed their lives in unobtrusive obscurity and peace. They have lived quietly and honestly among us; they have contributed to the burthens of the state of peace, and they have fought, shoulder to shoulder, with their adopted brethren in the battles of our common country. They have assisted us in subduing forests, draining marches and building up our stately cities; they have fought for us in battle; they have increased our prosperity in peace, yet how rarely do we see them aspiring to offices of importance and value in the State. These are facts that statistics are not necessary to establish, which none can disprove, for, when we look around us, is there a delegate on this floor a foreigner? Not one. A member of our Legislature? Not one. A minister to any foreign court? Not one. The danger, then, exists only in the imagination, and these apprehensions are mere phantoms of the brain.

My friend from Simpson (Mr. Clarke) whispers that General Shields is a foreigner by birth. It is true, and I am indebted to him for the suggestion. He was baptized in blood a citizen of the United States on the field of Cerro Gordo. In that memorable battle he earned his title to the rights and privileges of an American citizen. He fell gallantly leading a portion of his own brigade in a charge upon a battery of the enemy, shot through the body—a handkerchief might have been drawn through the wound—yet it was his fortune to survive. He returned to the State of his adoption, and the gratitude of its people has caused him to be elected to the Senate of the United States. However we may differ from him in his opinion, never let our voices be lifted against him, for, if he had a thousand faults, he has wiped them off by the generosity of his conduct and gallantry of his bearing in behalf of our country.

As Kentucky was the first State of the Confederacy that extended the privilege of universal suffrage to every freeman upon her soil, I trust in God she will be the last to commence the curtailing of that right. She was the first to break loose from the shackles of feudalism; I trust she will be the last to adopt them. She extended to all classes this franchise in the Constitution of 1799. Let it never be said that she was the first to abandon that noble determination in the Constitution of 1849. This great principle asserted at Danville, and confirmed in the Constitution of 1799, has pervaded the Confederacy and mitigated the condition of the citizen in almost every one of our sister States. It has not stopped here. Borne to Europe by Lafayette and those other foreign patriots who assisted us in our Revolutionary struggle, it was the principal element in producing the first French Revolution, that goal from whence sprung the germ of human liberty in Europe. The popular thirst for this very right was one of the chief causes of the revolution of 1830 which established the throne of Louis Phillipe. It was also the foundation of the movement which dethroned him and established the French republic. Never, sir, will I agree, in this age of progress and political science, to abandon this principle or seek to curtail the right of suffrage by invading it in the slightest degree; never will I agree that America, frightened by chimerical dangers, should be the first to retrace her steps and destroy that very principle which has been our glory, our support, our ornament and strength.

Nations have their fits of insanity like men. We know, in England, after the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, and that abdication of the Stuarts, the cry of "popery" would throw the whole people into the most violent agitation. The dread of the Pope of Rome was at that time a national madness. All classes were terrified at the imaginary peril of the power of the pontiff and shuddered at the prospect of a restoration of papal supremacy. No class or condition was exempted from this fear, however idle in reality. Now, sir, when I heard the gentleman, this evening, conjure up the imaginary dangers which threatened the institutions of America from the Catholic religion and the power of the Pope in America, it seemed to me a similar insanity had seized upon him, and as if the cry of "no popery" was again uttered for the purpose of stimulating the angry passions of the Protestant multitude and crushing to earth every principle of religious toleration in the land.

If it be the wish of the gentleman from Bourbon to proscribe the Catholic religion as detrimental to the institutions of our country, he does not propose a remedy adequate to the object. Let him introduce the laws imposing disabilities on Catholics which sixty years since encumbered, and yet partially encumber, the statutes of England.

Sir, establish this principle and we have proscribed the freedom of religious principle in this State. Establish this and we have struck down religious toleration and freedom of conscience; establish this, and you have laid the foundation of religious wars to convulse, to distract and to ruin our common country.

To a stranger, there are two remarkable features in our Government. We are the only civilized State in the world which allows a foreigner to acquire rights of citizenship within it, and we are the only enlightened Government in which the rich and poor, the strong and the weak, have equal rights and privileges and enjoy the benefits of substantial liberty. The reason is, we are the only people in the world who have erected our Government on broad and just foundations—on those principles of inflexible justice on which liberty alone can safely repose. But when we commence narrowing that foundation, when we commence qualifying those principles; when we undertake to depart from those truths, the pursuit of which has ensured us prosperity and happiness, we have sapped the foundations on which the edifice rests. When this is done, the thralldom of labor to capital is again renewed, the degradation of the poorest citizen is insured, and society will return to that barbarism from whence it emerged.

Washington was the president of the convention which provided in our Constitution for the naturalization of foreigners, and lifted no warning voice against it. The recommendation of Mr. Jefferson led to the enactment of that system of naturalization under which we have lived for half a century. At the time of their adoption, it required a residence of fourteen years before an alien could be admitted to the privileges of citizenship. By those enactments the period of residence was reduced to five years, and under these laws we have lived from the year 1801 to the present day without inconvenience, injury or complaint. About seven or eight years since, however, a murmur arose against them—a movement called native Americanism began. Where was the principle of this new party born? Was it born in the closet of the philanthropist, the study of a philosopher, or library of the statesman? No, sir, it was conceived in ignorance and begotten in iniquity; it was ushered into existence from amid the vilest purlieus of Philadelphia; it was amid profaned altars, and

by the red blaze of Catholic churches. I leave to others the task of tracing its progress.

The blood of the Italian, the German, the Castilian, the chivalrous Frenchman, the sturdy Englishman and of the Irishman circulates in our veins. Are we improved or degenerated from this commingled current? Will this admixture be injurious? A comparison was made between the negro defenders of New Orleans and our foreign population to justify the exclusion of the latter from the right of suffrage. The comparison is unjust. Is there no difference between the European and the African? If our own countrymen had sprung from such a source, they would have been a very different nation. When Cortez conquered Mexico, the Castilian blood was intermingled with that of the Aztec and we see the effect of the polluted current in the lepers whom the pure-blooded descendant of the Spaniard moves aside with his foot as he obstructs the street through which he walks. Such would be our fate if we amalgamated with the negro. But admixture with our kindred European races has improved and benefited our own.

We have had a graphic picture drawn of the wretched poverty of the emigrants from Europe who land upon our shores. I know full well that misery has driven hundreds and thousands from Europe to America, and that many are paupers when they land among us; but, in a year or so, those very men are no longer paupers. They engage in mechanical and manufacturing industry. They apply themselves to cultivating our fertile and unoccupied lands, they acquire competency and, finally, they come in a few years to be citizen and freeman. Are we then at this day to declare we will no longer extend such an asylum to the oppressed and unfortunate? We know that by merely disfranchising aliens we will not keep them out. They will still come to this country for bread, even if we deny them liberty. Necessity drives them, and they must come. If they are to affect us so detrimentally, let us draw a sanitary cordon around our country and proclaim that henceforth no foreigner shall ever come to America; let us, like the duke, decree:

“ * * * If any Syracusan born,
Comes to the bay of Ephesus, he dies.”

You still permit, you invite the alien to seek refuge in our country, you hold him liable to the tax laws, you leave him free, but yet you disfranchise him; you deny him political privileges and you create a turbulent, ostracised and disaffected class of freemen in the State.

Let the principle that poverty is a crime be established among us, so as to disfranchise the foreigner and, not longer after, it will be declared a crime in the native born citizen. But you tell me such a supposition is extravagant; that it is impossible; that it exists only in the fancy; that no advocate of such a principle could be found on the soil of America. If so, I point you to a condition in Virginia, to Massachusetts, to Maryland, and I point you to whatever landed property has accumulated in past times and to whatever an agricultural aristocracy exists. At this hour, the pauper in New York is disfranchised, native though he be, while the free negro, if he has property, may vote. The right of suffrage can not be too strictly, too jealously guarded. Ever permit it to be infringed by the pretexes of power, and the loss is never regained.

For myself, I will meet this question at the threshold. Let us resist

it in the beginning; let us strangle the serpent when it is young, or when it is old it will strangle us. Sir, is there any necessity for this measure, or is it a pretext? It is a pretext and the real object is hidden from scrutiny. This is but the outwork. Wait till the columns of wealth and power rush over the rampart, and then, too late, will the freemen of America know the importance of this measure. Tolerate this assault on the right of suffrage; tolerate as they tell you it is for protection; tolerate its being torn from the foreigner who settles among us, in good faith, with his wife and children and his kindred, and you have commenced a career of injustice which will terminate in burying not only the rights of the alien, but of the poor native American also, in that grave in which the liberties of all free countries have been entombed.

BENJAMIN F. PROCTER.

[Benjamin F. Procter, Lawyer, Bowling Green, Ky., was born in Logan County, Ky., November 26, 1849; his father, T. L. S. Procter, was a wealthy plantation and slave owner; he was licensed to practice law and located at Bowling Green in 1873, where he still resides; he has never sought political office, but has devoted himself strictly to his profession.]

DR. LESLIE WAGGENER.

An address delivered at a meeting of the Baptist Historical Society, at Richmond, Ky., June 26, 1906.

The old Trojan of the Eneid, though singing of the arms and heroes of his fallen people, and their glory as founders of imperial Rome, yet spoke with a heavy heart. He was a part of the things he told of, and suffered to remember them. So, to-night, as I tell you of the excellent life and character of this Kentuckian who, more than twenty years ago, left us, I do so with an intensified feeling of personal loss and sadness.

Dr. Leslie Waggener, whose life has been selected as the subject of this paper, by your executive committee, was my teacher, my friend, my brother, in the order named.

He was professor of English when I entered Bethel College. Our fathers were friends, and he gave me a glad welcome. A few years later, as a young lawyer, I again met him in his hospitable home, as the friend, and later the husband of the young sister of his wife, and again and ever he was my friend.

Dr. Leslie Waggener was born in Todd county, Kentucky, on the 11th day of September, 1841. Reared in this atmosphere of pride, homage and authority, inheriting the best blood of his country, he could not have been other than a Southern gentleman—the best and most perfect product our country has known, and no combination of circumstances can again produce him. His youth was spent in the country, feeding upon and bathing in the “all-embracing air,” which, Anaximenes declared, “is the soul and essence of life.”

His father, Stokely T. Waggener, was born in Culpeper county, Virginia, though the greater part of his life was spent in Kentucky, where he acquired large property and was noted for energy and integrity, and gave to his children the record of a stainless life. His mother, Elizabeth Ross, was the daughter of Elder Reuben Ross, of North Carolina, a man of extraordinary mind and wide influence, a pioneer Baptist preacher whose name was a household word in Kentucky and Tennessee for half a century. After attending several private schools of local celebrity, he attended Union University, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, for two years, and then entered Bethel College, where he graduated with the highest honors in June, 1860. He became a Phi Gamma Delta at Murfreesboro and was always fond of that society. I remember with pleasure, when I became a member of that society at Bethel, as the chief actor, he made the initiatory lessons beautiful and impressive.

In September, 1860, following his graduation at Bethel, he entered the Senior class in Harvard University and was graduated the following June, being one of the first twenty, or honor, men of his class.

He had passed the senior examinations with honor and was enrolled upon the list of those who were to receive the A. B. degree at the next commencement, when the marshaling of armies and the thunder of hostile guns warned the young Southerner that he must decide, and decide quickly, to which side he would cleave in the conflict which was now on. He did not hesitate a moment. President Felton, great scholar and man, said that he should not forfeit his diploma by leaving before commencement, and promised to send it to him, which he did during the war.

A company had been organized in Russellville and he entered as a private in Company A, Ninth Kentucky Regiment, commanded by Captain John W. Caldwell. He told me that he stood upon the streets and heard parlor knights talk of the black-horse cavalry till his soul panted for a black horse as the hart panteth for the water brook, but the horse came not, and the cavalry did not materialize, and he walked away to Bowling Green a private in the infantry. His camp was in the immediate vicinity of my home. I have heard him say that his first lesson in obedience was taught him there when he was assigned to guard duty, and was roughly ordered out by a corporal of inferior social standing. His first impulse was to refuse to go, and then, for the first time, it dawned on him that he was a soldier, and it was his duty to obey, and he took his musket and went out in the rain. When Bowling Green was evacuated and taken and Donelson fell, and General Albert Sydney Johnston stood for a fight at Shiloh, Waggener was with him and, in a charge of his regiment, a minie ball went through his lungs, tearing its way and leaving a ghastly wound. When he regained consciousness, he was lying upon his back unable to move, with blood running from his mouth. Colonel Caldwell came searching for his dead and wounded, and said to him: "Leslie, you are shot through the lungs. You will get well. Shields was shot as you are in Mexico, and they passed a silk handkerchief through him and he got well."

It was curious to hear him tell of his experiences as he lay wounded. A Federal surgeon came by and said to him: "Young man, you will die. Have you anything or any word you want to send to your people?" He gave the surgeon his name, his watch and the address of his father, and told him to send home his watch. He never heard again of either surgeon or watch.

When the retreat was begun to Corinth, and the wounded were being moved, his faithful body servant, Tom, looking among the dead and wounded, found his young master, left as hopelessly wounded. He went from wagon to wagon begging for a place for him, saying: "I told Marse Stokely when I left with him, that I would come home with him if he lived, and would carry his body if he was killed, and I can't leave him." Finally Tom was told to put him in a wagon and he was taken to Corinth, and the jostling of the wagon cleansed his wound and he was taken to the country home of Judge Clayton, and nursed back to convalescence, when he again returned to his command, which had been changed to the Ninth Kentucky Infantry, Hanson's Brigade, Breckinridge's division.

He was with Morgan's expedition to Hartsville, Tenn. He was then made second lieutenant of the company with which he enlisted. He was again wounded at Chickamauga. He was with the expedition to Chattanooga, where the battle above the clouds was fought, and was in the retreat from Missionary Ridge. While in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., he held a staff appointment under Brigadier-General Joseph H. Lewis. With his regiment, he took part in the engagement at Resaca, Dallas, New

Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta (July 22 and 28) and at Jonesboro. At Jonesboro his brigade was cut to pieces by overwhelming odds, and the remnant was transferred to General Joe Wheeler and mounted. He surrendered with General Joseph Johnson and was then adjutant of his regiment. It is needless to say that at all times and places he acted the part of a gallant soldier, discharging every duty with that firmness and modesty that characterized his whole life. His courage was of that high type that did not need recklessness to give it assurance.

It is needless for me to say to this audience that, when the war was over, the servant, Tom, shared the fortunes of his master to the end of life. Dr. Waggener owned, while connected with Bethel College, a large and beautiful country home adjoining the college campus. On this he built Tom a cabin in which he lived and reared a family. On Shiloh day, he took a specially-prepared dinner in the servants' eating room, at the mansion house, and all the family of his devoted master expressed their gratitude and appreciation of "Uncle Tom" by some gift. Tom was proud of his war record, and led an honest life. The attachment ended at Tom's grave, where his master and his family were among the bereaved. Only once was Tom accused of crime. In the absence of his master, he was arrested for stealing a hog. His indignation had the appearance of guilt. His only response to the charge was: "Send for Marse Leslie." This being done, he was immediately released, and his explanation was: "I jest trusted God and Marse Leslie."

We of the South are proud of the records made by our soldiers in gray. We claim, and the claim is not denied, that, as a soldier, his achievements, under such difficulties, have never been equaled. Their war-cry was the wide-mouthed yell of the fox hunter, wild with the joy of the chase, cheering his hounds to pursuit and death. It was heard first at Bull Run and Manassas, last at Appomattox, as the survivors of these young cavaliers, with jest and songs upon their lips, like the last of the Cardigans, rode "into the valley of death."

The fox hunter's cry has gone down in history as the "rebel yell."

At the close of the war, he returned to Russellville and began the study of law and was admitted to the bar. It is needless to say that if he had continued in it, the highest honors, as advocate, judge or counselor, or all combined, were within his reach, but that divinity that shapes our ends had destined him for a teacher. He left the law office and took charge of the preparatory department of Bethel College in 1867.

Three years later, he accepted the professorship of English Literature in Bethel College, the first of its kind in any American college. Another three years passed and, in 1873, Dr. Noah K. Davis resigned the presidency of Bethel College to accept the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia. This position Dr. Davis has held continuously for thirty-three years, the allotted life of a generation. He has done as much of deep and clear thinking, and has profoundly impressed upon men the beautiful lessons of high living, as any man in this age.

When Dr. Davis resigned, Dr. Waggener became the responsible head of Bethel College, and three years thereafter, in 1876, he was formally elected its president. This position he held till 1883, adding to the success and influence of the college each year, then resigning to become professor of History and of English Literature in the University of Texas. When the university was formally opened in September, 1883, Dr. Mallet was chairman of the faculty. The Legislature met in special session January

8, 1884. It was foreshadowed that an attack would be made on the university and its board of regents, and the chairman at once gave notice that his resignation must be accepted at the close of the session in June.

In 1885, another Legislature met and so strong was the hostility that it seemed certain that the great university would be reduced to a high-grade school, with teachers poorly paid. To the efficient aid of Dr. Waggener in furnishing arguments and collating records, the evidence for the friends of the university in the Legislature was attributed its success in defeating its enemies. A number of able men in the State espoused its cause, and some of them were elected to the Legislature of the State as avowed friends and made themselves its champions in the debates. At every conference their silent leader was there with arguments and facts to sustain them. It is said:

"Some of the regents, assisted by friends in and out of the Legislature, threw themselves into the contest and, after working day and night, obtained a hearing and defeated the measure in the very committee raised to destroy it. In this contest none took so active an interest as the able chairman of the faculty. As if by intuition, he seemed to know where the opposition was gathering and at all times the refutation of every charge was placed before the friends of the university."

In subsequent sessions of the Legislature, Dr. Waggener is given the credit of suggesting and aiding in enacting laws giving to the university \$125,000 of the funds refunded to Texas for defense of her frontiers; giving it possession and rendering available for school purposes the two million acres of land set aside for the university, and relieving it of a yearly tax upon its resources of \$5,000 theretofore given to another school. He lived to see its alumni in the halls of the Legislature and in places of trust and power all over the State, pledged in interest and love to its support, and lived to see the State of Texas proud of the university, and ready to give to its support time and money.

In the report of the university faculty to the memorial committee, he is credited also with special identification with the change to president from chairman of the faculty; and the establishment of the academic faculty. They say:

"Highly intellectual was the cast of his mind. He was ever thoughtful and could always give a reason for the faith that was in him. He had definite aims and expressed them forcibly. Few writers have been blessed with a clearer style; few have pressed their measures with equal persistency; and fewer still have been so successful in having their measures enacted into laws."

A distinguished State senator, speaking at this memorial meeting, said: "In the five general and special sessions in which I represented the university in the Senate of Texas, I was never at a loss to answer any questions as to its management or its rights, and for the simple reason that whenever the day arrived for the discussion of any bill affecting the rights of the university, there was always laid upon my desk by Dr. Waggener a brief containing all information that was needed, with authorities and references, and I seldom had to ask that a subject be especially looked into.

"To me it was always a matter of profound astonishment how, in the midst of all his duties, he seemed to be always so posted on every movement in the Legislature affecting the university, as to be always ready at the time when it was to be discussed, with all needed information and always accurate."

Here was the blended work of the lawyer, teacher and executive that

astonished the law-maker. That his work was appreciated in Texas is abundantly shown by the honors he received while living and after death. Called there first to a professorship, he received ten annual elections as chairman of the faculty and held the position of president at his death.

I know from frequent talks with him that he felt the hard task that lay before him in organizing and establishing a fixed and wise course of procedure. The co-education of the sexes was a problem to be successfully solved in this great school. He made it a success. Texas had so many great, good and capable men, and he felt his position as a foreigner trying to solve for them their problems. This task could not have been brought to as happy consummation save for the faithful aid of such men as Dr. Wooten, his family physician, the ruling spirit of the board of regents, and his gifted and eloquent son, the Hon. Dudley Wooten, and a host of other generous, strong Texans.

Dr. Waggener wrote a great deal. He was a profound student of the prose of Burke, Ruskin and Carlyle and of the poets Shakespeare, Milton, Browning and Tennyson. He contemplated writing a work upon rhetoric, another upon certain plays of Shakespeare, and another upon the history of English literature. Much of this work had been done and was waiting the finishing touches before going to the publisher. His untimely and unexpected taking off ended his work, as well as his life of suffering. He never recovered from the wound received at Shiloh, and the labor done by him was in suffering that would have unnerved an ordinary man. His literary work may yet be given to the world.

In June, 1867, in Upland, Pa., he was married to Miss Fannie Pendleton, daughter of the Rev. J. M. Pendleton, deceased. This most happy marriage had more effect upon his life, and did more to shape his destiny, perhaps, than all other things combined. It was an ideal union of two congenial spirits, with equal mental endowments.

Warned by his physician that his strenuous life could not last, and that he must take a rest, in July, 1896, he went to Manitou Springs, Col., to seek the restoring aid of the water and mountain air. The old wound received at Shiloh more than thirty years before had joined forces with the exhausting demands of his work, and at the foot of Pike's Peak, on the 19th day of August, 1896, the tired scholar, soldier and Christian gentleman gave up the struggle.

Two years ago, I stood upon the mountain side and waited the return of my wife from the home in which he died. We tried, in imagination, to live with him his last days and the wild beauty of these wildest of mountains as he saw them. We went to the church where he last worshiped the God of mountains and plains. From the vine-clad church at the base, we ascended to the snow-crowned top of Pike's Peak, nearly three miles. Passing through and beyond the clouds, we looked down upon them from heaven's side and saw that the sun, shut out from below, was shining above and turning the black clouds to golden light. We thought that we stood in the pathway that his spirit had gone when taking its flight to a sympathizing, loving Father, whom he had trusted and served.

"If some star were quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still descending from the sky,
Fall on our mortal sight.
-So when the good man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him,
Falls across the paths of men."

DUDLEY S. REYNOLDS.

[Dudley S. Reynolds, A. M., M. D., Louisville, Ky., was born in Bowling Green, Ky., August 31, 1842; Professor of Ophthalmology, Otology and Medical Jurisprudence in Hospital College of Medicine of the Central University of Kentucky, 1874 to 1901; United States Expert Examining Surgeon; Member American and British Medical Associations and British Society of Arts; Member of seven past International Congresses; Member of Kentucky State, Ohio Valley and Jefferson County Medical Societies; former President Academy of Medicine Polytechnic Society of Kentucky and of the Mississippi Valley Medical Association; Surgeon to the Eye and Ear Department of the Louisville City Hospital, 1872 to 1901; etc.]

GROWTH OF MEDICAL EDUCATION.

An address delivered to the Alumni Association, and graduating Class of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, on the evening of April 7, 1887.

Coming to the chief center of learning in the United States to discuss questions of education, I know, requires some degree of boldness, not to say self-assurance, lest the memories of Rush, Physick, Meigs and Gross may rise up in the minds of those who are assembled in this temple of learning to confound my speech and make my utterances seem contemptible in comparison.

The importance of my theme and the interest I naturally hope to awaken in the minds of the audience emboldens me to make the attempt to discuss, in a few brief sentences, some of those great questions which have occupied the greatest intellects in the busiest moments of their most important and beneficent enterprises.

When anatomy was studied in a few of its meager outlines merely, and for the most part in secret, there came forth a man named Monroe, in the great city of Edinburgh, where Benjamin Rush, Ephraim McDowell, Walter Brashear, David Hosack and Ben Dudley received their first medical training, and, with the force of great eloquence and a thorough mastery of, what appeared at that time, all the details of anatomy, invested the dry bones of the skeleton with a fascination but little less forcible than that with which the immortal Shakespeare has clothed the cowardly assassin of Duncan, Scotland's famous king. Monroe was so great in his style and manner of teaching that the medical school at Edinburgh became for the time the leading medical institution of the world. From that day to the present, the study of anatomy has been rendered simple and easy.

James Knox, an ambitious physician of that time, jealous of Monroe's great success and reputation as a teacher, built a hall in Edinburgh and established therein a museum of anatomy. To his amphitheater he invited the students and practitioners of medicine to hear him lecture and witness his demonstrations.

He rattled the dry bones before his audience with such energy and spoke with such eloquence, that he soon robbed the great university of all its students at the time of the usual lectures on anatomy. This man's boldness in exhibiting the skeleton, and even the cadaver itself, for the

purpose of demonstration, aroused great excitement, but the earnestness with which he prosecuted his work finally won for him that success he so much deserved.

This may be said truly to have been the very beginning of illustrative methods in medical teaching. It was a long time, however, before other branches of the curriculum advanced beyond the prevailing theories of a few leading men.

On the 9th of July, 1790, Dr. Benjamin Rush stood in the hall of the College of Physicians in this city and delivered an eulogium upon the life and character of William Cullen, the author of a new system of medicine. Said Dr. Rush:

"This illustrious physician was the preceptor of many of us; he was, moreover, a distinguished citizen of the republic of medicine, and a benefactor of mankind; and, although like the sun, he shone in a distant hemisphere, yet many of the rays of his knowledge have fallen upon this quarter of the globe. Dr. Cullen possessed a great and original genius in discerning the relation of distant truths by the shortest train of intermediate propositions. His imagination surveyed all nature at a glance and, like a camera obscura, seemed to produce in his mind a picture of the whole visible creation. His knowledge was minute in every branch of medicine; he was a great anatomist and an ingenious physiologist; he enlarged the boundaries and established the utility of chemistry; he stripped *materia medica* of most of the errors that had been accumulating in it for two thousand years and reduced it to a simple and practical science."

At the time Cullen made his appearance as a teacher, the doctrines of Boerhaave were universally prevalent; Boerhaave believed all diseases depended chiefly on the presence of certain acrid particles in the fluids of the body and a departure of these, in point of consistency, from the natural state. Says Dr. Rush:

"Cullen's first object was to expose the errors of this pathology and to teach the public to seek the causes of disease in the solids."

Cullen's theories concerning the nervous system so impressed his eulogist that he boldly proclaimed:

"No man would ever unravel the operations and the whole nature of the nervous system without being forced to acknowledge that the foundation of his successful inquiries was laid by the discoveries of Cullen."

The "pathies" and "isms" arose and flourished for the edification of imaginative people. The few facts pertaining to every branch of medical education, excepting anatomy and botany, were so scattered as to defy every attempt at establishing principles, until finally Billings came with his *Principles of Medicine*, and the new pathology of Simon opened up new fields for speculation and experiment. Dissection became a recognized part of the curriculum and was openly announced as part of the requirements in all the best schools.

John Hunter's great thirst for experimental knowledge had now well nigh taken hold of the world, when Jenner came as the apostle of a new creed, based upon the experiences of the humble dairy maids. Vaccination as a protective measure against smallpox remains an unexplained fact.

Presently instruments of precision began to be employed; vivisections of inferior animals were made, and the science of biology began to receive fresh attention; the humoral pathology, homeopathy, Thompsonianism, and all the "isms" and "pathies" paled into so many dim shadows over the fields of former conquests.

The medical student now, instead of sitting patiently by the hour listening to the beautiful sophistry with which individual theories and hypotheses concerning the nature and character of disease were supported, has, at length, come to the point where demonstration of the theories and illustrations of the methods of practice are demanded.

The growth of medical education, it may be said, has been slow. Twenty-five years ago there were, indeed, but few schools in the country where clinical and laboratory instruction formed anything like a prominent feature of the curriculum. The result of these practical methods of inquiry and the substitution of the few demonstrated facts applicable to the study of disease has been wonderful. A great and new science of pathology is now established upon the ruins of Cullen's popular theory.

The great Pancoast comes no more to stand before you with burning lips and irresistible arguments to convince you of the superiority of his method of treating wounds; in his stead, the gifted son invites you now to the dispensary and to the clinic rooms, that you may see for yourself the masterly touch of his cunning hand in the adjustment of fractured bones, or witness his skillful methods of staunching the flow of the crimson tide in wounded arteries. You are not asked to believe upon the mere statement of your professor of chemistry, whose beautiful experiment of the consuming powers of oxygen and the frigid powers of carbonic acid gas are, upon the one hand, the life-giving force in the atmosphere we breathe, and, on the other, the death-dealing force in the dark recesses of subterranean caverns. He does not content himself with telling you that carbonic gas is evolved from the mixture of sulphuric acid and carbonate of lime, but proceeds at once to the demonstration, and, with the magical processes of his art, he compels every member of the class to become practically familiar.

In the pathological laboratory, which is an institution of comparatively recent device and origin, you now study in the dead subject the nature and extent of those changes wrought by disease.

Experimental research has at length brought to light the startling fact that nearly all of our diseases, and especially the contagia, arise from specific micro-organisms, which, although their life histories have been studied with great minuteness of detail, can not with certainty be classified as animal or vegetable in their nature. A minute rod-shaped body, called by its discoverer, Dr. Robert Koch, the chief of the great "Gesundheits Amt." of the Prussian empire, the bacillus tuberculosis, is now universally recognized as the cause of all tuberculous processes in man and the inferior animals. It has likewise been discovered by experiment that this bacillus is wafted in the air; that it grows in lymph by preference and, when inoculated or injected beneath the skin, it passes into the blood current, and there seizes upon the germinal matter, or sarcode of the white blood-cell, arresting the cell instantly in its course, causing it to assume enormous dimensions, interfering in that way by obstructing the blood stream, and presently, when it ruptures, to discharge its myriads of spore-cells, to attack in like manner contiguous leucocytes, until the current of blood in that tube is arrested. This, of course, speedily brings on those changes characterized by heat, pain, redness and swelling.

Now, when the bacillus is breathed into the air passages, if the whole of the respiratory membrane be sound upon its surface, the bacillus will not grow, but will find a temporary lodgment in the mucous, and presently be snuffed up or hawked out, or coughed up and expectorated. If, how-

ever, these bacilli or their spore-cells lodge upon an abraded surface, where they gain ready access to the lymph tubes, they colonize and grow there and, by slow invasion, the whole pulmonary lymph system may be destroyed. With these facts, we are at once prepared to appreciate both the means and the reason why tuberculous disease generally invades the respiratory organs first, and why tuberculosis as an inheritance generally proves fatal to the infant.

The specific cause of suppuration in wounds has recently been brought to light in the discovery of microbes which collect in groups and which, when assembled in large numbers, present a golden-yellow tint. This is called the "staphylococcus aureus," and to some recent experimental researches of Professor Cornil, of Paris, and Prudden, of New York, we are indebted for the demonstration that suppuration in wounds is invariably the result of the presence of this microbe.

Scarcely less brilliant have been the discoveries in chemistry and physiology. Merck, of Darmstadt, has at last succeeded in producing, by synthesis, many of our most valued therapeutical agents, and in 1879 he brought forth a new product by this agency, which is now known and prized by every ophthalmic surgeon in the world.

In testing the refraction of the human eye, it is necessary to suspend the focusing power in order to secure accurate results. For this purpose the sulphate of atropinia, long in universal use, required, in many cases, from three to five days constant use of the drug to bring on complete suspension of the accommodation, and then from twelve to fourteen days were required for the patient to fully recover from its effects. The hydrobromate of homatropinia, made by the synthetic method of Merck, while at the same time free from toxic effects, is speedy and more uniformly efficient in suspending the accommodation than any drug hitherto employed for that purpose, complete suspension now being possible within the brief space of an hour and a half, and all signs of its effects disappearing uniformly within thirty hours. It is likewise powerful in the relief of pain, and may be instilled into the eyes of children with perfect impunity in solutions of the same strength as are used for adults.

Further, the manufacturing chemists now separate the active principle from the crude drug and prepare our most potent medicines in granules, triturates and compressed tablets, all divided for convenient use.

With the exact knowledge now conveyed to the student of medicine in the clinic rooms and laboratories of our colleges, the minutia of scientific processes must be mastered and the graduate, armed with those powerful weapons of so many exact sciences, goes forth to practice in communities where general intelligence makes closer discrimination as to the qualifications of the medical practitioner than were made in former years.

The aid of legislation has, in recent years, come forth as a thunderbolt from the people against empiricism and quackery. In this great Commonwealth, your legislative authority has wisely ordered that no man shall practice without a diploma, duly signed by one of the lawfully constituted faculties of instruction in a regularly established medical college in Pennsylvania. In the old State of Virginia, and in some of the other States, diplomas are no longer recognized as license to practice medicine, but are demanded as preliminary to the examination of the holder who is an applicant to practice in such States.

Now, with these powerful agencies of the law encouraging the efforts of able and earnest teachers in the regularly established medical colleges

of this country, there is no danger that too many people will qualify to practice the art of healing. There are, of course, many commercial schools throughout the country pretending to give instruction in medicine. These are found in most every State, and the holders of their diplomas may be found in our cities, driving the street cars, washing bottles in suburban drug stores, and in many cases pointing horse-shoe nails, or gently guiding the brush of paint over the cold brick walls of our houses. With the rapidly growing population of this country, we have no excess of medical colleges, and there is, like Webster said to the student of law, always plenty of room in the higher walks of the profession. In the lower grades you shall gradually witness the decay that ignorance always suffers in the presence of scientific research.

In the increased length of term and the higher standard of requirement adopted at this college shall come an efficient means of reform in the better provision for instruction.

Do not understand me to say that the practice of medicine itself shall ever reach the dignified plane of an exact science. The uncertain tenure of life, and the varying degrees with which the vital forces operate in the economy, taken together with the varying conditions in which they operate, make it impossible; yet, by the aid of experimental study, the present generation has witnessed the discovery of the cause of nearly all the infectious contagia; and in their treatment the ounce of prevention may now wisely be ordered. For most of them the pound of cure has not yet been isolated. May we not hope that some of these young gentlemen just admitted to the ranks of the profession this evening shall achieve this great goal for which we are all striving. May we not hope that, great as have been the giants in the medical profession in this metropolis, greater genius is now being bent into the same channels, and that the march toward perfection shall not be abandoned by a single one among them until the devotees of medicine shall be able to establish a universal science.

Fortunate are you, gentlemen, to have enjoyed the high privilege and distinguished honor of receiving your medical education in this noble institution; fortunate to have lived in this age of discovery, and deriving your first lessons at the center, may each one of you march through every inch of circumference to a brilliant and noble career.

D. BAKER RHOADS.

[D. Baker Rhoads, Lawyer, Police Judge, Beaver Dam, Ky., was born in Greenville, Ky., February 3, 1872.]

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

A speech delivered at the decoration of soldiers' graves, at Beaver Dam, Ky., May 30, 1905.

Ladies and Gentlemen, especially Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic and United Confederate Veterans, Soldiers, all:

Upon me has been conferred the honor and privilege of welcoming you here to-day, and I believe I speak the sentiments and pleasure of each man, woman and child of this little village in bidding you welcome, and wishing you God speed and His richest blessings upon the fraternal, exalted and noble purpose for which you are here assembled.

This occasion is unlike most public occasions upon which men assemble in this: It has nothing in it which appeals to the selfish pride of human nature, but, on the other hand, it appeals to the sentimental, the heroic, the pathetic, the sublime, like the eternal sunbeams of God's sunshine let through the coating of man's inner nature, revealing him at his best. As I look around me, I see a number of gray-haired veterans who, during the dark hours of our republic, have been scorched by the summer's sun and pinched by the winter's cold, who, with unfaltering tread, marched into the very valley and shadow of death, that the principles which they believed to be right might live. Most of you wore the blue, some of you wore the gray and, on occasions like this, what memories must stir in your minds! How the past must rise before you like a phantom dream! And, as you turn backward memory's pages, as you look down the dim vista of time, forty-five years ago, you behold yourselves once more young men, stalwart, ready to face the world and all the opposition it might have to offer. But you were not alone; there stood by you your brothers, your neighbors, your friends, although, perhaps, unknown to you, were soon to be your enemies in arms, or your comrades in arms, and in whose memories you are assembled to-day.

Then comes the shock you hear as if borne on a Southern hurricane, the defiant crash of the iron messenger as it strikes the walls of Fort Sumter. You see the flag of the Union go down in dust, then, for a brief period, that ominous calm that always precedes the storm. Then you hear the call to arms, you see the hurried gathering of forces, and then the inevitable and mighty conflict is on that was to separate brothers, sons and fathers, divide homes and drench this fair land in fraternal blood. You hear the call to colors and off you marched from your homes in this border land as duty called and, under whichever flag you marched, you kept time to the wild, grand music of war.

I believe that most of the soldiers I address to-day followed the fortunes of the army of the Cumberland, or were their opponents on many hard-fought fields. To you there is no need for me, or any one else to attempt to recount the mighty deeds of valor and heroism of either the blue or

the gray on many gory fields. They rise vividly in your memories on these occasions. You remember how men became iron, with nerves of steel, and how you and they fought and struggled until human nature could endure no more. As guide-posts along the way that marked the progress of the army of the Cumberland and their opponents, we have Shiloh, Fort Donelson, Stone River, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and many others and the momentous tragedies marking each. The heroic deeds there enacted by both the blue and the gray will be sung by poets and orators and will live in history and in the memory of your countrymen as long as chivalry rears its monument to valor and as long as flowers are strewn on heroes' graves.

In the beginning of the end of this saturnalia of blood, of wrecked homes and ruined fortunes, when humanity seemed to have lost confidence in itself, there comes, as if a benediction from a higher world, a declaration from the immortal Lincoln: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us continue the work we are in and bind up the nation's wounds."

A poet of this border land has said:

"The coward puts a spurning foot upon a foeman's grave.
That base blood cry 'Revenge is sweet' came never from the brave.
And truer manhood noblest shows among ignoble hordes;
When victors to their vanquished foes hand back the yielded sword."

The curtains fall upon the stupendous tragedy in the Wilderness to rise again upon Appomattox, as if upon a tableaux ushering in a better day. We see the chieftains of two of the mightiest and knightliest hosts that were ever marshaled in battle lines on this planet. We see those chieftains clasp hands in friendly contact; we look again to see the immortal Lee, that knight of Southern chivalry, offer his jeweled sword to Grant, while the world looks on in breathless silence. Alexander the Great, Caesar or Napoleon would have been proud to have claimed that sword as a trophy of war, but Ulysses Simpson Grant was too great a man, too true an American, to accept it from a brother American.

The great struggle, with all of its suffering and hardships, is past and gone, and where is the man, it matters not if he lives amid the vine-clad hills of New England, or among the magnolias of the sunny South, but will say that, out of the awfulness of it all, has come the ultimate good of humanity?

"The banner of St. Andrew's cross in silent dust is lain,
And what has been a section's loss has proved a nation's gain."

I once stood in a cemetery and saw several long lines of graves of soldiers who had died in battle or in the hospitals of disease and pain. I saw the flag floating above them as it did in battle. I thought that as they had once lined up for battle in life, under the starry banner of the free, they were now lined up for their march to eternity. I once stood in another cemetery. I saw a number of soldiers' graves. I saw there a splendid shaft erected to their memory, and thereon I read the inscription, written by Kentucky's beloved soldier poet, Major O'Hara:

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat the soldier's last tattoo.
No more on life's parade shall meet that brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread,
While Glory guards with solemn rounds the bivouac of the dead."

I thought how soon this will be true not only of the few who slumber here, but all of the mighty hosts who answered the calls of Lincoln and Davis. And, soldiers, as you gather on each succeeding memorial day in fast-decreasing numbers to pay your respects and show your love and reconciliation by speaking words of praise and laureling the graves of your dead, think not that when for you the last reveille has been heard, taps are sounded, lights are out, that no one will be left to do you honor and reverence, but rather be assured that your lives, your efforts, your achievements, even your mistakes and failures, were not in vain, but that you have left a priceless heritage, not to a race of ingrates or slaves, but to the children of a re-united and greater republic, who will hold your achievements and heroism and valor in grateful remembrance and as a priceless and common heritage that will point us on to nobler things, and on memorial days just as these boys and girls, with their songs and flowers bent on their kindly mission, just as others are here to sing or speak words of praise and comfort, so will the future generations meet on memorial day to do honor to your memory as long as our republic lives.

In the beginning, our republic was an experiment in the art and science of government; a test of the ability of a free people to govern themselves, it was at that time thought to be the crystallization of the political wisdom of the ages, yet the seeds of discord and disunion were there and, nurtured by the passions and prejudices of men, they grew and thrived until it became the paramount question which should live or which should die, liberty and union, or slavery and disunion. These questions being continually agitated by the restless and fiery passions of orators and editors, and some of them, though deplorable as it is to say, had their own selfish ambitions, objects and aims to attain. Issues finally reached a climax where compromise seemed impossible, and the only arbiter was the sword.

The Eastern world once prophesied that the people of the United States of America would no longer fight; that they had lost all sense of the patriotism which had brought them into existence as a nation, that the dollar was their god, and through their greed for it they would disintegrate and fall an easy prey to the imperial and military nations of Europe.

The Civil War taught the world a lesson; they saw their mistake and then they made another prediction. They said those Americans would never stop fighting among themselves, and we can see their finish. Again monarchy and bureaucracy were deceived, and the world has about reached the conclusion that the United Republic of the Western world was not born to die because the eternal principles of "liberty, equality and justice" are blended in the American character as the warp is blended with the woof, and when the hour of peril came, and when it may come,

"Where breathes the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"This is my own, my native land."

"Europe boasts her standing armies;
Serfs who blindly fight by trade.
We have seven million soldiers,
And a soul guides every blade."

"Laborers with arms and mattocks,
Laborers with brains and pen,
Railroad prince and railroad brakeman,
Build our lines of fighting men."

"Flags of righteous wars close mustered,
Gleams the bayonets, row on row,
Where the stars are sternly clustered
With their daggers toward the foe."

We may read the history of the world and we will not find a nation that has amounted to anything worthy of our notice, that has ever wielded an influence for good in its final destiny, that has not, at some time in its career, been rent with internal strife that almost overwhelmed it and brought it down to an utter ruin, only to emerge from the seeming wreck a reunited and greater country than it otherwise could have been.

Take, for example, England through its past history, long centuries of illustrious achievements. We find upon several occasions England was brought down to the very brink of destruction. Take, for instance, the "War of the Roses," which kept England in the throes of revolution for thirty years. First, the house of Lancaster was victorious, then victory was with the house of York. But it matters not with Englishmen of to-day, if they really know who are the descendants of the followers of the white rose or the red.

Afterwards came the titanic struggle between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, but the descendants of those who charged with Rupert and the descendants of those who formed the iron legions of Cromwell dwell to-day, side by side, mixed and mingled as one kith and kin, each rejoicing in the new, the greater and better England that has come out of the travail of the past and each treasuring as a priceless and common heritage the heroic deeds and achievements of their countrymen gone before.

The United States of America, unlike most other nations of earth, does not depend upon a crown, a scepter and a royal family, but it was founded and has been nurtured and reared on and by the patriotism and intelligence of its people, and upon these, and by these, it must live or die.

Forty years ago, the last gun of the great conflict had been fired; the battle flags had been furled, the issues had been fought out, the questions had been settled and settled forever by the arbitrament of arms. The shackles had fallen from four million slaves, the questions of the right of secession had been consumed in the fire and fury of battle, and then great minds and loving hearts took up the work that seemed nearest and dearest to the heart of the great Lincoln, who said: "Bind up the nation's wounds." It seemed to be his farewell message, as he stood on the brink of eternity. "Bind up the nation's wounds." This has been the civic mission, duty and privilege of every man, woman and child who have loved their country from that day to this. And how well they and you have succeeded was demonstrated a few years ago when the war clouds gathered thick and fast and we were menaced by a foreign foe. The call for volunteers was made and the sons of those who wore the gray marched, shoulder to shoulder, side by side, with the sons of those who wore the blue, all under the stars and stripes, down to the field of honor, that an outraged and oppressed people might be free and, if need be, to offer their own lives on the altar of their reunited and common country. And as you veterans and others have assembled here to-day by our little cemetery, and as you strew alike with flowers the graves of the blue and the gray, you but attest the truth of the sentiment expressed by a poet:

"Human substance goes to earth whence human passions rise,
But soul with God Himself had birth, and lives, and never dies."

At many cemeteries throughout this land, where so many heroes sleep, there assemble each year veterans of the North and veterans of the South in friendly reunion, bent on a similar mission to yours, except when they have strewn with flowers the graves of the blue and the gray, they will turn to place a laurel wreath on the graves of their children, the boys in brown.

Again I bid you welcome. I have but one sentiment for the blue and the gray, one sentiment for the heroes living and the heroes dead, flowers and cheers for the pathway of the living, a memorial wreath for the graves of the dead.

STUART ROBINSON.

[Stuart Robinson, D. D., was born in Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland, November 14, 1814; died in Louisville, Ky., October 15, 1881; he came to New York with his parents in 1817, and several years later removed to Berkeley County, Va., graduated at Amherst College in 1836; studied theology at Union Seminary, Va., and at Princeton College, New Jersey; ordained a Presbyterian Minister October 8, 1841; preached and taught for six years at Malden, Va.; from 1847 till 1852, Pastor of church in Frankfort, Ky., where he established a female seminary; accepted the pastorate of an independent church in Baltimore in 1852, but resigned in 1854, and with a large part of the congregation organized a regular Presbyterian Church; established and conducted a periodical called the "Presbyterian Critic" (1855-1856); Professor of Church Government and Pastoral Theology at Danville, Ky., Seminary 1856-57; in 1858 he became pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky.; purchased the "Presbyterian Herald" and changed its name to the "True Presbyterian." His sympathies were warmly with the South, and in the first year of the war, found free expression in his paper, which was suppressed by the United States military authorities; he removed to Toronto, Canada, where he preached to large audiences; in 1866 he returned to his church in Louisville, and resumed the publication of his paper, changing the title to the "Free Christian Commonwealth." He was expelled from the General Presbyterian Assembly of 1866 at St. Louis, Mo., on account of his sympathy with what was known as the "Declaration and Testimony," which protested against political deliverances of that body. After having animated controversies with the noted Unionist, Rev. Robert J. Breckenridge, he induced the Synod of Kentucky to unite with the Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church in 1869, of which he was chosen Moderator by acclamation; he was also instrumental in inducing the Southern Church to join in the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance in 1877, which he attended as a delegate and was active in the revision of the Book of Discipline. He published in 1865, "Slavery as recognized by the Mosaic Civil Law, and allowed in the Abrahamic, Mosaic, and Christian Church." He was also the author of "The Church of God as an essential element of the Gospel," and of a book of outlines of sermons, entitled "Discourses of Redemption." In religion and politics he was a fine example of the strict, old-school divine, with a vigor, tenacity and combativeness all his own.]

THE GOSPEL ADAPTED TO THE CONSCIOUS WANTS OF THE HUMAN SOUL.—ITS ARGUMENTS, TERMS AND AGENCIES.

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star. And the Spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that heareth say, come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."—Revelation 22:16-18.

This remarkable gospel of invitation, "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come," has a very peculiar significancy, my brethren, alike from whence it is, from where it is, and from what it is. As to the whence, it is a message of Jesus back to the sinners of earth, for whom "He endured the cross, despising the shame," and comes from the throne of all power to which, sixty years before, He had ascended, carrying the humanity with Him; and, after His finished sacrifice and completed scheme of redemption,

as developed in the new covenant of His blood, had been already proclaimed by His inspired apostles to the utmost limits of the known world. But, though now on His throne, there is no abatement of His interest in that wonderful scheme of redemption which He has been gradually developing through the revelations "of sundry times and divers manners," under successive covenants, organizing the typical kingdom under David, He proclaims himself "the root and the offspring of David," now enthroned in the heavens as the "bright morning star," for whose rising faith had longed through all the darkness of prophecy. And, in full view of the scheme completed by the offering of the sacrifice once for all; of the outpouring of His spirit; of the complete opening of the new and last era of redemption; of the dispensation of the Spirit; of the historic faith, now substituting facts actual for the types and symbols of prophecy; and of the church of one nation, under the old covenant, He utters this last gospel as the climax of all the gospels which God had revealed through the prophets, through His incarnate Son and through the apostles.

This, then, is the gospel according to Jesus ascended, delivered after His complete scheme of salvation had for sixty years been in full tide of successful experiment. It is, therefore, peculiar to our dispensation. It is the peculiar type of that gospel which, without symbol, or altar, or limit of nation, is to be preached till His second coming.

So, also, it is significant from where it is in the series of recorded revelations. It is the last paragraph of the last chapter of the last book of God's revealed word. For you will observe that, immediately upon its utterance and record, that great seal—written all over, with curses against him who shall by a single word add to or subtract from the revelation here finished—closes up finally the communications from heaven. That it is such a general closing up of the whole volume of inspiration, and not merely applicable to this last book, is manifest from the fact that, while all previous revelations at the sundry times with a call for other revelations to follow them, this closes with no call for more to follow. Moses called for a "prophet like unto Him," whom they should hear. David and the prophets all call for more glorious revelations to follow. Malachi closes up the Old Testament with a call for the coming of the "Messenger of the covenant" to develop the old covenants still more clearly. Jesus, when ascending, called for the coming of the Holy Ghost to lead His apostles into all truth and commissioned them to speak still further in His name. Now the last surviving of these apostles, having traced on the prophetic chart the history of this last dispensation down to Christ's second coming to judgment, without any notice of any more revelations to come through this era, closes up the communications from heaven by calling for no more, but placing upon the record this tremendous seal. All Mohammed Korans, all saints' legends of visions and revelations and miracles, all Swedenborg dreams and communications with heaven, all Mormon appendices, all stupid revelations, rapped or written by silly spirits, are hereby anticipated, excluded, denounced and threatened with all the curses written by silly spirits, are hereby anticipated, excluded, denounced and threatened with all the curses written in God's book. But, before that great seal shall finally close communication, Jesus has one more last word to say. In every conceivable form of assurance and invitation, He had called sinners through all the divers manner of his revelation before, yet, still yearning to see travail of his soul, His love seems to stay the hand that is putting on the seal, that it may first insert one more invitation and

assurance, lest some poor, dark-minded sinner should still despond and despair. And so there was crowded in this last gospel, under the very seal itself, that closing communication.

And when we consider what it is, we must confess it to be infinitely worthy of the source whence it comes, and the place where it stands, as the climax of all the gospel revelations. "Stay," the ascended Jesus seems to say. "Put not on the cursing seal, till there first be put in one more gospel assurance and invitation. And make it wide as human thought can possibly conceive of it; plain as human language can possibly utter it; and cordial as the heart of God alone can give it. Assure them from me, David's creator, and yet, as the offspring of David, their brother, partaker of flesh and blood; assure them from me, the Day-star of all their longings, now, beyond all dispute, risen and enthroned in the heaven—that the fountain of life is now thrown wide open and its streams are gushing forth in all their infinite fullness, with every barrier of approach to it absolutely taken away. Tell them that not only have they leave to come, but every loving voice in heaven and earth pleads and urges them to come. That my spirit whispers to the depths of their spirits, saying 'Come.' That my bride, the church, in all her divinely-appointed ordinances cries 'Come, come.' Nay, more, lest it be in highways and hedges, where there should be no church ordinances to reach any one, every sinner that heareth my voice himself is authorized to say to any other sinner, to invite him; tell any soul that feels the thirst not to stand on ceremony, but, self-invited, 'Come.' Nay, more still, lest now some poor, sin-darkened soul should stumble at the word 'athirst,' and doubt if his thirst is real or great enough, strike out even that and say absolutely, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' I will be the Saviour of any that will have me for a Saviour. Only let him cry in his despair, 'O Lamb of God, I come, just as I am.'"

Brethren, I may well shrink from the task of developing this gospel according to Jesus ascended when I find all human language breaking down in the attempt to utter the infinite fullness and freeness of a Saviour's love. Yet I may assist you in forming some conception of the great truths embodied in these beautiful approximations and figures by answering for you these questions:

1. What ideas are involved in this figure of "the water of life"?
2. What ideas in the correlative figure "thirst"?
3. What causes develop the consciousness of this thirst in the soul?
4. On what terms may the soul, conscious of it, have the thirst quenched?
5. By what agencies is the soul athirst brought to the waters of life?

(1) As suggesting at once the answer to the first inquiry, it is needful only to remind you that, in all the eras of revelation and under all the covenants, the familiar symbol for the redemption provided by Christ is this living waters to quench the spiritual thirst. Under the old covenant with Abraham, the salvation guaranteed in it was symbolized to the church in the desert by the stream that gushed from the smitten rock in Horeb, and followed them in all their wanderings. For, said the apostle, "They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them; and that Rock was Christ."

Under the covenant with David, the church was to sing in her liturgy, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Isaiah, three centuries later, after presenting in prophetic

visions of the scenes of the cross and the exaltation that should follow, predicts this very gospel of Jesus ascended, saying: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, even he that hath money." Seven hundred years later, on the great day of the feast, as the priest dipped up water with the golden pitcher and poured it upon the altar, while the vast multitude marched around in procession, singing from Isaiah, "With joy shall we draw water from the wells of salvation," Jesus stood and cried, saying: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." Thus it will be seen that this is confirmatory of all the old gospels and that in all cases this symbol of the water for the spiritual thirst has reference to the work of Christ in the incarnation, death and resurrection.

It is a poetic synonym for "Christ crucified," the one great idea of the whole revelation. For, above all books, the Bible is a book of one idea, and hence this tendency to those magnificent generalizations that sum up and concentrate its essence in a single sentence or phrase as, "When I see the blood, I will pass over," we preach Christ crucified. And readily enough may the gospel be thus summed up, since it is the death of Jesus as an atoning sacrifice which gives its significance to every paragraph of the Bible as the living word of God. Just as, in the physical structure, the heart to the extremities is all that makes them living flesh, rather than so much dead clay, so the cross of Jesus Christ is the heart of the revealed word of God instinct with living truth.

Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd than the very fashionable form of Deism which pretends, while accepting the character of Jesus as perfect, to separate what it calls the beautiful morality of Jesus from the gospel theology of atonement, so offensive to the wisdom of this world. It is but a gospel of Jesus with the part of Jesus omitted. For it is the theology of Jesus, the atoning sacrifice, which imparts all its vitality to the morality of Jesus as a law to the conscience. Deism may, indeed, carve out of the gospel a beautiful ethical system, but, when the work is done, it stands forth only as the marble smitten by the chisel of genius into the beautiful form of the living being, cold and lifeless as beautiful. Unitarianism may carve out of the oracles of God an elegant structure of natural religion, but, when the work is done, it stands forth a merely beautifully carved earthen vessel to contain the living waters, but with no atoning sacrifice of Christ, there is no water of life for the thirsty soul therein.

"The water of life," therefore, which this gospel of Jesus ascended proclaims as now accessible to all, means that provision for the everlasting life secured in the obedience and atoning sacrifice of Christ for sinners. It is here, as elsewhere, a generalizing formula, expressive of that scheme of grace, which, contemplating man as fallen from the lofty estate of holiness, conscious of guilt, clothing the sinner in a righteousness wrought out for him and renewing and restoring his nature by divine power.

(2) Accordingly, the wants of the soul for which the gospel provides are expressed by the term which forms the second subject of our inquiry, the correlative figure "athirst"—"Let him that is athirst come." It is peculiar to the gospel, in all its forms of revelation, that it assumes the existence, more or less conscious in the human soul, of wants for which it makes provision; of disease for which it provides a remedy; of a guilty conscience for which it provides peace; of spiritual hunger for which it gives the bread of life; of a thirst in the soul for which it is the water of life. And on whatever other evidences of its divine origin the learned and philosophical may rest their faith in it as divine, the great practical evi-

dence on which the gospel itself rests its claim to be divine is that which meets the conscious wants of the human soul—an argument which the ignorant and the learned can alike comprehend. The greater part of those truths which constitute natural religion—as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul—are assumed by the gospel to the already known and felt to be true by every man, and therefore are assumed as the basis of its offers, rather than made the subjects of demonstration by proof and reasoning. Assuming that every man in earnest must feel that there is a God, the judge and the rewarder of every man according to his works; that the soul shall continue to exist, and that there must follow a retribution for the sins of the present life; that the moral nature of man is diseased and its powers enfeebled, the gospel proposes to expound the attributes of God and His relations to the sinner; to unfold the causes of the soul's disease and the terrors of conscience, and to point out the infallible remedy both for guilt and the helplessness of the man. In other words, to provide a water of life for the soul, of which "he that drinketh shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up unto everlasting life."

Nor should we limit the thirst of the soul, in our conceptions to it, to that special state of conviction by the Holy Spirit which makes men willing in the effectual call to salvation; though, indeed, that is only "thirst" which ever truly leads man to the water of life. In a very important sense, this thirst may be said to belong to humanity at large, and evinces itself in impulses of the natural man under the ordinary movements of the Spirit. As there is a sense in which the interposition of Jesus, the Saviour, affects the whole race and a sense in which, as the consequence of his interposition, the Holy Ghost moves upon humanity at large preventing the utter extinction of its spiritual faculties, and thereby its utter degradation to a brutal devilishness as the result of its subjugation by Satan and the fall, so there is a general sense in which all men "thirst" for some such "water of life" as the gospel provides. Dr. Trench, in his *Hulscan Lectures on "Christ, the Desire of All Nations,"* has illustrated with great force and learning how humanity, in all ages anterior to the incarnation, evinced this longing for some such provision as the gospel makes for its moral and spiritual necessities in the incarnation, death and ascension of Jesus. How all its mythologies, all its sacrificial ritual, and all its esthetic culture, all its philosophic speculations were but so many unconscious prophecies and longings of humanity for a divine-human prophet, priest and king. And I need only to remind you how the objects of heathen worship were either gods made men or men of gods, thereby signifying their conception that the relief of humanity must come from the junction of the divine with the human nature. How their Hercules and Orpheus stories and many stories of their class hint at their conception that their deliverer must somehow vanquish death and the grave, the great enemy of the race. How their sacrificial altars, even flowing with blood to expiate sin and appease the wrath of offended divinity, evinced their conception of the substituting for the forfeited life of the offender the "life which is in the blood" of the victim. How their most beautiful conceptions of the genius of sculpture were the results of efforts to set forth divine beings in the form of humanity; how the loftiest conceptions of their philosophy were in the efforts to devise some power which should elevate and restore from their feebleness the moral and spiritual powers which they recognized in human nature. What are all these but so many utter-

ances of that inward thirst of the general spirit of humanity for something analogous to that which the gospel provides?

Indeed, we might at once illustrate and demonstrate the co-relation between the gospel doctrines and the necessities of human nature from the modern speculative philosophy, no less than the ancient, as related to the revealed theology. For so intimate will be found the logical relation, that false systems of theology uniformly lead to false theories of the philosophy of human nature; and false philosophies of human nature lead, more or less immediately, to false systems of theology.

The modern neologists have seized upon this general correspondence between the gospel and the longings of humanity in all ages, as evinced in its mythologies and sacrificial rituals, as a point of assault upon the gospel's claim to have had a higher than human origin. With elaborate learning, they have gathered and analyzed the poetic myths of the religions of all countries and ages to show us how these conceptions of a divine-human deliverer, of an atonement for sin, of a victory over death, and of a renewal and restoration of human nature, have ever flitted as shadows before the imagination or have dreamed as beautiful dreams by the poetic souls of the world in all ages. Therefore, say they, the gospel of Christ is only a step in advance, a condensation of the shadows in more definite shape. Now we admit the premise of fact, but reason to precisely the opposite conclusion that, instead of being a shadow because the soul's thirst of the world had created shadows before, this must be the reality and the substance which cast the shadows. For the shadow can not exist without the substance to cause it. And as, when looking down into the smooth waters of the lake, we see, far below, the trees and green meadow and flocks feeding upon it, we infer, without looking up for the proof, that, though all we see is shadow, yet the shadow is there because the reality is above; so, when we contemplate these shadows reflected to the vision of the human soul, during all time, we infer that some reality somewhere causes the shadows to exist; and when now we find in this revelation of Jesus the counterpart of all these shadowy conceptions as great facts substantially existing, we naturally conclude that the existence of such facts has caused the shadows. The shadows and shifting cloud palaces that floated on the world's spiritual sky became, through Jesus Christ, the real city of God—Jerusalem come down out of heaven and standing stable on earth. The ladder of the world's night visions, reaching from earth to heaven, with superhuman beings, gods many and demigods many, ascending and descending upon it, is realized in the coming forth of Jesus from the bosom of the Father to declare Him and through Him ascending and descending of "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them which are heirs of salvation."

Hence the ineffable folly and effrontery of these transcendental sophists who, affecting to regard all historical and external religion as a clog upon the lofty devotional flights of its spiritual insight, say to us: "Destroy this temple, and in three days we will raise it up" a far more gorgeous spiritual temple for the worship of the soul in which shall be celebrated the rites of the absolute and universal religion. What is their proposition in effect but to ask us to turn away from the fountain of living water and, with the heathen, struggle to quench the thirst of the fascinating soul at the shadowy rivers and lakes which have ever been projected to the view of thirsty men upon the spiritual horizon of humanity from the reality of lying far out of sight.

I have extended these illustrations rather for the sake of impressing a great general truth too much overlooked than because I take the primary or chief reference of this "thirst" in the gospel of Jesus ascended to be the general want, felt by humanity at large, of something analogous to the provision of the gospel. And because, also, with this general truth in mind, we can the more readily appreciate the force and beauty of the figure "athirst" as applied to that state of the individual soul to which special reference is had in the saying, "Let him that is athirst come."

(3) This leads to our third proposed inquiry, into the causes which develop this consciousness of thirst in the individual soul to which reference is here specially made. These are natural and supernatural.

A first natural cause tending to such a result is the consciousness, in every intelligent spirit, of instincts that fail to be met by corresponding provisions in the nature of the life that now is, and of powers of action and tendencies to action which have no theater wide enough in the present life for this proper development. Every man who reflects at all on his inner nature discovers in himself a singular paradox—the powers of a giant fettered within the limits of a cradle; passions that find no corresponding objects in life upon which to expend their energies; ideals of heroic life that he can not actualize. Hence the restlessness of the human spirit, never content with the attained, but ever gazing forward and eagerly grasping at the unattained. Hence the peculiar tendency of man above all other animals to excessive indulgence of the merely sensual appetites. It is simply the attempt to feed the hungry soul "on the husks that the swine do eat;" to satisfy that spirit with bread alone, "which was made to feed upon every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And even among the few who rise above these grosser conceptions and grasp after fame as men of wealth, of learning, of high position, there is in the end always the same disappointment.

On the back of these again come those impulses of the natural conscience which, though ordinarily it may sleep, is often aroused by the fall into some unusual sin or the coming in of some unusual sorrow. It alarms the fears by suggesting retribution in store and an angry God who sees the sin with special displeasure.

Now, while this gospel according to Jesus ascended, extends to all these cases, yet it has specially in view this last case of the earnest soul, under the movings of the spirit, thus "thirsting" for that which will relieve its thirst.

(4) And on what terms now may such have relief? On no other than simply to take it "freely." "Freely" is the answer of the gospel of Jesus ascended. As I have shown you before—even after putting the offer in some so wide as to say, "Let him that is athirst come"—the compassionate Saviour, as the last words that shall ring from heaven in the sinner's ears through all our dispensation, proclaims still more absolutely, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." No matter who he be, no matter how great his guilt, no matter how depraved his nature, no matter how dark and damning the stain of sin upon his soul! Brethren, I have shown you in a former discourse how all the expressions of the terms of salvation in the gospel of Jesus incarnate and of his apostles, whether literal or figurative, when reduced to their last analysis, amount to this, that, whosoever will, may come. And now we have in the last gospel of all, the gospel of Jesus ascended, and the last of that gospel, the direct confirmation of that argument. The climax of all the gospels

preached from Abel to Abraham, and from Abraham to David, and from David to Jesus incarnate, and from the Jesus incarnate to the last of His apostles, the climax of all, the key to all, let him take of the waters of life freely. Surely, this is enough; nor can human thought conceive or human language utter any offer freer than that. But the compassion of Christ for lost sinners is not exhausted with the throwing open of the fountain of life, saying, "Whosoever will, let him take freely." Had it been left thus, no sinner would have been saved. He hath devised a system of agencies to "draw all men unto him," as he is thus "lifted up" and the fountain of life opened.

(5) What are these agencies? They are, again, both natural and supernatural. In the first place, availing himself of the power of human sympathy, he constitutes every sinner "that heareth" and thereby quenches his own thirst, a missionary to tell others also to come. The very act whereby he is created anew awakens in him the desire, "O, that all would believe." So that, surrounding every sinner wherever this gospel has been preached, there are those that can testify by experience to its efficiency as a means of quenching the "thirst." Is there not reason to fear, brethren, that this agency of personal effort is not employed as extensively as, under the terms of this gospel, it would seem to be authorized and enjoined? Is there not too much timidity, on the part of many who have truly heard, about permitting the natural impulses of the new life to have free course in uttering the invitation, "Come"?

In the next place, the results of this scheme of salvation are organized by Christ into a great body, whose chief function it is to extend the invitation. The Church of God, the bride of the Lamb, saith "Come." This is the sum and substance of all her ordinances.

The one grand mission of the church on earth is to hold forth this water of life in the view of perishing sinners and cry, "Come." And, organized as this peculiar body is of "the families that call on the name of the Lord," many of you find your life so woven into the web of other lives about you that every holy tie which binds you to earth is a cord about you to draw you to the fountain of life. Not only the voice of the venerated pastor of youth, in the word, sacraments and prayer, a voice of authoritative invitation, but the voice of personal affection, of Sabbath teacher, friend, father, mother, wife, sister, brother, child, are all to you voices of special and perpetual invitation.

And if fretted by the importunity of the voices from the bride on earth you seek to retire within yourself, then, in your deepest solitude, comes the voice of the bride, as the redeemed church in heaven, that voices of personal invitation whisper thence to your spirit also. It may be the whisper of the venerated father, now at rest from the toils, gently chiding you as he used kindly to chide your folly, saying: "Why forsake the fountain of living waters for broken cisterns that can hold no water?" Perhaps it is the mother's soft voice that so fascinated the ear of your childhood with her cradle song of Jesus that now seems to awake with familiar strain:

"Delay not! Delay not! O loved one, draw near;
The waters of life are still flowing for thee."

Thou, doting father, perhaps it is the voice of the cherub boy, whose Sabbath school choral once so charmed thee, now singing to soothe and comfort thee:

"Jesus the Saviour in mercy said 'come,'
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!"
 Death with his arrow indeed laid me low.
 But, safely with Jesus, I feel not the blow.
 Jesus hath broken the bar of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully, I have got home."

Thou, sad sister, perhaps it is the noble brother, whose sun went down ere yet it was noon and who, wrapping himself in the robe of his manly beauty, lay down to sleep in Jesus, that now beckons thee to come and "take of the water of life," that thou mayest walk with him on the banks of the river of life. Or thou, brother, it may be that sister, who parted with thee at the river of death, waving back so cheerfully her farewells, that is now waving the invitations from the river of life.

Thou weeping Rachel, it may be the little one for whom thou art refusing to be comforted, that from that glorious kingdom of heaven stretches its eager hands, with the immortal smile upon its countenance, calling to thee, "Come, mother, come! Come, learn the love of Jesus, who took me from your arms to His own; come up here where they never die any more, and never cry any more. Come! just taste this water of life, for they who taste it never thirst any more!" Yes, the bride saith come, on earth and heaven alike. Yet, alas, such is the power of sin in the soul, even in the thirsty soul, that all these eloquent voices of invitation are unavailing in themselves. But the same love which opened the fountain of life hath provided an agency of persuasive power enough to "make them willing in the day of His power." For, in addition to these natural agencies, "The Spirit saith come."

Brethren, having no space now left for any adequate development of the great gospel doctrine of the work of the Holy Spirit in persuading and enabling sinners to embrace Jesus Christ, offered here as the water of life so freely, I may, with a single explanatory remark, appeal simply to your own experience for the testimony to the reality of this as of the natural agencies moving sinners to accept the offer. The teaching of the gospel is that, while the work of the Holy Spirit is supernatural in opening the blind eyes and renewing the will and persuading the soul to willingness, He yet, ordinarily, operates through the natural avenues of approach to the soul. "Behold," saith He, "I stand at the door and knock." He makes use of the usual method of gaining admittance, operating in and through the agencies already described. Hath He not, therefore, often said to you, "Come"? In those deep and solid impressions which the truth hath made oftentimes, in that impulse that led you to resolve to accept the offer, in those solemn providences which so impressed you, in those movings of conscience charging you with sin, in those uneasy longings for something better, and that dissatisfaction with yourself, it was the Spirit saying, "Come." O, heed the voice and grieve Him not away!

MICAH CHRISMAN SAUFLEY.

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BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

An address delivered at the unveiling of the monument erected by the State of Kentucky, on the battlefield of Perryville, to the Confederate soldiers who are buried there, at Perryville, Boyle County, Ky., October 3, 1902.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To-day is the fortieth anniversary of the battle of Perryville, and this fair landscape whose smiling fields and peaceful homes are spread before and around us was the scene of that fierce and bloody conflict. Here where we stand, on the 8th day of October forty years ago, amid the crash of musketry and the thunder of cannon and the wild battle cries of clashing squadrons, the curtain fell on the close of one of the most dramatic and stirring campaigns of the great war between the States.

The South was making, as the sequel showed, her last desperate struggle for the possession and mastery of Kentucky, and on this spot at the close of that October day this great stake, greatly played for, was in the wager of battle lost forever to the Confederacy. Forty years ago! A generation has been born since that day and its men and women have reached life's high noon and are themselves the fathers and mothers of still another oncoming generation. To these, in the swift rush and succession of modern events, the battle here and the war of which it was one of the incidents are already ancient history. Even to us, the ever and swiftly-lessening survivors of that day, its events are becoming as shadowy as the scenes and faces we see in dreams. Their outlines grow dimmer as the effacing years go by and over us and, best of all, their bitterness, their power to call back to our hearts the hatred, the horror and the despair of that tremendous epoch is wholly gone and forever. It may be appropriate, therefore, to the day and the occasion to call up again the heroic story of this old Kentucky battlefield and the series of events of which it was the consequence and the culmination. In the light of the fuller and later knowledge which is now accessible to all through the collected official reports of both sides, and with judgment cleared and chastened by the long lapse of years, we may surely now do this without offense to the sensibilities of the living and without wrong to the memory of the dead.

In the early summer of 1862, the fortunes of the Confederacy in the West were seemingly at their lowest ebb. Donelson had fallen and the gallant troops which defended it were prisoners of war. Shiloh had been fought, but in the hard-won victory there, by the untimely death of the great Kentuckian, Albert Sidney Johnston, in the very moment of triumph, had been converted into a defeat. Nashville, too, and Memphis had fallen, and all Tennessee west of the Cumberland Mountains was in the possession of the Federal forces. So, likewise, was Missouri and the State of Arkansas north of the Arkansas river. So, also, were Northern Alabama

and Northern Mississippi, and the great river itself was patrolled by Union gun-boats from its source to Vicksburg and from Port Hudson to the Gulf. The mountains of East Tennessee, affording the only means of communication between the capital at Richmond and the great Southwest, were still held by a small force of Confederates under Kirby Smith, and the remainder of the army of the West, less than 45,000 men, all told, was at Tupelo, Miss., under Bragg. This army, as was the case of all the Southern armies, was badly armed, insufficiently fed and illy clothed. It was confronted by Halleck at Corinth with a host of more than one hundred thousand men, superbly armed and equipped, the three great army corps into which it was divided being led, respectively, by Buell, Grant and Pope. The immediate task before this confident and overwhelming force, and it seemed easy of accomplishment, was the occupation of East Tennessee, where Kirby Smith's gallant little band was already beleaguered and hard pressed by George W. Morgan, the holding of Bragg at bay in the swamps of Mississippi until this occupation was effected and then, with united columns, an irresistible triumphal march to the Atlantic, the severance of Richmond from the remainder of the South and the final death blow to the rebel government. All this was to be brought about before the close of the summer. To this end, Pope was left at Corinth to watch and hold Bragg. Grant was sent to Memphis to double-rivet the shackles in Western Tennessee and to aid the forward movement of Curtis in Arkansas. To Buell was entrusted the execution of the main purpose of this general movement. With 60,000 men, and banners flying bravely over them, he took up the line of march eastwardly, through Mississippi and North Alabama, to effect the first object determined upon, the destruction of Kirby Smith and the redemption of East Tennessee. This, I have said, seemed easy. To those who did not know the dauntless temper of the Southern soldiers, it seemed certain. Bragg, while not a great soldier, was a most intrepid and active one, and his army—an "army of tattered uniforms but shining muskets"—was as brave a one as ever faced into line of battle. Smith, also, was a trained and accomplished officer, whose great merit has never been adequately recognized. To his daring and fertile mind was due the first suggestion of the broad and splendid plan of campaign which was at this juncture decided upon. Both he and Bragg knew that a defensive campaign offered no hope whatever. Both knew that the only possibility of escape from the imminent peril of the situation lay in a prompt and resolute offensive. Bragg's original plan had been to strike Buell's flank while moving through Alabama or Tennessee and, by a bold strike delivered at some unguarded moment, both checkmate the movement on Knoxville and recover Nashville and Middle Tennessee. After conference with General Smith, this plan was both modified and broadened and, finally, ripened into one of the most brilliant and daring conceptions of the war. It was, in brief, to leave a small force in Mississippi to amuse Pope, a vain-glorious braggart, whose true measure had even then been taken by the Confederates, while Bragg, boldly swinging loose from his base, should move by interior lines secretly and rapidly to Chattanooga in advance of Buell, and from that point, marching by his front and flank, push on over Walden's Ridge and through Sparta into the heart of Kentucky. At the same time, Kirby Smith was to elude the garrison at Cumberland Gap, pass into Kentucky through Big Creek and Rogers' Gap and unite with Bragg in Central Kentucky for a decisive battle with Buell, who would, it was anticipated, be compelled to follow. It

was hoped that these counter moves would not only disconcert the plans of the Federal commanders, but force them to abandon all territory south of the Ohio and, for the protection of their own States on the border, accept battle at a place and time of the South's own choosing.

The plan thus outlined was vigorously and instantly put in process of execution. Desperate as the undertaking seemed, it would have been so in very truth but for one advantage which the South held over the North. This was the incomparable superiority of her cavalry. No bolder horsemen ever followed pennon in fight or foray than the men who rode with Bedford Forrest, of Tennessee, and with that knightliest of all cavaliers, our own Morgan. They were the flower of the Southern youth, who had been taught from childhood, like the nobles of ancient Persia, "to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth." The opposing cavalymen were at this period ludicrously impotent either to meet them in fight or escape them by flight. To this arm of the service it was now given to perform an inestimable service to the cause of the Confederacy.

All along the lines, the trumpets called to boots and saddles. On the instant the men were mounted and away. On the instant they swarmed on the front, on the rear and the flanks of Buell's advancing columns. Forrest, dashing into Middle Tennessee, audaciously attacked and captured Murfreesboro on the 13th day of July. The garrison of 1,500 men surrendered without condition and Buell's way was effectively blocked for many precious days. In the same month, Morgan swooped like an eagle on the scattered-out posts and military depots in Kentucky, diverting detachments in hot haste from Buell's camps, spreading consternation even to the gates of Washington and paralyzing the parlor generals who then lorded it along the Ohio. Returning from that famous raid, the bare official reports of which read more like a chapter of romance than a sober chronicle of history, he delivered, in August, in the capture of Boone and the route and capture of Richard Johnson at Gallatin, Tenn., another stinging blow to the enemy. Bewildered by these incessant attacks at points the least expected, Buell's triumphant advance at length wavered and halted. Bragg's opportunity had come. Hidden and protected by an impenetrable screen of unsleeping horsemen, the transportation of his army by the long, devious and perilous route from Mississippi to Kentucky was successfully accomplished. Buell, out-maneuvered, was passed, and the Southern army, straining like a stag-hound at the leash, was on the borders of the Bluegrass. Kirby Smith, with 12,000 men, had already, in pursuance of his part of the plan, penetrated and traversed Southeast Kentucky and, contemptuously leaving George Morgan in his rear, had routed Nelson at Richmond, capturing 5,000 of his men and had, by this brilliant feat, liberated all Kentucky east of Louisville and south of Cincinnati. Bragg, with 32,000 men of all arms, shortly reached Munfordville, Ky., and captured at that place Wilder's entire force of 4,000 on the 17th of September.

Buell, on parallel lines, was in the meantime straining every nerve to elude Bragg, though he outnumbered him two to one, and to beat him in the race for Louisville and for reinforcements which awaited him there. This goal he succeeded in reaching September 29th. Bragg had by this time advanced as far north as Bardstown, while Smith was in the vicinity of Frankfort.

Thus far the Confederate plans had prospered almost beyond expectation. The great armies of Buell and George W. Morgan had been forced

into hasty and disordered retreat. Tennessee was free, except along the fringe of the Mississippi. Kentucky was free, except along the fringe of the Ohio. Buell's army of 60,000, disheartened and demoralized by a long and unlooked-for retreat, was cowering at Louisville. Bragg, with only 40,000 men, it is true, but they elated with hope, stripped for battle and eager for it, confronted him from Bardstown and Frankfort. It really seemed that splendid endeavor might now be crowned with splendid success. It really seemed as if the flag of the South had come to stay, and that the war in the West would be shifted from Southern to Northern fields and firesides. But it had not been so ordained. It was not to be. Let there be no words of censure for the Confederate commander. They would be both unjust and ungrateful. He was a distinguished officer, who had rendered and who continued to render, valiant service to his country. He was a trained soldier of high intelligence and undoubted courage, but, unfortunately, he lacked the clairvoyant vision, the never-erring judgment of a captain of the first rank. The prayer at that hour of every Southern heart might well have been: "Oh, for one gleam at the column's head of the divine fire we call genius! Oh, for the eye of fire and the hand of steel of a Lee! Oh, for an hour of Stonewall Jackson!" The opportunity labored and prayed for had come, but not the man.

On the 1st day of October, Buell, who had recovered breath and courage, moved out from Louisville on Bardstown, making a feint at the same time with Sills' division on Frankfort. From his own report, he mustered 58,000 men. Bragg's left wing under Polk was withdrawn from Bardstown to Perryville. Deceived to the last by the demonstrations on Frankfort, he believed that Buell's objectives were that point and Lexington, and purposed to give him battle at or near Versailles. Buell, on his part, supposed that Bragg's stand would be made at Harrodsburg and pushed his right wing, under McCook and Gilbert, toward Danville by way of Perryville, gallantly designing to throw himself on the Confederate rear. Neither general seemed able to fathom the design of the other. The movements of both were but gropings in the dark, and the final encounter at Perryville was not expected nor designed by either. It was in truth a chance-medley rather than a pitched battle, and the result of a great campaign and the fate of a great State were determined by an accidental encounter in which only one-third of the Southern army and two-thirds of the Northern army were engaged. Crittenden's fine corps was absent from Buell's fighting line, as was Buell himself. Withers' splendid division of Alabama, Mississippians and South Carolinians, and Kirby Smith and Forrest and John Morgan were away from Bragg ten, twenty, forty miles, in all 25,000 idle and useless men. It is easy, after the event, to see that, if Bragg could have grasped the situation and had concentrated his full force at Perryville, Buell would have sustained a crushing defeat, and the highest hopes of the South would have been realized.

And thus it was that the crowning fight of the Kentucky campaign of 1862 came to be fought near this pleasant little city of Perryville. On that October day, the Tennesseans and Texans on the right under Polk, the Mississippians, Alabamians and Georgians on the center and left under Hardee, in all counting but 15,000 men, found themselves facing McCook and Gilbert in command of 35,000 Federals. The odds were more than two to one, but there was no hesitation, no faltering with the men in gray—when, on what field, were they known to falter? At two o'clock in the afternoon, at the sound of the signal, Cheatham and Wharton from

the right sprang to the assault. They were greeted with a terrific fire of musketry and artillery, but their impetuous onset never paused for a moment. Then the guns of Hardee and Buckner and Liddell, rolling from right to left, took up the battle and soon the opposing armies were clinched in death grapple along the entire line. For three hours, the combat raged with unslacking fury. For three murderous hours, the thin, gray lines of the South, never resting, never pausing, pressed back the stubborn horde in their front. The Federals—there were no cowards, we may be sure. They were of that sturdy stock that had subdued and peopled the great regions of the West, and they fought on that day with a steadiness which would have won against any other foe. But the headlong courage, the desperate audacity of these sons of the South would take no denial. Never faltering, step by step, the South pressed forward. Suddenly, but still step by step, the North recoiled until, at the going down of the sun, which was also the ending of the battle, the victorious cross of the Confederacy waved in triumph over every inch of the field. At the self-same moment, it has been remembered by the chroniclers of that day that, as the sun, reddened and dimmed by the smoke of the conflict, went down in the west, a full-orbed moon rose in placid splendor in the east. It rose to look down upon, though not the greatest, the bloodiest field of the war. It rose to look down upon 7,000 dead and wounded and dying men—3,000 of them clad in gray, 4,000 in the blue.

Tactically, Perryville was a Confederate victory; strategically, a defeat. The battle was won, the campaign was lost. On the succeeding morning, Buell's army, having been united by the arrival of Crittenden's corps, Bragg withdrew to Harrodsburg, massing his forces there and at Bryantstown and offering but not urging battle. It was even then not too late to have struck the great blow for supremacy for which the laborious marches, the sleepless vigils and the faultless strategy of the preceding three months had been but the preparation and prelude. But less daring counsels prevailed. The great battle for which all America was listening with bated breath was never fought. Bragg retired in Tennessee and the campaign was at an end.

Kentucky was once more in the iron grasp of the Union, and of all that gallant array which had vainly essayed her deliverance only the dead remained in her borders. The soldier, in the stern and brutal stress of war, must usually be buried where he falls. The soldiers who fell here were given at the time the rude and undistinguishing sepulture of the battlefield. Those who fell for the cause of the Union were, long since, under the impulse of a sentiment entirely noble and beautiful, tenderly removed and placed with solemn ceremonial in the cemeteries of the nation. The ashes of those who fell for the South are still here. They were men and youths from Tennessee, and mostly from Tennessee, from Georgia, from Alabama, from Mississippi and from the plains of far-off Texas. Their names will not all be known until the last great day. Strange to say, in this, the chief battle in Kentucky and for Kentucky, there were no organized Kentucky forces present on the side of the South. Morgan and his men were galloping in search of a mythical foe across the wooded pastures of Fayette and Woodford. Marshall, too, and his Kentuckians were miles away. It had been deemed impossible to spare Breckinridge and his immortal brigade, the "Orphans," from their line in Mississippi.

The dead who rest here were, except in the generous brotherhood of a great cause, aliens and strangers, but, as their mangled bodies have

mingled with and become a part of this clay, their memory also is now interwoven with the history of Kentucky, and their deeds now constitute no small part of her glory—her glory, not alone in the eyes of Kentucky Confederates and of those whose hearts and hopes were with us in that day, but in the eyes of the whole generous manhood and womanhood of the State. This beautiful shaft which we have here erected over nameless heroes is not the tribute of faction, or party, or class, but of the State. It is the general gift of a high-hearted people who love and honor greatness of soul for its own sake. The grizzled veterans of the winning cause will bend here the uncovered head with a reverence as deep and as true and as gentle as that which bows the head and dims the eye of that other veteran whose cause was lost. The children of the one, no less than the children of the other, and their children's children, will see to it in the years that are to come that constancy so rare and deaths so glorious shall not be unremembered:

“Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds this glorious tomb.”

It were idle now to speculate upon what might have been if certain things had happened or not happened in the great crises of the war; if Bragg's army had been massed here at Perryville; if Sidney Johnston had not fallen at the moment which placed Grant at his mercy; if Forrest's counsel had been followed at Chickamauga; if Stonewall Jackson had been spared at Chancellorsville; if Longstreet had supported Pickett at Gettysburg. The result might have been reversed in either of these events and the South have taken her place among the nations. But the immutable fact remains that the Confederacy fell—fell gloriously, but never to rise again. Whether a different result might have been for greater good or greater ill, it is impossible to know and it is folly to guess.

In a word, the war is long since over, its arbitrament accepted and all its passions hushed. We are once more in our father's house, not to serve but to rule with joint and equal sway. The past, with its somber but glorious memories, is irrevocably behind us. The future, with its new, world-wide, illimitable horizon, beckons us. Since it must be so, since we of the South must be a part of a single, indivisible nation, we purpose to play in that position no ignoble or unworthy part.

In peace, there shall be no sluggards among the sons of the South; in war, there shall be no laggards, but in both war and peace their aim shall be, and there could be no higher aim, to emulate and exemplify the simple truth and loyalty, the knightly faith and valor of the unknown soldiers in gray who died and lie buried here.

SWAGER SHERLEY.

[Swager Sherley, Lawyer, Congressman, Louisville, Ky., was born in Louisville, Ky., November 28, 1871; graduated from the Louisville Male High School, B. A., 1889; University of Virginia, 1891; admitted to bar in September, 1891; Member of Congress from Fifth Kentucky District 1903-08.]

THE SOUTH'S POLITICAL FUTURE.

An extract from a speech delivered at the meeting of the Hamilton Club, Chicago, Ill., on Saturday evening, April 8, 1905; the occasion being the annual celebration of Appomattox Day.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Hamilton Club:

When I received the invitation of your club to be one of the chief speakers at this, your annual celebration of Appomattox day, and as such to represent the South, my first impulse was to decline the honor, for I remembered that some of the South's greatest men had preceded me, and that it was unfair to her and to you that I should attempt the impossible task of adding anything to their eulogies of the two great Americans who, on that eventful day, closed the great struggle of the North and the South.

But the invitation was so pressing, the motive that prompted it so generous, that I felt constrained to accept, and comfort myself somewhat with the thought that, as a Southern man born since the war, and therefore in some sense representing the New South, I might present some views, not of the heroes of that day, but of the South of to-day, and might even attempt the dangerous role of prophecy and "span the future with the flimsy bridge of thought."

It was suggested that this occasion had most fittingly been used by previous speakers to give expression to that mutual good feeling of the two sections that has now so happily succeeded the period of bitterness that necessarily followed the Civil War. No pleasanter task could be assigned one, and yet, it seems to me, none more unnecessary. It may be possible to find men in the South and men in the North who yet retain old bitteresses and animosities, but he who would succeed in such an unholy task must search with zeal, and his success will but illustrate the old saying that the exception proves the rule. This club, composed, as I am informed, of partisan Republicans, has, by the character of its celebration of this day, well shown to the country how all of us, while being partisan, can still always remain Americans. Being so convinced of this general attitude of all the country, I am to-night going to speak somewhat from the point of view of a partisan, but also I hope always and entirely as an American. I do this because, while I know that all feeling has passed away, I yet believe that there needs to come a more complete understanding of the viewpoint of each section by the other, and that not by compliment, however gracious or pleasant, but by fair, open statement of such views, can such understanding be had. The result of the last election all too plainly showed that the South politically stood alone, and the alliterative phrase of the "Solid South" might now be fittingly added to and become the "solitary Solid South." Her political position is not new; it surprised

no one; but the fact that the influences that brought success to the Republican cause did affect completely every other section served to most strikingly arrest the attention of the country and to cause men North and South to survey anew the causes, or, rather, cause of the South's position.

That the race question keeps, and until in its political aspect it be solved must keep, the South alien in large measure to the national political life is apparent to all men. As to its solution, the South is of one opinion. That the North is solidly of a different opinion is, I believe, no longer true. Believing as I do that the concurrence in the South's position by the country at large is a matter only of time, I have determined to present to you what to us is an old picture; show you if I can our point of view, and in particular impress upon you the very, very great harm that is being done not only the South, but the country at large, by the enforced abnegation on the South's part of any participation in national questions.

In what I am going to say I have no desire to provoke controversy, and if, by chance, I should say aught that seems harsh, then I am sure your generosity will pardon the spoken words for the unspoken thought.

Appomattox denied forever the right of secession and freed the slave, but Appomattox and its generation failed to settle the political and social relationship of the races. The fourteenth and fifteenth amendments and the civil rights act passed to enforce them were legislative attempts at solution, but they have failed so completely that I doubt if any considerable body of thoughtful men could be found who would, in the light of our present experience, advocate their adoption was the question to be faced anew. They were adopted in heat and passion and, so far as capable of enforcement, were enforced by sheer might, and they failed, as the South prophesied they must fail, because they were based on radically wrong principles.

The attempt at enforcement created a condition that no fair-minded American can read of without a blush of shame. I have no desire, however, to speak of reconstruction. My State escaped its horrors and my own knowledge is hearsay. Other men have given to the world the facts, and over so fearful a picture of a great people's suffering might now well be drawn the veil of charity did not the lesson it teaches yet need to be learned. With a patience that spoke eloquently for the love of law, the Southern people bore their burden until it was apparent that Anglo-Saxon civilization was at stake. Then, by violent disregard of the law, they again secured control of their State governments. But to a people bred to the idea of orderly government, the situation was still intolerable. From violent disregard of the law came a disregard by artifice, and now from that has come a real relief under and by virtue of the law. In every Southern State where the negro population has been considerable, amendments to their Constitutions have been adopted limiting the franchise so as to eliminate the ignorant negro vote, and these amendments have stood the test of the courts. They do not violate the letter of the fifteenth amendment, though some there are who doubtless believe they do the original spirit of it. After forty years of struggle, they represent the final wisdom of the Southern people. For the first time in that period, the Southern man is in a position where he may independently exercise his right of suffrage. For the enfranchisement of the negro meant, in the true sense, a disenfranchisement of the white man. In the real Southern States this was strictly true; in States like my own it was, and, unfortunately, still is, practically true.

And now it is proposed by our political opponents that for this action the South's representation in Congress shall be reduced. Speaking for myself, as only I have the right to speak, though I believe it to be the judgment of the South, if this be the price we must pay for the elimination of the ignorant negro from politics, I am ready, anxious to pay it. While my State has absolutely no qualification save residence of the suffrage, has even a constitutional provision for the voting of illiterates, I have consistently and somewhat insistently urged an amendment that should limit the suffrage to the intelligent, educated voter, and I hope the day is not far distant when that will be done, even though by it her representation in Congress is reduced.

But, while I am willing for the South to pay this price, I do not believe it ought to have to pay. What is the reason given for demanding this pound of flesh? First, the old answer of Shylock—it is stipulated in the bond. Viewing it with exact legal accuracy, this is true. The penalty clause of the fourteenth amendment is not, in my judgment, repealed by the fifteenth, and I am inclined to believe that the construction by the supreme court of the words "denied and abridged" will be one that embraces the provisions of the Constitutions of the Southern States. But surely something more than the mere letter of the law should be advanced for opening this Pandora's box. Well, we are told that it is unfair to the Northern States that a less number of voters should elect a Congressman from the South than the North, or that the vote in the Electoral College should be based on such inequality of voters. The argument seems weighty, but is only specious. Representation is not based now, and never has been, on voting strength, but always on population. There are inequalities now outside the Southern cases, if you consider the voter as the unit instead of the person. Colorado permits women to vote. Shall her representation be doubled over States of equal population, where men alone vote? Voting of itself has no virtue; it is simply a means to an end, and that end representation. The very persons who our critics are solicitous for would be punished by their remedy. Will the negro be better represented by half as many Southern Congressmen as by the present number? Only on the theory that such representatives are now hostile to the negro's real interest, a theory absolutely false in fact. Will the North gain anything but a temporary political advantage? Is it not a mistaken, un-American idea that the real interest of any section can be advanced at the expense of another section? Is it right that we who have the burden of the negro shall have only the voice in national councils that we would be entitled to if we did not have such a burden? Shall the very hardship of our case be made the cause of a lessened voice in its solution? But we are told that such restrictions on the suffrage work a great wrong and injustice on the negro. I answer you, first, that no punishment by reduction of representation will ever cause the South to remove such restrictions on the suffrage, and I deny that any injustice is done the negro by such laws. But, it is asked, can there be any liberty for the negro without the right of suffrage being given him? I can best answer the question by quoting from a speech made before your club last year by a very great American, when he said, speaking of our foreign possessions:

"There are two ideas that are always confused. There is civil liberty, which means the enjoyment of civil rights by the individual. A woman and child to-day enjoy in the United States as great civil rights as a man, but does the woman and child exercise any political control? Not the

slightest. Therefore it is entirely consistent that we should furnish to these people liberty as we are furnishing it, and still withhold something of political control until they can learn the self-restraint with which that political control can safely be exercised."

Exception might be taken with some reason to that statement, as applied to the Philippines, on the ground that we were going into their country to establish our ideas, and that the guarantees of civil liberty contained in the Constitution do not apply to them, but for the case of the negro in the South the words fit absolutely. Every kind of civil liberty is guaranteed to the negro equally with the white man, and that guarantee is made effective not by State action only, but by the power of the national Government. No law can be passed that does not affect the one race equally with the other. And to-day there is no denial of the civil rights of the negro. He enjoys liberty in the same full sense the white man does. But, over and above all else, there is no desire to deny him any liberty, but, on the contrary, there is the earnest desire of the Southern people to help the negro. We have taxed our resources to the utmost to educate him, giving his children practically equal facilities with our own, yet he furnishes but a very small percentage of the taxes.

And this the South will continue to do, for, while the results of education of the negro have been anything but satisfactory, it is the one hope that the future holds. The South knows she can not degrade him without degrading herself; that only by lifting him to higher levels can she solve her problem. She knows that economically that labor is cheapest which is freest and most intelligent, and from sheer selfishness, if no higher motive, she would befriend him. But she knows also that the white race is superior, and will always remain so; that no hot-house process of legislation can advance civilization many centuries, and that no greater wrong can be done the negro than to teach him the doctrine of equality. His possession of the ballot has been the cause of nine-tenths of the friction between the races. Where he is in the majority, its exercise would mean ruin, as its exercise has ever brought it. Where not in the majority, its exercise is ever a menace, and he is but the football of politics, used by one party and abused by the other. Unfortunately, there are always unscrupulous white men willing to use the negro to give themselves power, and, as he always votes for one party, without regard to what it stands for, of necessity the self-respecting whites must vote against that party to prevent the reins of government passing into the control of the worst elements.

I believe the time is coming when you will accept this point of view; that the strange theory that some of you hold that those men of your own blood and lineage, who have had most experience with the negro as he actually is, are least able to judge him truly, will pass away; but, whether it be true or not, this I do know, that the South is unalterably fixed in her own mind and, come what may, she will never again permit him to control her affairs, and while the slightest danger exists will she remain united in opposition.

I say this in no boasting, intolerant spirit, but because it is a part of our very being and fiber. Remember, we are of your strain, and the English poet's words accurately describe us all:

"Truly ye come of the blood,
Slower to bless than to ban,
Little given to lie down
At the bidding of any man."

The South deeply, reverently, desires now to help the negro, and if occasionally some Southerner says that which would seem to deny my statement, it is but the impulsive utterance of thoughtlessness or anger, rarely the sober judgment of the individual, and never the judgment of the community. But, gentlemen, the old generation of Southerners is passing away, they whose affection for the negro was strengthened by the old ties of close intimacy that slavery brought, ties that served to rob the institution of most of its evils. A younger set of men are taking their places, who have known the negro as a political thorn in their sides. The former unused white labor of the South is being rapidly taken advantage of. The poor whites of slavery days are educating their sons and sending them into the cities of the South. From having had a monopoly of the labor of the South, the negro is now meeting opposition, and that from a superior race. Immigration is turning Southward, and again the negro must face new industrial opponents. And the newcomer, whether from foreign shores or from the North, is always least tolerant of the negro. Let these men feel that they are being punished by reduction of representation for doing that which their own reason justifies, and is it not more than human to expect them to preserve as kind a feeling toward the negro as otherwise would exist?

These are but a few thoughts given you, with no idea that they touch the deep question created by two races increasing greatly in number, sharing with each other the same country, and yet totally different in thought and aspiration and power, but only with the hope of impressing upon you that, whatever the solution may be, if there be one, it is not along the lines of suffrage for the negro, and that agitation of the question of his political rights, or punishment for depriving him of them, only tends to make his lot harder, the South's burden greater, and postpones further her real participation in national affairs.

ZACHARY F. SMITH.

[Zachary F. Smith, Author and Publisher, was born in Henry County, Ky., January 7, 1827; President of Henry College, New Castle, Ky., 1863-66, Superintendent Public Instruction, State of Kentucky, for several years.]

MOTHER OF HENRY CLAY.

An address delivered before the Filson Club, Louisville, Ky., May, 1899.

The woman who gave to our republic its greatest statesman and orator, perhaps, in all, the most gifted of his generation, can not but be a person of interest to every Kentuckian, and, indeed, to every American citizen of to-day and of future time. Whether the masterly genius that moulded political sentiment, led great parties and policies through victory and defeat and swayed the destinies of the nation for half a century was an ancestral heritage or the result of early parental training of mind and character, or both, the subject is interesting. It is worthy of more conspicuous mention upon the pages of history as well as in the private realm of the literary circle.

The solitary greatness of Washington and the ingenerate exclusiveness of the family from which he sprang have led to inquiry that has given us some insight into the life and character of the woman who gave to our country the greatest of great men. But who can speak familiarly to-day of the mothers of Thomas Jefferson, of James Madison, or of others of the collegiate of statesmen who, under the inspiration of opportunity, proclaimed the gospel of personal and civil liberty but a little over a century ago? These have made illustrious the history of America. The irreverent neglect which has permitted the names of so many worthy women to pass from public view may too long and too fatally consign to oblivion the noble matron, the mother of the immortal Clay.

Virginia has been honorably mentioned as the "mother of States and the cradle of statesmen." Why not add—"and of immortal women"? In the year 1750, in the county of Hanover, in the grand old colony, was born Elizabeth Hudson, an event that, indirectly, was destined to play an important part in the history of the American people and of the nations of the world outside.

About the year 1700, John Hudson, a gentleman of English descent, settled in Hanover county, Virginia, and married Elizabeth Harris. There were born to these eight sons. One son, George Hudson, who married Elizabeth Jennings and settled in the same county of Hanover, Virginia, being then under the colonial government of England. The last-named couple, George Hudson and Elizabeth Jennings, were the parents of Elizabeth Hudson and the maternal grandparents of Henry Clay, afterwards of Lexington, Ky., the orator and statesman.

Traditions well agree in their descriptions of the person and character of Elizabeth Hudson Clay Watkins as she was remembered in daily life. Her dark hair and eyes, relieved by a light shading of complexion, with a flush of crimson on her cheeks, leaves the impression that she was not

distinctively brunette or blonde, as a type of comely womanhood, but, perhaps, a blending of the two. She was possessed of strong Anglo-Saxon sense, with great determination of will, and was noted for the orderly industry and thrift with which she conducted her domestic affairs.

The most vivid impressions made upon the mind of the writer of the noble matron were from the reminiscent talk of Mrs. Lucy Trabue. Mrs. Trabue was a fine type of the noble women of Kentucky of the early days of this century.

In her traditional gossip, we had the first revelation of the inner life and history of the mother of Henry Clay, and to the notes taken down at the time and preserved is due the inspiration of desire and purpose to gather the materials for the biographies and family sketches of the worthy, but almost forgotten, Daughter of the Revolution who gave to us the immortal Clay.

Mrs. Trabue spoke in terms of admiration and almost enthusiasm of Elizabeth Clay. Her well-rounded and shapely form, indicating great energy and endurance, may have made the impression that she was below the medium in stature. The vigor of mind she displayed was no less manifest than that of body. She unconsciously asserted much of that imperiousness of will which was a distinguishing trait of her illustrious son, and which made him a born leader among men. She was engaging in manners, entertaining in conversation and a great favorite in social circles. Her individuality was striking and impressive. She was animated and genial in spirit and readily won the confidence and esteem of others. She spoke with the authority of self-conscious right, yet always with disinterested sympathy in all that concerned her friends. She was not only respected, but much revered by those who knew her intimately. In her home life she was hospitable and kind to all and sympathetic and responsive to every call of need among her neighbors. Though somewhat strict in her discipline with her children and servants, she was just and kind, and both paid to her the tribute of obedience with respectful devotion.

The mother of Henry Clay was, undoubtedly, a woman gifted by Nature and of a marked individuality wrought out in the school of a many-sided life experience. She was possessed of traits of mind and a force of will and character which made her not only equal to every occasion, but in emergencies superior to environment. We reverently honor her memory as the mother of the great; she was not less one of the heroic women of our country's destiny in the days of peril when our country needed heroines as well as heroes.

Posterity should not do less than remember the deeds of such and make their names imperishable in our literature and upon the pages of history.

We were able to find, a few years ago, only two living persons who had been upon familiar visiting terms with Mrs. Clay Watkins and knew her well in their youth. One was then nearing her eightieth and the other has passed his ninetieth birthday. Both soon after passed away and we know of no one left to give us other reminiscent traditions on the subject we treat as they knew her in person and life. The honored matron of whom we have written died in 1829, in the eightieth year of her age. Her remains were buried in the country graveyard in the vicinity of the home farm on which she resided at the time of her death and on the Moss place near Versailles, in Woodford county.

In those early days, every neighborhood had a burial ground where those who died in the vicinity were usually interred. Here her mortal ashes

quietly and almost obscurely rested until the year 1851. It was the year preceding the death of the great Henry, her honored son. The burdens of age and of arduous labors in the service of his country lay heavily upon him. The feeble flow of the ebbing tide of life admonished him that the end was not far off. He had calmly made his peace with and committed his soul to God. His thoughts went back as the thoughts of the aged do, to the memories of childhood and of youthful manhood, of which the image of his mother was a central vision. The lonely isolation of the country graveyard and the possibility that the tablet and epitaph and all vestiges of the inhumed might pass away and fade from record and from memory, came up before his mind. He tenderly cherished the love he bore his mother in her lifetime; that love was fresh in memory since her death. He determined to have her remains removed and deposited in his family lot in Lexington cemetery where, with other loved ones of his household, they might sleep side by side with his own. The venerable warder of this city of the dead, C. S. Bell, tells yet in graphic words how he received directions from Mr. Clay, nearly a half century ago, to remove and re-inter the remains of his mother in the spot where they yet rest—lot number thirty-seven, section one. It is located nearly due west of and about two hundred yards from the Clay monument.

The monument ordered by Henry Clay for his mother's grave is of pure Italian marble. It stands nine feet in height from the ground, in somewhat massive yet symmetric proportions, and was artistically fashioned and erected by Pruden, of Lexington, in the year of re-interment 1851. Around it are grouped a number of the graves of the descendants of Henry and Lucretia Hart Clay, the stones and their epitaphs marking the spots of their sepulture. But the ashes of the Great Commoner do not repose at this family consecrated spot, as he anticipated. He belonged to the people in life, and the people claimed, in the name of the whole country, the privilege of paying such obsequies to his mortal remains as befitted the name of the Great Commoner, written as it is in imperishable lines in the memories and hearts of his countrymen. The dust of the immortal dead lies sacredly sealed in the sarcophagus which rests in the vault within the base of the towering Clay monument.

We copy the inscriptive words as composed by her immortal son and carved in the marble which marks the place where rests the remains of the sainted and beloved mother:

ELIZABETH WATKINS,

FORMERLY

ELIZABETH CLAY;

BORN, 1750;

DIED, 1829.

This monument, a tribute to her many domestic virtues, has been prompted by the filial affection and veneration of one of her grateful sons.—H. Clay.

WILLIAM WARWICK THUM.

[William Warwick Thum was born in Louisville, Ky., February 23, 1855; educated in public and private schools of Louisville, and at the University of Virginia; Senior Member of the Law firm of Thum & Clark; has practiced in chancery and at law, before all the courts and before juries, and has acted as a special judge; taken part in political canvasses and participated in that free life of expression, interest and individual action, characteristic of the city and State of residence.]

A LAWYER'S OPPORTUNITY.

An after-dinner speech delivered at the banquet of the Louisville Bar Association at the Galt House, Louisville, Ky., February, 1905.

It is an odd fashion this custom of after-dinner speaking, yet it is firmly fixed all over the world, particularly among English-speaking people. The reserved English need convivial dining to loosen their constraint, but this, once relaxed, there is then often much frank utterance. It may be that you will hear the exploitation of some new sport or game, or the grave discussion of the firing upon the fishing smacks by the Russian navy—the fad of the moment or the expressed governmental principle upon which will turn war or peace between powerful nations. It is at dinner that the Englishman expands, and Goldsmith advisedly expressed the national instinct in “She Stoops to Conquer” in making the awkward Diggory say that, “when he sees the eatables and drinkables come on, he grows as bold as a lion.”

“With this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart,” says the later poet, referring to the sonnet. But he had another key. I think it was such a glass as this. The master of English prose, the shy Addison, over his dinner and wine in the corner of his favorite coffee house, discoursed divinely. And, most notable fact, our chairman (E. J. McDermott), emerging from his modest shell, finds his eloquent, though diffident, tongue when the eatables and drinkables appear. This aid that food and drink give courage may explain the survival of speaking at dinners, otherwise it must have followed into obscurity the wager of battel and ordeal by fire and other similar institutions of the past.

Brevity is one of its adornments. Once Mayor Charles D. Jacob was to bestow a wreath upon Mary Anderson and make an address of presentation. Her stepfather and manager, Dr. Hamilton Griffin, shortly before the speech began, told Mr. Jacob that in Milwaukee upon a like occasion the mayor had spoken for an hour to the agony of all.

“Ah,” said Mr. Jacob, “the warning is unnecessary. I shall not be over ten minutes.”

But here the limit is applied without any such delicate insinuation. One is simply told that he must define a lawyer's opportunities, in city, State and nation, in fifteen minutes, of which five have gone by. And that reminds me most irrelevantly of an early opportunity of our chairman when he was not so overrun with clients as now. I once sued a large German lady of the West End. Directed by the wonderful and infallible intuition of woman, she immediately employed our worthy chairman, the toastmaster. Shortly afterwards, I went to his office. As soon as I opened the door, I saw the large lady and her lawyer bathed in tears. She was

bathed in her tears and, from her great height, she poured tears down upon him. He called her name and would have introduced us, but I would not intrude upon so sacred a scene. She had been served with a summons. The next time I served her with a notice, I looked in at our brother's office. There she was bedewing him with tears. It was not a case that involved feeling or character. It would not have occupied the criminal court a week with speeches that Erskine might have envied. It was a matter of arithmetic rather than of emotion. I had offered a just settlement that had been declined. I served more notices. You know that parties or lawyers must have notice of every step to be taken and I wished to avoid any technical errors, so I kept the sheriff's office busy. I was more hard-hearted then. My opponent began to wear a careworn look. He told me that the lady visited him often—always when a notice was served upon her—and wept whenever she came, and please not to serve her with any more notices. When she was served with her last notice, she came to see him as usual and, looking into his room, I saw her, this Teutonic Niobe, raining tears down upon her great-hearted but smaller counsel, while he—awash about the room—was explaining how it all happened. Then we settled and the room was mopped up. I may say that the lady got all she was entitled to and a little the rise, for she had rightly selected the most tenacious, pugnacious and sequacious member of the bar then as now.

But it is not of such opportunities that I intended mainly to speak. That change, often silent, that is going on in our form of government is coming into evidence and marking progress now and again by such bills as the bill in Congress for regulation of railroads and railroad rates. Dealing with a subject that is akin to natural monopolies and relating to interstate commerce, it is within the traditions of both parties that it should be subject to governmental regulation and, while it is undeniably a step in the direction of centralization, its aim is nevertheless to protect individual right. In the preparation and final passage, construction and application of such measures is opportunity for the exercise of the highest legal attainments and statesmanship. Also there is occasion to show that, however useful parties are in their place, there is a time for non-partisanship and patriotism. At the recent election for President, the Democratic party, headed by a man of high worth (Parker) and legal learning, as well as a student of public affairs, stood mainly for conservatism, reversal of existing tendencies—a check. But the country was not ready for such a check. The racial tendency, the spirit of the nation, particularly of the Democratic party, by its tradition and history, was for expansion. The country was highly prosperous. After all, it is a young nation, constantly reinforced by adventurous spirits from other lands. It could not stand still. The time for a check had not come. In addition, the opposing candidate (Roosevelt), apparently or really represented the national ideals, was of undoubted personal gifts, proven and exercised in affairs. The result, doubtful to few, was soon plain to all. After it was known, it seemed axiomatic. The country, more than at any time within recent history, confided itself to the guidance of its president and follows still his guidance in public thought, even though the Senate has taken time or, now and then, halted. There may even be hope of a sensible reduction of tariffs so as to vastly increase our exchange and trade with all nations—a security for peace of equal, if not greater importance, than many armored ships. There is hope that the huge combinations of capital, which are no more preventable than the rising of the tides, may come under some regulation so that, if we can not take the trusts out of the world, we can measurably keep them from the

evil. In short, though the millennium is not expected immediately, it is hoped that the outer entrenchments of privilege will be taken and that there will be accorded to the great mass of mankind, as a matter of discretion and justice, that equal right and opportunity which, if not so accorded, will be acquired through violence. In the solution of all these great questions, it is to the lawyers the people must mainly look.

At home, in Kentucky, a substantial material step has been taken in providing for a new capitol building.

There is for solution a problem which has long been with us, but is now most pressing; that of order and the proper administration of justice in all parts of this State. In this question is room for the highest statesmanship. It is not a question to be despaired of or treated by temporary expedients. There seems evidence of too deeply seated a trouble to be lightly passed over. Broad constructive measures, well thought out, thoroughly considered and resolutely enforced, are needed. It is for all parties to support the administration to the good end of solving this problem which devolves upon it and upon the General Assembly.

And this is true of many matters of general importance, such as good roads, education and legal reform, penal reform, taxation and others. It is no time for partisanship. We have suffered enough from that. And this brings me to the measure recommended by the Bar Association—an absolutely nonpartisan measure—an amendment to the election law by which the voters of each party can put one and the same man on all tickets if desired. It is a right which the people have and it should not be denied them. It is a right so desirable and necessary that its allowance rises above partisanship. It should be supported by all. The people have a right to have the best man elected. If he be the choice of all, then let us have the right to name him on all tickets, thus not jeopardizing his election and thus securing the best man. This measure is of far-reaching importance and will, undoubtedly, if passed, become more and more useful as time goes by. It is our opportunity to make its benefits known and secure its passage.

Thus, each day and year, in good and evil report, the opportunity of the lawyer is the opportunity of the citizen and of the trained and equipped man.

Fellow members of the bar, duty is your opportunity in city and county and State and in the republic.

“Impress upon yourselves the importance of your profession; consider that some of the greatest and most important interests of the world are committed to your care; that you are the protectors against the encroachments of power; that you are the preservers of freedom, the defenders of weakness, the unravelers of cunning, the investigators of artifice, the humblers of pride and the scourgers of oppression; when you are silent, the sword leaps from its scabbard and nations are given up to the madness of internal strife. In all the civil difficulties of life, men depend upon your exercised faculties and your spotless integrity, and they require of you an elevation above all that is mean and a spirit which will never yield when it ought not to yield. As long as your profession retains its character for learning, the rights of mankind will be well arranged; as long as it retains its character for virtuous boldness, those rights will be well defended; as long as it preserves itself pure and incorruptible also on other occasions not connected with your profession, those talents will never be used to the public injury which were intended and nurtured for the public good.”

HENRY WATTERSON.

[Henry Watterson was born in Washington, D. C., February 16, 1840, his father at that time being a member of Congress from Tennessee; entered the profession of Journalism in Washington in 1858; edited the "Banner," Nashville, Tenn., in 1861; served in the Confederate Army; after the war he went to Louisville, Ky., to reside, and in 1867 became editor of the "Journal;" in 1868 he united with the "Courier," and in connection with Walter N. Haldeman founded the "Courier-Journal," of which he has ever since been editor; he was a member of Congress in 1876-77.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This lecture first delivered as an oration before the Lincoln Club of Chicago, February 12, 1895, and subsequently repeated on many platforms throughout the country. The text here given includes a passage added to the matter as originally spoken, relating to the Hampton Roads Conference. This presents Mr. Watterson's proof for the assertion as to what had actually passed between President Lincoln and Hon. Alexander H. Stephens on that occasion, which has been questioned.

The statesmen in knee breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution; the soldiers in blue and buff, top boots and epaulets, who led the armies of the Revolution, were what we are wont to describe as gentlemen. They were English gentlemen. They were not all, nor even generally, scions of the British aristocracy, but they came, for the most part, of good Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Irish stock.

The shoe buckle and the ruffled shirt worked a spell peculiarly their own. They carried with them an air of polished authority. Hamilton, though of obscure birth and small stature, is represented by those who knew him to have been dignity and grace personified; and old Ben Franklin, even in woolen hose, and none too courtier like, was the delight of the great nobles and fine ladies, in whose company he made himself as much at home as though he had been born a marquis.

When we revert to that epoch, the beauty of the scene which history unfolds is marred by little that is uncouth, by nothing that is grotesque. The long procession passes, and we behold in each group, in every figure, something of heroic proportion. John Adams and John Hancock, Samuel Warren and Samuel Adams, the Livingstons in New York, the Carrolls in Maryland, the Masons, the Randolphs and Pendletons in Virginia, the Rutledges in South Carolina, what pride of caste, what elegance of manner, what dignity and dominancy of character! And the soldiers: Israel Putnam and Nathaniel Greene, Ethan Allen and John Stark, Mad Anthony Wayne and Light Horse Harry Lee, and Morgan and Marion and Sumter, gathered about the immortal Washington; Puritan and Cavalier mixed and blended as to be indistinguishable the one from the other—where shall we go to seek a more resplendent galaxy of field marshals? Surely not to Blenheim drinking beakers to Marlborough after the famous victory, nor yet to the silken marquet of the great Conde on the Rhine, bedizened with gold lace and radiant with the flower of nobility of France! Ah me! There were gentlemen in those days; and they made their influence felt upon life and

thought long after the echoes of Bunker Hill and Yorktown had faded away; long after the bell over Independence Hall had ceased to ring.

The first half of the republic's first half century of existence, the public men of America, distinguished for many things, were chiefly and almost universally distinguished for repose of bearing and sobriety of behavior. It was not until the institution of African slavery had got into politics as a vital force that Congress became a bear-garden and that our law-makers, laying aside their manners with their small clothes, fell into loose-fitting habiliments of modern fashion and the slovenly jargon of partisan controversy. The gentlemen who signed the Declaration and framed the Constitution were succeeded by gentlemen—much like themselves—but these were succeeded by a race of party leaders much less decorous and much more self-confident; rugged, puissant; deeply moved in all that they said and did, and sometimes turbulent; so that, finally, when the volcano burst forth flames that reached the heavens, great human bowlders appeared amid the glare on every side; none of them much to speak of according to rules regnant at St. James and Versailles, but vigorous, able men, full of their mission and of themselves, and pulling for dear life in opposite directions.

There were Seward and Sumner and Chase, Corwin and Ben Wade, Trumbell and Fessenden, Hale and Collamer and Grimes, and Wendell Phillips, and Horace Greeley, our latter-day Franklin. There were Toombs and Hammond, and Slidell and Wingfall, and the two little giants, Douglas and Stephens, and Yancey and Mason, and Jefferson Davis. With them soft words buttered no parsnips, and they cared little how many pitchers might be broken by rude ones. The issue between them did not require a diagram to explain it. It was so simple, a child might understand it. It read human slavery against human freedom, slave labor against free labor, and involved a conflict as inevitable as it was irrepressible.

Long before the guns of Beauregard opened fire upon Fort Sumter, and, fulfilling the program of extremism, "blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people," the hustings in America had become a battle ground, and every rood of debatable territory a ring for controversial mills, always tumultuous and sometimes sanguinary. No sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution—which warmed so many noble hearts and lighted so many patriotic lamps—no sooner had the camp-fires of the Revolution died out, than there began to burn, at first fitfully, then to blaze alarmingly in every direction, a succession of forest fires, baffling the energies and resources of the good and brave men who sought to put them out. Mr. Webster, at once a learned jurist and a prose poet, might thunder expositions of the written law to quiet the fears of the slave-owner and to lull the waves of agitation. Mr. Clay, by his resistless eloquence and overmastering personality, might compromise first one and then another of the irreconcilable conditions that threw themselves across the pathway of conservative statesmanship. To no purpose, except to delay the fatal hour.

There were moving to the foreground moral forces which would down at no man's bidding. The still, small voice of emancipation, stifled for a moment by self-interest, playing upon the fears of the timid, recovered its breath and broke into a cry of abolition. The cry of abolition rose in volume to a roar. Slowly, step by step, the forces of freedom advanced to meet the forces of slavery. Gradually these mighty discordant elements approached the predestined line of battle; the gains for awhile seeming

to be in doubt, but in reality all on one side. There was less and less of middle ground. The middlemen who ventured to get in the way were either struck down or absorbed by the one party or the other. The Senate had its Gettysburg, and many and many a Shiloh was fought on the floor of the House. Actual war raged in Kansas. The mysterious descent on Harper's Ferry, like a fire-bell in the night, might have warned all men of the coming conflagration; might have revealed to all men a prophecy in the lines that, quoted to described the scene, foretold the event—

"The rock-ribbed ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,
And Echo there, whatever is asked her, answers, 'Death.'"

Greek was meeting Greek at last, and the field of politics became almost as sulphurous and murky as an actual field of battle.

Amid the noise and confusion, the clashing of intellects like sabers bright and the booming of the big oratorical guns of the North and the South, now definitely arrayed, there came one day into the Northern camp one of the oddest figures imaginable; the figure of a man who, in spite of appearance somewhat at outs with Hogarth's line of beauty, wore a serious aspect, if not an air of command and, pausing to utter a single sentence that might be heard by the din, passed on and, for a moment disappeared. The sentence was pregnant of meaning. The man bore a commission from God on high! He said: "A house divided against itself can not stand. I believe this Government can not endure permanently half free and half slave. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided." He was Abraham Lincoln.

How shall I describe him to you? Shall I speak of him as I first saw him immediately on his arrival in the national capital, the chosen President of the United States, his appearance quite as strange as the story of his life, which was then but half known and half told, or shall I use the words of another and a more graphic painter?

In January, 1861, Colonel A. K. McClure, of Pennsylvania, journeyed to Springfield, Ill., to meet and confer with the man he had done so much to elect, but whom he never had personally known. "I went direct from the depot to Lincoln's house," says Colonel McClure, "and rang the bell, which was answered by Lincoln himself opening the door. I doubt whether I wholly concealed my disappointment at meeting him. Tall, gaunt, ungainly, ill-clad, with homeliness of manner that was unique in itself, I confess that my heart sank within me as I remembered that this was the man chosen by a great nation to become its ruler in the gravest period of its history. I remember his dress as if it were yesterday—snuff-colored and slouchy pantaloons; open black vest, held by a few brass buttons; straight or evening dress coat, with tightly-fitting sleeves to exaggerate his long, bony arms, all supplemented by an awkwardness that was uncommon among men of intelligence. Such was the picture I met in the person of Abraham Lincoln. We sat down in his plainly furnished parlor, and were uninterrupted during the nearly four hours I remained with him, and, little by little, as his earnestness, sincerity and candor were developed in conversation, I forgot all the grotesque qualities which so confounded me when I first greeted him. Before half an hour had passed, I learned not only to respect, but, indeed, to reverence the man."

A graphic portrait, truly, and not unlike. I recall him, two months later, a little less uncouth, a little better dressed, but in singularity much

the same. All the world now takes an interest in every detail that concerned him or that reverts to the weird tragedy of his life and death.

And who was this peculiar being, destined in his mother's arms—for cradle he had none—so profoundly to affect the future of humankind? He has told us himself, in words so simple and unaffected, so idiomatic and direct, that we can neither misread them nor improve upon them. Answering one who, in 1859, had asked for some biographic particulars, Abraham Lincoln wrote:

"I was born February 12th, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps, I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks. . . . My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or 1782, where, a year or two later, he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. . . .

"My father (Thomas Lincoln) at the death of his father was but six years of age. By the early death of his father, and the very narrow circumstances of his mother, he was, even in childhood, a wandering, laboring boy and grew up literally without education. He never did more in the way of writing than bunglingly write his own name. . . . It was a wild region, with many bears and other animals still in the woods.

. . . . "There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin' and cipherin' to the rule of three.' If a stranger supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. . . . Of course, when I came of age, I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three. But that was all. . . . The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work . . . till I was twenty-two. At twenty-three I came to Illinois, Mason county. Then I got to New Salem . . . where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected captain of a volunteer company, a success that gave me more pleasure than I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832) and was beaten, the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next, and three successive biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During the legislative period, I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846, I was elected to the Lower House of Congress; was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said that I am in height six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected."

There is the whole story, told by himself, and brought down to the point where he became a figure of national importance.

His political philosophy was expounded in four elaborate speeches; one delivered at Peoria, Ill., October 16, 1854; one at Springfield, Ill.,

June 16, 1858; one at Columbus, O., September 16, 1859, and one February 27, 1860, at Cooper Institute, in the city of New York. Of course, Mr. Lincoln made many speeches and very good speeches. But these four, progressive in character, contain the sum total of his creed, touching the organic character of the Government and at the same time his personal and party view of contemporary affairs. They show him to have been an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leanings; a thorough anti-slavery man, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. To the last he hewed to the line thus laid down.

It is needful to a complete understanding of Mr. Lincoln's relation to the time and to his place in the political history of the country that the student peruse closely the four speeches to which I have called attention; they underlie all that passed in the famous debate with Douglas; all that their author said and did after he succeeded to the presidency. They stand to-day as masterpieces of popular oratory. But for our present purpose the debate with Douglas will suffice—the most extraordinary intellectual spectacle the annals of our party warfare afford. Lincoln entered the canvass unknown outside the State of Illinois. He closed it renowned from one end of the land to the other.

Judge Douglas was himself unsurpassed as a stump speaker and ready debater. But in that campaign, from first to last, Judge Douglas was at a serious disadvantage. His bark rode upon the ebbing tide; Lincoln's bark rode upon a flowing tide. African slavery was the issue now; and the whole trend of modern thought was set against slavery. The Democrats seemed hopelessly divided. The "Little Giant" had to face a triangular opposition embracing the Republicans, the administration, or Buchanan Democrats, and a little remnant of the old Whigs, who fancied that their party was still alive and thought to hold some kind of balance of power. Judge Douglas called the combination the "allied army," and declared that he would deal with it "just as the Russians dealt with the allies at Sebastopol—that is, the Russians did not stop to inquire, when they fired a broadside, whether it hit an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Turk." It was something more than a witticism when Mr. Lincoln rejoined: "In that case, I beg he will indulge us while we suggest to him that those allies took Sebastopol."

He followed this center shot with volley after volley of exposition so clear, of reasoning so close, of illustration so pointed, and, at times, of humor so incisive, that, though he lost his election—though the allies did not then take Sebastopol—his defeat counted for more than Douglas' victory, for it made him the logical and successful candidate for the President of the United States two years later.

As the debate advanced, these cheery tones deepened into harsher notes; crimination and recrimination followed; the two gladiators were strung to their utmost tension. They became dreadfully in earnest. Personal collision was narrowly avoided. I have recently gone over the entire debate, and with feeling I can only describe as most contemplative and most melancholy.

In that great debate it was Titan against Titan; and, perusing it after the lapse of forty years, the philosophic and impartial critic will conclude which got the better of it, Lincoln or Douglas, much according to his sympathy with the one or the other. Douglas, as I have said, had the disadvantage of riding an ebb-tide. But Lincoln encountered a disadvantage in riding a flood-tide, which was flowing too fast for a man so conservative

and so honest as he was. Thus there was not a little equivocation on both sides foreign to the nature of the two. Both wanted to be frank. Both thought they were being frank. But each was a little afraid of his own logic; each was afraid of his own following; and hence there was considerable hair-splitting involving accusations that did not accuse and denials that did not deny. They were politicians, these two, as well as statesmen; they were politicians, and what they did not know about political campaigning was hardly worth knowing. Reverently, I take off my hat to both of them; I turn down the page, I close the book and lay it on the shelf, with the inward ejaculation: "There were giants in those days."

I am not undertaking to deliver an oral biography of Abraham Lincoln, and shall pass over the events which quickly led up to his nomination and election to the presidency in 1860.

I met the newly-elected President the afternoon of the day in the early morning of which he had arrived in Washington. It was Saturday, I think. He came to the Capitol under Mr. Seward's escort and, among the rest, I was presented to him. His appearance did not impress me as fantastically as it had impressed Colonel McClure. I was more familiar with the Western type than Colonel McClure, and while Mr. Lincoln was certainly not an Adonis, even after prairie ideals, there was about him a dignity that commanded respect.

I met him again the forenoon of March 4th in his apartment at the Willard Hotel as he was preparing to start to his inauguration, and was touched by his unaffected kindness; for I came with a matter requiring his immediate attention. He was entirely self-possessed; no trace of nervousness, and very obliging. I accompanied the cortege that passed from the Senate chamber to the vast portico of the Capitol and, as Mr. Lincoln removed his hat to face the vast multitude in front and below, I extended my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglass, just beside me, reached over my outstretched arm and took the hat, holding it throughout the delivery of the inaugural address. I stood near enough to the speaker's elbow not to obstruct any gestures he might make, though he made few; and then it was that I began to comprehend something of the power of the man.

He delivered his inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. Firm, resonant, earnest, it announced the coming of a man; of a leader of men; and in its ringing tones and elevated style, the gentlemen he had invited to become members of his political family—each of whom thought himself a bigger man than his master—might have heard the voice and seen the hand of a man born to command. Whether they did or not, they very soon ascertained the fact. From the hour Abraham Lincoln crossed the threshold of the White House to the hour he went thence to death, there was not a moment when he did not dominate the political and military situation and all his official subordinates.

Mr. Seward was the first to fall a victim to his own temerity. One of the most extraordinary incidents that ever passed between a chief and his lieutenant came about within thirty days after the incoming of the new administration. On April 1st, Mr. Seward submitted to Mr. Lincoln a memorandum, entitled "Some Thoughts for the President's Consideration." He began this by saying: "We are at the end of a month's administration, and yet without a policy, either foreign or domestic." There follows a series of suggestions hardly less remarkable for their character than for their emanation. They make quite a baker's dozen, for the most part

flimsy and irrelevant; but two of them are so conspicuous for a lack of sagacity and comprehension that I shall quote them as a sample of the whole:

"We must change the question before the public," says Mr. Seward, "from one upon slavery, or about slavery, to one upon union or disunion"—as if it had not been changed already—and "I would demand explanations from Spain and France, energetically, at once . . . and if satisfactory explanations are not received from Spain and France, I would convene Congress and declare war against them. . . . I would seek explanations from Great Britain and Russia, and send agents into Canada, Mexico and Central America to arouse a vigorous spirit against European intervention."

Think of it! At the moment this advice was seriously given the head of the State by the head of the Cabinet—supposed to be the most accomplished statesman and astute diplomatist of his time—a Southern Confederacy had been actually established, and Europe was only too eager for some pretext to put in its oar, effectually, finally, to compass the dissolution of the Union and the defeat of the Republican experiment in America. The Government of the United States had to make a grimace at France and Spain; to bat its eye at England and Russia, to raise up a quadruple alliance monarchy against democracy, bringing down upon itself the navies of the world and double assuring, double confirming, the Government of Jefferson Davis.

In concluding these astounding counsels, Mr. Steward says: "Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it on some other member of his Cabinet. Once adopted, all debates on it must end and all agree and abide. It is not in my essential province; but I neither seek to evade nor assume responsibility."

Before hearing Mr. Lincoln's answer to all this, consider what it really implied. If Mr. Seward had simply said: "Mr. Lincoln, you are a failure as President, but turn over the direction of affairs exclusively to me, and all shall be well and all be forgiven," he could not have spoken more explicitly and hardly more offensively.

Now let us see how a great man carries himself at a critical moment under extreme provocation. Here is the answer Mr. Lincoln sent Mr. Seward that very night:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, April 1, 1861.

"HON. W. H. SEWARD:

"My Dear Sir: Since parting with you I have been considering your paper dated this day and entitled, 'Some thoughts for the President's consideration.' The first proposition in it is, 'We are at the end of a month's administration and yet without a policy, either domestic or foreign.'

"At the beginning of that month, in the inaugural I said: 'The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imports.' This had your distinct approval at the time; and taken in connection with the order I immediately gave General Scott, directing him to employ every means in his power to strengthen and hold the forts, comprises the exact domestic policy you urge, with the single exception that it does not propose to abandon Fort Sumter. * * * * * The news received yesterday in regard to Santo Domingo certainly brings a new item within the range of our foreign policy, but up to that time we have been preparing circulars and instructions to ministers and the like, all in perfect harmony, without even a suggestion that we had no foreign policy.

"Upon your closing proposition—that 'Whatever policy we adopt, there must be energetic prosecution of it.

"For this purpose it must be somebody's business to pursue and direct it incessantly.

"Either the President must do it himself and be all the while active in it, or devolve it upon some member of his Cabinet.

"Once adopted, debates must end, and all agree and abide.' I remark that if this be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason, or continuing to be a subject of unnecessary debate; still, upon points arising in its progress. I wish and suppose I am entitled to have the advice of all the Cabinet.

Your obedient servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

I agree with Lincoln's biographers that in this letter not a hint or allusion was omitted that was necessary, and not a hint or allusion is contained that could be dispensed with. It was conclusive. It ended the argument. Mr. Seward dropped into his place. Mr. Lincoln never referred to it. From that time forward the understanding was perfect. So much so that when, May 21st following, Mr. Seward submitted to the President the draft of a letter of instruction to Charles Francis Adams, then Minister to England, Mr. Lincoln did not hesitate to change much of its character and purpose by his alteration of the text. This original copy of this despatch, in Mr. Seward's handwriting, with Mr. Lincoln's interlineations, is still to be seen on file in the Department of State. It is safe to say that, if that letter had gone as Mr. Seward wrote it, a war with England would have been, if not inevitable, yet very likely. Mr. Lincoln's additions, hardly less than his suppressions, present a curious contrast between the seer in affairs and the scholar in affairs. Even in the substitution of one word for another, Mr. Lincoln shows a grasp both upon the situation and the language which seems to be wholly wanting in Mr. Seward, with his experience and learning. It is said that, pondering over this document, weighing in his mind its meaning and import, his head bowed and pencil in hand, Mr. Lincoln was overheard murmuring to himself: "One war at a time—one war at a time."

While I am on this matter of who was really President while Abraham Lincoln occupied the office, I may as well settle it. We all remember how, in setting up for a bigger man than his chief, Mr. Chase fared no better than Mr. Seward. But it is sometimes claimed that Mr. Stanton was more successful in this line. Many stories are told of how Stanton lorded it over Lincoln. On a certain occasion, it is related, that the President was informed by an irate friend that the Secretary of War had not only refused to execute an order of his, but had called him a fool in the bargain. "Did Stanton say I was a fool?" said Lincoln. "Yes," replied the friend, "he said you were a blank, blank fool!" Lincoln looked first good-humoredly at his friend and then furtively out of the window in the direction of the War Department, and carelessly observed: "Well, if Stanton says that I am a blank fool, it must be so, for Stanton is nearly always right and generally means what he says. I think I shall just have to step over and see Stanton."

On another occasion, Mr. Lincoln is quoted as saying: "I have very little influence with this administration, but I hope to have more with the next."

Complacent humor such as this simply denotes assured position. It is merely the graciousness of power. But there happens to be on record a story of a different kind. This is related by General James B. Fry, Provost Marshal General of the Army, on duty in the War Department.

As General Fry tells it, Mr. Stanton seems to have the right of it. The President had given an order which the Secretary of War had refused to issue. The President thereupon came into the War Department and this is what happened. In answer to Mr. Lincoln's inquiry as to the cause of trouble, Mr. Stanton went over the record and the grounds for his action, and concluded with: "Now, Mr. President, these are the facts, and you must see that your order can not be executed." Lincoln sat upon the sofa, with his legs crossed, and did not say a word until the Secretary's last remark. Then he said in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied with asperity: "Mr. President, I can not do it. The order is an improper one and I can not execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eye on Stanton, and in a firm voice, and with an accent that clearly showed his determination, he said: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done."

"Stanton then realized"—I am still quoting General Fry—"that he was overmatched. He had made a square issue with the President and had been defeated, notwithstanding the fact that he was in the right. Upon an intimation from him, I withdrew and did not witness his surrender. A few minutes after I reached my office, I received instructions from the Secretary to carry out the President's order." ‘

Once General Halleck got on a high horse and demanded that, if Mr. Lincoln approved some ill-natured remarks alleged to have been made of certain military men about Washington, by Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General, he should dismiss the officers from the service, but, if he did not approve, he should dismiss the Postmaster-General from the Cabinet. Mr. Lincoln's reply is very characteristic. He declined to do either of the things demanded. He said:

"Whether the remarks were made, I do not know, nor do I suppose such knowledge necessary to a correct response. If they were made, I do not approve them; and yet, under the circumstances, I would not dismiss a member of the Cabinet therefor. I do not consider what may be hastily said in a moment of vexation . . . sufficient ground for so grave a step. Besides this, truth is generally the best vindication against slander. I propose continuing to be myself the judge as to when a member of the Cabinet shall be dismissed."

Next day, however, he issued a warning to the members of his political family which, in the form of a memorandum, he read to them. There is nothing equivocal about this. In language and in tone, it is the utterance of a master. I will read it to you, as it is very brief and to the purpose. The President said:

"I must myself be the judge how long to retain and when to remove any of you from his position. It would greatly pain me to discover any of you endeavoring to procure another's removal, or in any way to prejudice him before the public. Such endeavor would be a wrong to me, and, much worse, a wrong to the country. My wish is that on this subject no remark be made, nor any question be asked by any of you, here or elsewhere, now or hereafter."

Always courteous, always tolerant, always making allowance, yet always explicit, his was the master-spirit, his the guiding hand; committing to each of the members of his Cabinet the details of the work of his own department; caring nothing for petty sovereignty, but reserving to himself all that related to great policies, the starting of moral forces and the moving of organized ideas.

I want to say just here a few words about Mr. Lincoln's relation to the South and the people of the South.

He was himself a Southern man. He and all his tribe were Southerners. Although he left Kentucky when but a child, he was an old child; he never was very young; and he grew to manhood in a Kentucky colony; for what was Illinois in those days but a Kentucky colony, grown since somewhat out of proportion? He was in no sense what we in the South used to call "a poor white." Awkward, perhaps; ungainly, perhaps, but aspiring; the spirit of a hero beneath that rugged exterior; the soul of a prose-poet behind those heavy brows; the courage of a lion back of those patient, kindly aspects; and, before he was of legal age, a leader of men. His first love was Rutledge; his wife was a Todd.

Let the romancist tell the story of his romance. I dare not. No sadder idyl can be found in all the short and simple annals of the poor.

But the South does not know, except as a kind of hearsay, that he was a friend; the sole friend who had the power and the will to save it from itself. He was the one man in public life who could have come to the head of affairs in 1861, bringing with him none of the embittered resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. The direst blow that could have been laid upon the prostrate South was delivered by the assassin's bullet that struck him down.

Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions that attended the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive word escaped the lips of Abraham Lincoln, while there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

Under date of February 2, 1848, from the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, while he was serving as a member of Congress, he wrote this short note to his law partner at Springfield:

"Dear William: I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's" (that was Stephen T., not John A.), "has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes" (he was then not quite thirty-seven years of age) "are full of tears yet."

From that time forward, he never ceased to love Stephens, of Georgia.

After the famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate commissioners, Stephens, Campbell and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, Lincoln, the friend, still the old Whig colleague, though one was now President of the United States and the other Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said: "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

In the preceding conversation, Mr. Lincoln had intimated that payment for slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based that statement upon a plan he already had in hand, to appropriate four hundred millions of dollars to this purpose.

There are those who have put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement of mine. It admits of no possible equivocation. Mr. Lincoln carried with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still stand in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two

Houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself, as President, when the joint resolution had been passed. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy, and to all intents and purposes the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that the next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted the two documents to the members of his Cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they were all against him. He said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are the four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you." I have not cited this fact of history to attack, or even criticise, the policy of the Confederate Government, but simply to illustrate the wise magnanimity and justice of the character of Abraham Lincoln. For my part, I rejoice that the war did not end at Fortress Monroe, or any other conference, but that it was fought out to its bitter and logical conclusion at Appomattox.

It was the will of God that there should be, as God's own prophet had promised, "a new birth of freedom," and this could only be reached by the obliteration of the very idea of slavery. God struck Lincoln down in the moment of his triumph to attain it; He blighted the South to attain it. But He did attain it. And here we are this night to attest it. God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven. But let no Southern man point finger at me because I canonize Abraham Lincoln, for he was the one friend we had at court when friends were most in need; he was the one man in power who wanted to preserve us intact, to save us from the wolves of passion and plunder that stood at our door; and as that God, of whom it has been said that "whom He loveth He chasteneth," meant that the South should be chastened, Lincoln was put out of the way by the bullet of an assassin, having neither lot nor parcel, North or South, but a winged emissary of Fate, flown from the shadows of a mystic world, which Eschylus and Shakespeare created and consecrated to tragedy!

One thinks now that the world in which Abraham Lincoln lived might have dealt more gently by such a man. He was himself so gentle, so upright in nature and so broad of mind, so sunny and so tolerant in temper, so simple and so unaffected in bearing—a rude exterior covering an undaunted spirit, proving by his every act and word that—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

Though he was a party leader, he was a typical and patriotic American, in whom even his enemies might have found something to respect and admire. But it could not be so. He committed one grievous offense; he dared to think and he was not afraid to speak; he was far in advance of his party and his time; and men are slow to forgive what they do not readily understand.

He would smooth over a rough place in his official intercourse with a funny story fitting the case in point, and they called him a trifler. He would round off a logical argument with a familiar example, hitting the nail squarely on the head and driving it home, and they called him a buffoon. Big Whigs and little Whigs were agreed that he lowered the

dignity of debate, as if debates were intended to mystify and not clarify truth. Yet he went on and on, and never backward, until his time was come, when his genius, fully ripened, rose to emergencies. Where did he get his style? Ask Shakespeare and Burns where they go their style. Where did he get his grasp upon affairs and his knowledge of men? Ask the Lord God who created miracles in Luther and Bonaparte!

When General Grant asked him whether he should make an effort to capture Jefferson Davis, "I told Grant," said Lincoln, relating the incident, "the story of an Irishman who had taken Father Matthew's pledge. Soon thereafter, becoming very thirsty, he slipped into a saloon and asked for a lemonade and, while it was being mixed, he leaned over and whispered to the bartender: 'Av ye could drap a bit o' brandy in it, all unbeknown to myself, I'd make no fuss about it.' My notion was that if Grant could let Jeff Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, he was to let him go. I didn't want him."

I gather that he was not a civil service reformer of the school of Grover Cleveland, because I find among his papers a short, peremptory note to Stanton, in which he says: "I personally wish Jacob Freese, of New Jersey, appointed colonel of a colored regiment, and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact color of Julius Caesar's hair."

His conventionalism was equaled only by his humanity. No custodian of absolute power ever exercised it so benignly. His interposition in behalf of men sentenced to death by court-martial became so demoralizing that his generals in the field united in a round-robin protest. Both Grant and Sherman cut the wires between army headquarters and the White House to escape his interference with an iron rule of military discipline.

A characteristic story is told by John B. Ally, of Boston, who, going to the White House three days in succession, found each day in one of the outer halls a gray-haired old man, silently weeping. The third day, touched by this not uncommon spectacle, he went up to the old man and ascertained that he had a son under sentence of death and was trying to reach the President.

"Come along," said Ally, "I'll take you to the President."

Mr. Lincoln listened to the old man's pitiful story and then sadly replied that he had just received a telegram from the general commanding, imploring him not to interfere. The old man cast one heart-broken look at the President and started shuffling toward the door. Before he reached it, Mr. Lincoln called him back. "Come back, old man," he said. "The generals may telegraph and telegraph, but I am going to pardon that young man."

Thereupon he sent a despatch, directing sentence to be suspended until execution should be ordered by himself. Then the old man burst out crying again. "Mr. President," said he, "that is not a pardon; you only hold up the sentence of my boy until you can order him to be shot!"

Lincoln turned quickly and, half smiles, half tears, replied: "Go along, old man, go along in peace; if your son lives until I order him to be shot, he'll grow to be as old as Methuselah!"

I could keep you here all night relating such incidents. They were common occurrences at the White House. There was not a day of Lincoln's life that he was not doing some act of charity, not like a sentimentalist, overcome by cheap emotion, but like a brave, sensible man, who knew where to draw the line and who made few, if any, mistakes.

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and

unhindered by fear. "He was a common man," says his friend, Joshua Speed, "expanded into giant proportions; well acquainted with the people, he placed his hand on the beating pulse of the nation, judged of its disease, and was ready with a remedy." Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

Born as lowly as the Son of God, in a hovel; reared in penury, squalor, with no gleam of light or fair surroundings; without graces, actual or acquired; without name or fame or official training, it was reserved for this strange being, late in life, to be snatched from obscurity, raised to supreme command at a supreme moment, and intrusted with the destiny of a nation.

The great leaders of his party, the most experienced and accomplished men of the day, were made to stand aside; were sent to the rear, while this fantastic figure was led by unseen hands to the front and given the reins of power. It is immaterial whether we were for him or against him, wholly immaterial. That, during four years, carrying with them such a weight of responsibility as the world never witnessed before, he filled the space allotted him in the eyes and actions of mankind is to say that he was inspired of God, for nowhere else could he have acquired the wisdom and the virtue.

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish ploughman and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells the story of his life and death.

* * * *

ONCE A KENTUCKIAN, ALWAYS A KENTUCKIAN.

A speech delivered at the welcome ceremonies to home-comers to Kentucky at the Armory, at Louisville, Ky., Wednesday, June 13, 1906.

Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian. From the cradle to the grave, the arms of the mother-land, stretched forth in mother-love—the bosom of the mother-land, immortal as the ages, yet mortal in maternal affection, warmed by the rich, red blood of Virginia—the voice of the mother-land, reaching the farthest corners of the earth in tones of heavenly music, summon the errant to the roof-tree's shade and bid the wanderer home. What wanderer yet was ever loth to come? Whether upon the heights of fortune and fame, or down amid the shadows of the valley of death and despair, the true Kentuckian, seeing the shining eyes and hearing the mother call, sends back the answering refrain:

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee."

Behold, in this great, exultant multitude, the proof!

Kentucky! Old Kentucky! The very name has had a charm, has wrought a spell, has made a melody all its own; has woven on its sylvan loom a glory quite apart from the glory of Virginia, Kentucky's mother, and the glory of Tennessee, Kentucky's sister. It has bloomed in all hearts where manhood and womanhood hold the right of way. The drama of the ages, told in pulse-beats, finds here an interlude which fiction vainly emulates and history may not overleap. Not as the Greek, seeking Promethean fire and oracles of Delphos, nor as the Roman filled with the joy of living and the lust of conquest; not as the Viking, springing to the call of wind and wave, nor as the Latin, dazzled by the glitter of gold, mad with the thirst for glory; neither as the Briton and the Teuton, eager for mastership on land and sea, the Kentuckian, whom we, in filial homage, salute progenitor. He was as none of these. Big in bone and strong of voice—the full-grown man prefigured by the psalmist—never the ocean mirrored his fancies, nor snow-clad peaks that reach the skies inspired; but the mystery of strange lands, the savagery of Nature and the song of the greenwood tree.

The star that shone above him and led him on was love of liberty, the beacon of his dreams, the light of the fireside. He cut a clearing in the wild wood and called it home. He read not romance, he made it; nor poetry, he lived it, his the forest epic, the Iliad of the canebrake, the Odyssey of the frontier, the unconscious prose-poem of the rifle and the camp, the blockhouse and the plow, the Holy Bible and the old field school!

Happy the man who has sat in childhood upon a well-loved grandsire's knee, awed by the telling of the wondrous tale, how even as the Dardanae followed Eneas, the Virginians followed Boone; the route from Troy to Tiber not wearier, nor flanked by greater hazard than that betwixt the shores of the Chesapeake and the falls of the Ohio; the mountain standing, Gorgon-like, across the pathless way, as if, defending each defile, to hold inviolate some dread, forbidden secret; the weird wastes of wilderness beyond; the fordless stream; the yawning chasm; the gleam of the tomahawk and the hiss of the serpent; yet ever onward, spite of the haunting voice of the elements, stripped for the death-struggle with man, spite of the silence and the solitude of reluctant Nature, like some fawn-eyed maiden, resisting his rude intrusion; ever onward; before him the promised land of the hunter's vision; in his soul the grace of God, the fear of hell and the love of Virginia!

God bless Virginia! Heaven smile upon her as she prepares to celebrate with fitting rite three centuries of majestic achievement, the star-crown upon her brow, the distaff in her hand, nor spot, nor blur to dim the radiance of her shield!

They came, the Virginians, in their homespun in quest of homes; their warrant their rifles; their payment the blood of heroes; nor yet forgetting a proverb the Chinese have that "it needs a hundred men to make a fortress, but only a woman can make a home"—for they were quick to go back for their women; their wives and their sweethearts; our grandmothers, who stood by their side beautiful and dauntless, to load their fowling-pieces, to dress their wounds, to cheer them on to battle, singing their simple requiem over the dead at Boonesboro, and bringing water from the spring at Bryant's Station, heart-broken only when the news came back from the river Raisin.

I am here to welcome you in the name of all the people of this lovely

city, in the name of all the people of this renowned Commonwealth, to welcome you as kith and kin; but you will not expect me, I am sure, to add thereto more than the merest outline of the history of Kentucky as it is known to each and every one of you, from the time when the pathfinders, under the lead of Harrod and Henderson, of Boone and Kenton, blazed their way through the forest, and the heroes led by Logan and Shelby, by Scott and Clark, rescued the land from the savage, to the hour which smiles upon us here to-day; a history resplendent with illustrious names and deeds; separating itself into three great epochs and many episodes and adventures in woodcraft and warcraft and statecraft; the period of the Clays, the Breckinridges and the Crittendens, with its sublime struggle to preserve the Union of the States as it had come down to them from the Revolution, with always the Marshalls and the Wickliffes, the Boyles and the Rowans, the Johnsons and the Browns, the Adairs, the Deshas and the McDowells, somewhere at the fore—"Old Ben Hardin" having a niche all to himself—none of them greater than he; the period of the war of sections, when even the Clays, the Crittendens and the Breckinridges were divided, when, for a season, the skies were hung in sable and all was dark as night, the very sacrifices that had gone before seeming to have been made in vain, the "dark and bloody ground" of barbaric fancy, come into actual being through the passions and mistakes of Christian men; and, finally, the period after the war of sections, when the precept, "Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian," was met by the answering voice, "Blood is thicker than water," and the Goodloes, the Ballards and the Speeds, the Harlans, the Frys and the Murrays clasped their hands across the breach and made short shrift of the work of reconstruction with the Buckners, the Prestons and the Dukes. Thus it is that here at least the perplexed grandchild can not distinguish between the grizzled grandfather who wore the blue and the grizzled grandfather who wore the gray.

Kentucky, which gave Abraham Lincoln to the North and Jefferson Davis to the South, contributing a very nearly equal quota of soldiers to each of the contending armies of that great conflict—in point of fact, as many fighting men as had ever voted in any election—a larger per centum of the population than has ever been furnished in time of war by any modern State—Kentucky, thus rent by civil feud, was first to know the battle was ended and to draw together in re-united brotherhood. Kentucky struck the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the first martyrs to liberty, in Cuba. It was a Crittenden, smiling before a file of Spanish musketry, refusing to be blindfolded or to bend the knee, for the fatal volley, who uttered the key-note of his race, "A Kentuckian always faces his enemy and kneels only to his God." It was another Kentuckian, the gallant Holman, who, undaunted by the dread decimation, the cruel death-by-lot, having drawn a white bean for himself, brushed his friend aside and drew another in his stead. Ah, yes; we have our humors along with our heroics, and laugh anon at ourselves, and our mishaps and our jokes; but we are nowise a bloody-minded people; the rather a sentimental, hospitable, kindly people, caring perhaps too much for the picturesque and too little for consequences. Though our jests be sometimes rough, they are robust and clean. We are a provincial people and we rejoice in our provincialism. We have always piqued ourselves upon doing our love-making and our law-making, as we do our plowing, in a straight furrow; and yet it is true that Kentucky never encountered darker days than came upon us when the worst that can befall a Commonwealth seemed passed and gone. The

stubborn war between the old court party and the new court party was bitter enough; but it was not so implacable as the strife which strangely began with the discussion of an honest difference of opinion touching a purely economic question, of national, not State, policy. Can there be one living Kentuckian who does not look back with horror and amazement upon the passions and incidents of those evil days?

General Grant once said to me: "You Kentuckians are a clannish set. Whilst I was in the White House, if a Kentuckian happened to get in harm's way, or wanted an office, the Kentucky contingent began to pour in; in case he was a Republican, the Democrats said he was a perfect gentleman; in case a Democrat, the Republicans said the same thing. Can it be that you are all perfect gentlemen?" With unblushing candor, I told him that we were; that we fought our battles, as we washed our linen, at home, but that outside, when trouble came, it was Kentucky against the universe. Mr. Tilden said of a lad in the Bluegrass country, who had fallen from a second-story window upon a stone paving without a hurt and had run away to his play, that it furnished conclusive proof that "he was destined for a great career in Kentucky politics." Let me frankly confess that, peacemaker though I am, and at once the most amiable and placable of men, there have been times when I, even I, half-wanted to go down to the cross-roads "and swear at the court." That was when things did not swing to suit me. That was when the majority appeared to think they knew more than I did. We grow so used to blessings that we heed them not and look beyond. Yet, when trouble, or danger assails us, or humiliation, or sorrow, or when leagues, oceans, continents lie between ourselves and the vanished land from whose sacred lintels ambition has lured us, or duty torn, and the familiar scenes rise up before us, how small these frictions seem, how small they are, and how they perish from us!

I have stood upon the margin of a distant sea and watched the ships go by, envious that their prows were westward bent. I have marked the glad waves dancing to the setting sun, heartsick with thoughts of home. And thus wistful, yearning, ready to take my dearest enemy by the hand and forgive him, yea, to sop gravy with him out of the selfsame dish, those words of the vagabond poet, whose sins the recording angel long ago blotted out of his book, have come to me and sung to me and cheered me even as a mother's lullaby:

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Among the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Amid these rural scenes to lay me down,
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose,
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Among the swains to show my book-learned skill.
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw,
And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last."

Home! There may be words as sweet, words as tender, words more resonant and high, but, within our language round, is there one word so all-embracing as that simple word Home? Home, "be it never so humble,

there's no place like home"—the Old Kentucky Home; the home of your fathers, and of mine; of innocent childhood, of happy boyhood, of budding manhood; when all the world seemed bright and fair, and hearts were full and strong; when life was a fairy-tale, and the wind, as it breathed upon the honeysuckle about the door, whispered naught but of love and fame; and glory strode the sunbeams; and there was no such music as the low of cattle, the whir of the spinning-wheel, the call of the dinner-horn and the creaking of the barnyard gate. Home—

"Take the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.
So take the fond heart
From its home by the hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved ones
To the ends of the earth."

For it's "Home, Home, Home," sighs the exile on the beach and it's "Home, Home, Home," cries the hunter from the hills and the hero from the wars—

"Hame to my ain countree,"

always Home, whether it be tears or trophies we bring; whether we come with laurels crowned, or bent with anguish and sorrow and failure, having none other shelter in the wide, wide world beside, the prodigal along with the victor—often in his dreams, yet always in his hope—turns him Home!

You, too, friends and brothers—Kentuckians each and every one—you, too, Home again; this your castle, Kentucky's flag, not wholly hid beneath the folds of the nation's, above it; this your cottage, Kentucky-like, the latch-string upon the outer side; but, whether castle or cottage, an altar and a shrine for faithful hearts and hallowed memories. Be sure from yonder skies they look down upon us this day; the immortal ones who built this Commonwealth, and left it consecrate, a rich inheritance and high responsibility to you and me; who, like the father of Daniel Webster, shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve their country and raise their children to a condition better than their own. In God's name, and in Kentucky's name, I bid you something more than welcome: I bid you know and feel, and carry yourselves, as if you knew and felt that you are no longer dreaming, that this is actually God's country, your native soil, that, standing knee-deep in bluegrass, you stand full-length in all our homes and all our hearts!

HARRY WEISSINGER.

[Harry Weissinger was born in Louisville, Ky., November 25, 1843; Farmer, Vice-President Columbia Finance and Trust Co.; former President Louisville Board of Trade; and former President Board of Aldermen, Louisville, Ky.]

YOUR DEAD ARE OURS, AND OUR DEAD ARE YOURS.

An address delivered at the Memorial services of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Belfast, Maine, on Decoration Day, May 30, 1900.

Measured by miles, the distance I have traveled to be with you to-day is great, but when I considered the occasion of my presence among you (an old Confederate soldier invited to speak over the graves of your brave dead) and as I thought of the honor thus conferred and the sentiment that goes with it, I confess that I was lifted above myself, and the trip was not only short, but one of exultation and pride. As I journeyed from my Kentucky home, from great city to great city, passing State lines without knowing it, seeing the general characteristics of the people all alike, I could but marvel at the greatness of our country. No wonder the people, with a spontaneity which could only be born of love and gratitude, seek to do honor to the graves of the preservers of the Union.

You may bank up your flowers as high as these hills and build monuments to the clouds, and then you have made but a slight manifestation of the gratitude to the soldiers of the Union that should pervade the hearts of posterity. They fought better than they knew, for they not only preserved the geographical integrity of the nation, but they revived and indelibly stamped on the conscience of all civilization the great truth, first heard in '76, that "all men are born free and equal," but which failed to electrify the world at the time, because it was ignored in the Constitution of the nation which had proclaimed it in its Declaration of Independence, and it was contrary to the practice of most of the States of the Union.

Political independence was the one great aim of the Revolution, and this contention overshadowed the inestimable blessing of universal individual liberty. African slavery seemed to the patriots of '76 not inconsistent with liberty. Patrick Henry, in the very hearing of slaves, delivered that soul-stirring speech, "Give me liberty or give me death," and which was echoed back from every hilltop and valley of the thirteen States. The grotesque absurdity of slave-owners signing a Declaration of Independence which asserted the inalienable right of all men to liberty and equality passed unnoticed at the time. Liberty and slavery—proclaiming the one and practicing the other. This antithesis of theory and fact, if viewed alone from the high moral standpoint of the dawning of the twentieth century, can not be understood and will do our forefathers and the people of the State down to '65 great injustice.

In order to properly understand the action of a people at any particular period of time, it is necessary to know their environments and be acquainted with the spirit of the age. This knowledge can be obtained only by going backward and looking forward, and not by going forward and looking

backward. If, from the high standpoint of 1900, we take the retrospective view, we look, as it were, through magnifying glasses; success becomes exalted and mistakes a crime. In the light of to-day, no man can see the patriotic spirit which animated the Southern army in the defense of secession and slavery; hence, I repeat that, in order to be just, we must go back and look forward. In the early settlements of the country, two opposing germs were planted: Liberty and Slavery. In time, the mother country discouraged the one and encouraged the other. The government of England fostered and protected the slave trade with the colonies, and it was defended by many of her most distinguished divines. Lecky, the greatest living English historian, tells us that, up to the nineteenth century, but few voices were raised against it. Chatham, England's greatest minister and endeared to Americans because of his manly fight against "taxation without representation," boasted that his conquests in Africa had placed almost the whole slave trade in England's hands, and the generation that applauded his conquests considered the extension of the slave trade a capital feature of England's commercial policy. In 1776, David Hartley, for the first time, brought the question before Parliament by moving the resolution that the slave trade was contrary to the laws of God and man; but it was easily defeated and attracted no attention in or out of Parliament. George Whitefield, England's grandest pulpit orator, who lifted the religious sentiments of two continents to a higher plane than had ever been reached before, a fervent lover of America and an advocate of her independence, was a defender of slavery and was largely responsible for its introduction into Georgia. The bones of this great man, unless they have been eaten up by the rust of time, lie buried in New England. An orphan asylum established by him in Georgia owned seventy-five slaves. Thus it will be seen that slavery and religion marched hand in hand. Had I the time, I could make many citations from English history conclusively showing that slavery in the colonies was promoted by the State and defended by many ministers of religion. But this is not necessary, for the truth is too well known.

Before the Revolution, slavery existed in all the States, except, perhaps, Massachusetts. But, after our independence was established, it speedily gravitated to the South, where the climate and the soil made it profitable, and where it remained recognized by the Constitution of the United States and the laws of every Southern State until 1861. Under these conditions, it was not strange that the people of the South regarded the right of property in slaves as sacred, nor was it strange that, when they conceived this property in danger, they should have united in defense of it. Proof of the sincerity of their purpose is to be found in the long and heroic defense made against overwhelming numbers, backed by a courage and patriotism equal to their own. It was not the first time in the history of man when the good and the brave defended wrong, but it was the first time in the history of the world where, before the wounds of battle are yet healed, the vanquished rejoice with the victors over their own defeat, and where the victorious have accorded to the defeated the highest patriotic motives in fighting for a bad cause, and the greatest admiration for the valor shown on the field of battle.

The one time brave soldier of the Union army, now the President of the United States, has said, in substance, that the time is now ripe when the graves of the Southern soldiers should be cared for by the Government. Take it all in all, I regard this as the bravest and most patriotic

sentiment that ever fell from the lips of man and, as a Confederate soldier, I am glad to have the opportunity to proclaim it before a Northern audience, composed largely of the Grand Army of the Republic and their descendants. My comrades, my countrymen, my friends! From the bottom of my heart, I declare to you, and I feel I voice the unanimous sentiment of the South, that your dead are ours, and our dead are yours, and to this sentiment I know you in your hearts have said, "Amen" before it came from my lips.

The great apostle of liberty and freedom, Abraham Lincoln, with a prophetic vision, had declared that the union of States could not be maintained half free and half slave; in this he was wiser than the framers of the Constitution. He recognized that liberty and slavery were not co-ordinate factors of freedom and could not exist at the same time as part of the body politic any more than two things can occupy the same space at the same time.

You read history in vain if you do not conclude with me that slavery was the one artificial barrier to the perfect union of the States. The war was the logical result of the condition that obtained. The abolition of slavery was the resultant consequent of the war, and then for the first time since the Declaration of Independence the way was open for a perfect union of the States. Since the adoption of the Constitution up to '61, there had been a gradual parting of the ways between the North and South, until it culminated in secession. Since the restoration of peace and the purging of the Constitution, the two sections have come together closer and closer, until now the people are in perfect touch and the union of hearts is stronger than the paper compact. No difference in the fundamental principle of government existing, the same definition of freedom recognized everywhere, the same aspirations and aims animating the people of each State, education free to all who will take, and the union of the States must endure as long as the words freedom and liberty have any meaning and man's reason is not dethroned.

All this the soldiers of the Union have brought about, and all over the country a grateful people on this day place flowers on the graves of the dead to keep green the memory of the heroic deeds of the defenders of the flag. Would to God that the fragrance of these sweet flowers might descend into the graves they cover, thence ascend, wafted by affection to the realms of the blest and, mingling with the zephyrs of heaven, perfume the souls of the brave. It is to be hoped that this beautiful custom will never wane; it should be fostered North and South, because the sentiment which leads a people is the highest evidence of a pure patriotism, much more exalted than the building of shafts to conspicuous leaders. The privates in the ranks on either side, who obeyed orders unmoved by personal ambition and without prospect of fame and marched straight to death were the heroes of the strife.

Before the war, because of the difference in our institutions, the two sections had become so estranged that the one deprecated the other. The war made the people of the North and the South acquainted with the valor and worth of one another, and this acquaintance soon ripened into respect. I remember very well, when I was a boy, it was a very common saying that "one Southerner could whip two Yankees," and I religiously believed it. In my ignorance of the character of my own countrymen, I had no doubt that, so soon as "we 'uns" charged, "you 'uns" would run like turkeys. But, oh my! What a surprise there was when "you 'uns" and "we 'uns" came together. Then it was I learned that in a fight one

ADDENDA.

TO BE READ after the first paragraph on page 398.

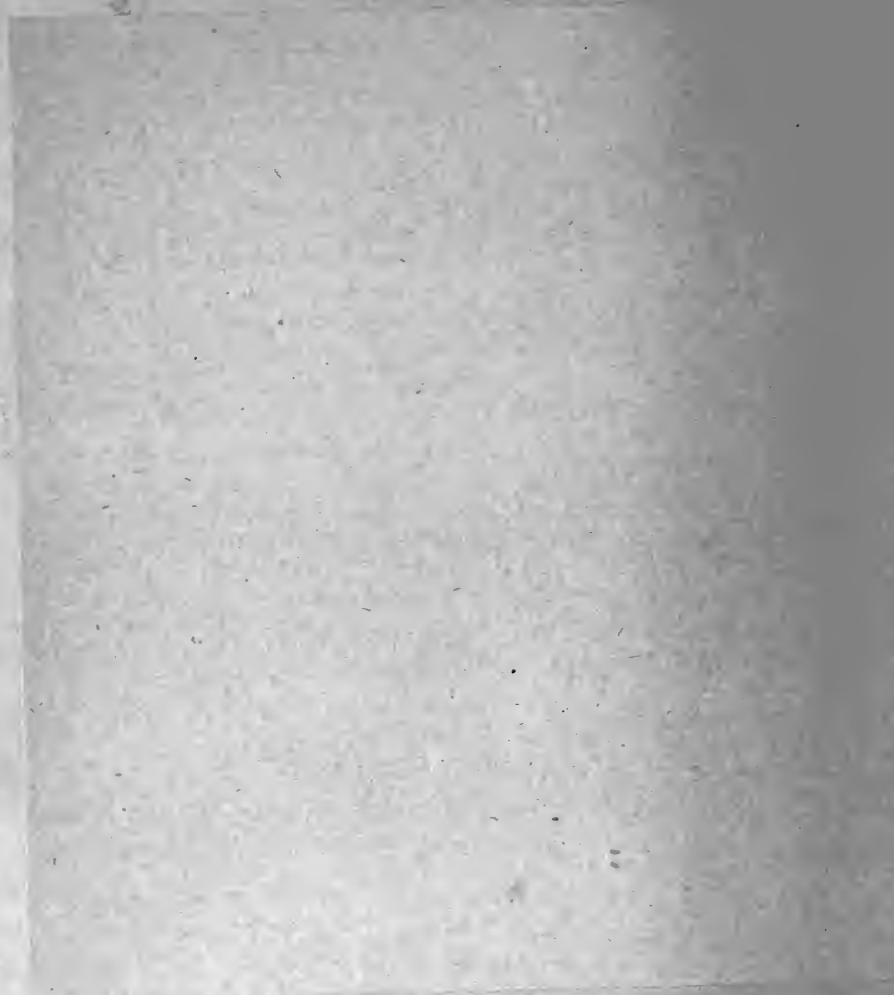
The mind dwelling on the waste, the destruction of homes, the loss of life, and all the horrors attendant upon the war, greatly deplores our civil strife. But considering the results, and the great benefits achieved thereby, we now glory in what was then our deep sorrow, and sanctify every drop of blood shed. In no civilized country can there now be found an intelligent man who defends slavery; it is everywhere now regarded as a crime. But every informed man knows it was not an individual or Southern crime, but national, and it took the blood of the nation to atone for it.

TO BE READ after the word people in the ninth line of the fourth paragraph on page 398.

Take care for the graves of the men who risked their lives in defense of the principles and property of the people.

TO BE READ before the last paragraph on page 398.

Let us by these exercises raise a monument in the hearts of the people, bequeathed by one generation to another, to those brave soldiers whose patriotic hearts kept the ranks unbroken, and met death, a monument to the faithful who were not famous, but who were precious as the continuity of the sunbeams is precious, though some of them fall unseen and on barrenness.



American was as good as another, if not a little better, and, long before the war was over, I knew that it took three Southerners to whip two Yankees, and three Yankees to whip two Southerners. You remember that, on your side, you at first called out seventy-five thousand men to serve three months. It was believed that the rebellion would be suppressed in that time; in fact, no less a man than Secretary of State, William H. Seward, gave it as his opinion that the war would not last sixty days. But, when the clash came, my God! what an awakening; it was Greek meet Greek; a fight to the death, and neither side longer doubted the courage, earnestness and endurance of the other. Thus a mutual respect was born which grew as the contest waged fierce, until it finally culminated in the knightly act of your gallant General Chamberlain, whose privilege it was to receive the surrender of Lee's army. When the ragged, half-starved Confederate troops were drawn up in line, preparatory to laying down their arms, General Chamberlain drew his men up in line opposite and ordered them to present arms, and thus showed respect and paid honor to his defeated but heroic countrymen.

The Confederates then dispersed and returned to their impoverished homes to begin life anew, but they carried with them a lasting feeling of respect for the magnanimity of the victorious.

You may travel from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande, mingling as you go with the people in all walks of life, and you will find no evidence of the civil strife which desolated the land only thirty-five years ago. No living evidence, I mean; nothing in the conduct of the people and the intercourse of States to remotely suggest the late sectional hostilities. Monuments erected to the memory of the dead soldiers you will find in every State, South as well as North. Built not in triumph, but from the highest motives of affection and patriotism; once honoring the dead and exalting the living.

You will involuntarily lift your hat in reverence at the tomb of Lee and Jackson, just as we would at the tomb of Grant and Sherman. In Chickamauga National Cemetery, on the battlefield where brave Kentuckians contended on either side, the great State of Kentucky has reared a magnificent shaft in honor of her soldiers who fell fighting for the right as either saw it. Chiseled in the stone are these words:

"As we are united in life, and they are united in death, let one monument perpetuate their deeds, and one people forgetful of all asperities, forever hold in grateful remembrance all the glories of that terrible conflict, which made all men free and retained every star on the Nation's flag."

This recalls the striking example in this regard set by Maine nearly one hundred years ago. In 1814, the American brig *Enterprise* in Portland harbor, after a bloody engagement, captured the British ship *Boxer* and brought her to Portland. In the fight the captain and half the crew of the *Boxer* were killed. The American captain, Burrows, of the *Enterprise*, also lost his life. The remains of both officers, opposed in mortal combat while living, were buried side by side with military honors and a monument raised to their memory. In all my reading, I do not remember to have seen a historical incident more touching than this. It was characteristic of Maine then and now.

Beginning with the Revolution, Maine has always rendered her full share of help to her country and has been quick to respond to every call. In the War of 1812, she is said to have enlisted more troops for the war

in proportion to her population than any other State. In the Civil War, her soldiers distinguished themselves in every battle in which they took part. So many of her sons took high rank in the army that I have not the time to name them all. Maine is great in peace as she was mighty in war. Her statesmen have taken the highest rank and her people, as Macaulay says of the Scotch, "have gone to the top in every occupation" wherever they have emigrated. They, above all people with whom I have any acquaintance, have illustrated in their own person the axiom that a man's home is not where he was born, but where he takes root and thrives.

In conclusion, I desire again to refer to my presence here on this occasion. Your invitation to me, an ex-Confederate soldier, to participate with you in the ceremonies of this day, set aside by the grateful people as sacred to the memory of her dead soldiery, is a grateful reminder that all bitterness growing out of sectional war has been obliterated, and that we are indeed one people. When the President called for volunteers to fight in the Spanish-American War, you remember that the response came as quick and as hearty from the South as it did from the North, and we behold the sons of the Union and Confederate soldiers, marching side by side under the star-spangled banner, led by General Lawton and old Joe Wheeler, charging the heights of Santiago, inspired by the alternate strains of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie."

My comrades, you and I are growing old; soon we shall pass beyond the Great River and pitch our tents for all time on the eternal camping ground of Grant and Lee, of Jackson and McPherson. Let us remember that the most precious legacy we can bequeath to our descendants is good will and love of the Union, to the end that the splendid civilization of the United States may have a reflex influence over the whole world.

THOMAS WALSH.

[Thomas Walsh, Lawyer, Louisville, Ky., was born in Connersville, Ind., December 14, 1865; educated at St. Mary's College, Marion County, Ky.]

THE MUSIC OF POETRY.

It is seldom, indeed, that a toast suggests music, but on the present occasion the toast to which I am called upon to respond suggests a world of music. It suggests the music of the spheres, and, likewise, the music of the morning stars singing together as the resplendent gateways of the east open for dawn to enter in. It suggests the everlasting music of torrents pouring their flashing waters from cliff and precipice to yawning chasm and abyss below. It suggests the soothing songs and dreamy melodies of twilight, when the dark is in the trees, as the moon ascends the skies and fills their depths with various forms of bewitching beauty.

The music of poetry can be heard about us everywhere and all the time. It can be heard in the thunder of the skies as they marshal their forces for the onset of the tempest, and it can be heard in the eternal clash and dash of contending billows of the seas as they continue to break forever upon the shore of every continent and clime. It can be heard in the innocent prattle of children, romping in childish play in happy homes, and it can be heard in the silver peal and chime of Sabbath bells calling the faithful to the temples of the Most High to thank Him for blessings of the past and to supplicate Him for the blessings of the future.

In fact, the music of poetry is the music of the world. It is the music of loom and spindle, weaving fabrics for every human being of every land and sun. It is the music of flaming forge and sounding anvil keeping time to the measured strokes struck upon them by sledge and hammer through the power of brawn and muscle. It is the music of the countless wheels of commerce that revolve night and day in all the busy hives of human industry. It is the music of the song of joy and the dirge of lamentation. It is the music of the Te Deum at the shrine of love and of the requiem at the grave.

When our emotions are awakened by weal or woe, when our hearts are moved to action by great feeling, and when our souls respond to splendid sentiment and thought, then they naturally break forth in the language of poetry, and the language of poetry is the language of measured words marching in stately verse and stanza to soundless music. So noble, so pure, so exalted does the language of poetry become when giving expression to beauty, sublimity and truth, that it seems to be the language of the angels of the skies and of fair spirits that minister by canticle and psalm to the harmonies of heaven. Such is the music of poetry.

CHARLES A. WICKLIFFE.

[Charles A. Wickliffe, Governor, Postmaster-General, was born in Bardstown, Ky., June 8, 1788; died in Howard County, Md., October 31, 1869; he was educated at the Bardstown grammar school; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1809, and began practice in Bardstown; Aide to General Samuel Caldwell at the battle of the Thames, October 5, 1813; Member of the Legislature 1814-23; Member of Congress from Kentucky 1823-33; Member of the Kentucky Legislature and its Speaker in 1834; Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky in 1836; acting Governor in 1839; Postmaster-General under President Tyler from 1841 till 1845; Member of Kentucky Constitutional Convention of 1849; Member of Peace Conference in 1861; Member of Congress 1861-63; Delegate to the Chicago National Democratic Convention in 1864.]

MY POLITICAL INCONSISTENCY.

A speech delivered in the Kentucky Constitutional Convention November 15, 1849, in reply to charges of political inconsistency made against him by a delegate from Wayne County.

Mr. President:

I was not in my seat at the commencement of the discussion of this resolution, and I am indebted to the information of gentlemen for my knowledge of the manner in which my name has been introduced by the delegate from Wayne. I know not under what pretext that assault was made upon me, especially as that gentleman was a stranger to me personally, previous to the time I first met him in this hall. So far as I know my own feelings, they have been anything else than unkind towards him, and I have avoided in matter, manner and intention anything which might have given him the slightest cause of complaint.

Nothing could have surprised me more than the language applied to me. Had I said anything in matter or manner, or had I done anything which he considered a cause of complaint on yesterday, and had he, either then or in private, asked an explanation, or suggested that I had done him an injustice, or wounded his feelings, or his pride on this floor, no man would have been more anxious than myself to have made that atonement which is due one gentleman to another when he supposes he has been injured.

I must, therefore, suppose that this has been somewhat a matter of premeditation of nightly concoction; perhaps not entirely prompted by the gentleman's own sense of offended feelings. I must be permitted to say, on this occasion, and I think I may appeal to my fellow delegates on this floor, whether my habit, either in the House or out of it, has been that of discourtesy to my equals and associates in debate.

Little did I expect, sir, that we were to have new recruits enlisted in this crusade in reference to the political inconsistency of the humble individual before you. It is true that I partake of the frailty of my fellowmen. I pretend not to be infallible, either in politics, in opinion, or in judgment, and he who asserts his claims to confidence because of his own supposed infallibility and undeviating consistency, may sometimes learn a lesson by a review of his own life, to see how far his pretensions are sustained by a reference to his own history and political biography. If he shall feel incompetent to the task, I would advise him to call to his aid some kind friend,

I have spent, by the kindness of my fellow citizens with whom I was born and brought up, almost a half century in public life. I have seen parties rise and fall, and political dynasties pass almost into oblivion in this Commonwealth, as well as in the Union. I have had, in an humble degree, a portion and part in some of these exciting scenes which have passed.

I have had the occasion, sir, to review my own actions and my own opinions. I have seen on my pathway errors that experience and a more matured judgment have pointed out in my political course, and the part I have been called on to take in the party contests which have passed, yet I have the consolation, which to me is worth more than the opinion of the man, of to-day to know that in no political act of my life, when called upon to discharge the duties of public agent, have I ever been governed by any other principle than a desire to promote the great interests of the Commonwealth as I understood and believed them to be at the time.

I understand the delegate was pleased to say that I had been on both sides of the present question before the House. I thought I announced yesterday—and if the gentleman had done me the honor to listen to me, he would have understood it—the first opinions entertained by me on this question. I said I had come here, I had entered this hall, and before I had heard this debate, impressed with the opinion that something should be done in reference to consolidated constituencies, represented by consolidated numbers in the legislative department of the government, but that the debate which had taken place had satisfied me that the mode proposed, ostracising and proscribing a portion of the freemen from a participation in the councils of the State, was not a just and correct mode of doing it.

But, sir, the delegate from Wayne is not the first gentleman who has been pleased, within the halls of this House, to allude to what they call my political inconsistencies. Possibly, in the opinion of that gentleman and those who think with him, and whose purposes he may be serving, I have, in some respects, greatly politically sinned. But I would remind the gentlemen “who live in glass houses not to throw stones,” and he who has not changed his opinions, if he ever had any, upon some of the great leading questions of State or national policy and expediency which have arisen within the last thirty years, may be authorized to sit in judgment upon me; but I deny that right to either of the gentlemen who have assumed to be my accusers. I know not whether the delegate from Wayne is obnoxious to the charge of ever having changed any political opinion which he may have entertained, for to me his course is unknown and uncared for. Upon our introduction at the commencement of the session, he made a favorable impression, and I regret he has given me cause to change the opinion I then formed.

I was elected a member of Congress from what was called the Louisville district, amidst the conflict for the presidency of the United States then waged between those distinguished individuals, Clay, Crawford, Jackson, Adams and Calhoun. In that contest, so long as the statesman from Kentucky was in the field, I was for him, as was at that time nine-tenths of the State of Kentucky, and I have no doubt the gentleman, if old enough to take part, cast his vote for him in the contest. This election for the office of President, as neither candidate received a majority, devolved on the House of Representatives, of which I was an humble member, one of the twelve delegates from this State. As such, I was called upon to cast the sovereign voice of Kentucky between General Jackson and Mr.

Adams. It was the duty, aye, the bounden duty of the delegates from Kentucky to cast her votes against Adams and in favor of Jackson.

We were not left to conjecture this opinion and decide upon our duty by our own judgment, but your Legislature was in session and I have the resolution they passed and the speeches made by the statesmen of that time, instructing me and calling upon me as one of the delegates charged with that high trust, by considerations that it is not necessary for me to state, to cast the vote as I did give it. It was in accordance with my own judgment, and I gave it with pleasure, but that has cost me trouble—though no regret, no tears. When I returned home to my constituency to give an account of my stewardship in thus carrying out their will and the orders of the Legislature, I found the very men—yes, sir, men who charged me with political inconsistency, who had been instrumental in procuring this legislative mandate, whose speeches in the Legislature I hold in my hand—upon the stump in my county and district, attempting to destroy the prospects of a young politician, to undermine the confidence of his constituency in him because he had acted honestly and obeyed the dictates of the Legislature, and the still higher commands of public sentiment upon him.

My constituency continued to return me to Congress for ten years, and, as you know, Mr. President, and you can do me the justice to say, longer than I desired to remain. There sprung up in my pathway, during a portion of my political pilgrimage in the national councils, questions about which, at one time, there seemed to be no division among the politicians or the people of this State. I allude to the necessity of the United States Bank. I looked upon the power of Congress to charter an institution of that kind as a question which had received the settled opinions of the people, or, as lawyers term it, it was "*res adjudicata*." It was only then a question of public policy and necessity, inculcated by events which took place in the War of 1812 and the consequent evils growing out of it—a deranged and prostrated paper currency. I thought General Jackson committed an error when he vetoed the bill to re-charter the bank. Was I alone in Kentucky in this opinion among those who voted with me and who with me contributed to the elevation to the presidency of that great man? I thought him wrong in some measures that succeeded the veto of that act to re-charter that institution, and this difference upon a question of policy respecting the currency separated me from what was then called the Jackson party in Kentucky. And, during the excitement of subsequent elections and contests in the Commonwealth of Kentucky, this difference of opinion necessarily called down upon me the denunciation of the partisan presses of the day. I defended myself, and in this defense, I have no doubt, I dealt blows as hard as those I received, and probably as often as I deserved.

Mr. President, sixty winters have made the impress of their frosts upon my head and men of to-day and others whose years have not improved their habits, or softened their feelings, take pleasure in perpetuating their names by connecting them with political sins imputed to me. Among their charges, sir, I understand, the delegate has referred to the fact that I joined the administration of Mr. Tyler.

It is true, sir, that, without any knowledge on my part, and without the slightest expectation, with no personal desire or political ambition to gratify sufficiently powerful to induce me to tear myself from the retirement of a quiet and happy home, upon the disruption of the Cabinet of Mr. Tyler, with the particulars of which I have nothing to do (and I would

scorn to introduce them in this House, and harrow up the feelings or perpetuate an outrage upon the humblest individual in the community), unexpectedly, I received the appointment of Postmaster-General, accompanied by a private letter from that gentleman, with whom I had lived and been associated at Washington for many years upon terms of the utmost personal kindness, and which I suppose begat in his bosom a confidence in my integrity and capacity for the duties of one of the most laborious departments belonging to the Government. He placed my acceptance of that commission on the ground of private friendship to him, and without reference to political considerations. At the sacrifice of much individual comfort and individual convenience, I had the temerity, without consulting the delegate from Wayne, or the other gentleman in this House who thinks with him, to accept that office, and to discharge the duties to the best of my humble ability. What the judgment of public sentiment may be on my official acts and official duties, I will leave to be decided by my country, whose province it is, content to meet the decision.

When the member from Wayne himself shall pass from this stage of existence; when, perhaps, there will be left scarcely a gravestone to tell the passerby who lies beneath the sod of the valley which covers his remains, the results of that administration, the consequences which flow from its measures, guided by no selfish or sectional policy, looking alone to the great interest of our great and common country, an administration standing amid the crash and rush of both great political parties for a time, each seeking who could be most powerful to crush it, disgrace its head and his humble associates—I say, when he shall have passed from the memory of man, and the historian shall come to record some of the events which have stamped and given it character, aye, sir, and I might say a new and independent destiny to our common country, and opened up to the world, broad and wide, her shores, her enterprise and liberty to the oppressed of all the world—justice will be done to those to whom it is the pleasure of others now seeking distinction to denounce and condemn.

Sir, during my association with that administration, the question of the annexation of Texas was presented. I thought I saw that, unless the United States acted, and acted promptly, and with united public sentiment and political energy, our Western limits would be circumscribed by the little stream of the Sabine—that we should have an empire hostile to our institutions spreading along the most defenseless portion of our Southern frontier, the Southern slave-holding States. I thought I saw in the annexation of that country an almost absolute necessity, if we desired to preserve and promote the prosperity and give quiet to the planter and cotton grower of that portion of the Union. I did not act alone. I acted, it is true, in accordance with my own judgment, but I always like to have that judgment aided by the counsels of older heads. I consulted some from my own State. Their advice to me was, by all means, accomplish the annexation of Texas; we must have it, and we ought to have it. I need not say who they were; there is one, at least, present who will bear witness. Sir, my surprise was great, I confess, when I looked across the mountains and saw the political conflict of the presidential race of 1844, to find the very men who had advised me to the measure of annexation, on the stump denouncing it as a measure wicked, unholy and unworthy of our people. Some of these men now arraign me by a charge of a change in my political sentiments.

Mr. President, it will be remembered that, during the years 1841 and 1842-3, the Bank of the United States, which had originally charmed a

large portion of my native State into its support, the supposed necessity of whose existence had led me to believe that a great error had been committed by General Jackson, in the exercise of the veto power, exploded when the stockholders entered its vaults and opened its books, examined its papers and exposed its financial operations for a series of fifteen or twenty years; there was an exposure of political corruption and fraud in the financial operations of that bank, which stunk in the nostrils of the nation; transactions which had been concealed from a committee of Congress, sent to make an investigation into the condition of the bank, at the head of which was McDuffie and Colonel Johnson, of our State. Yes, Mr. President, so concealed as to induce that committee to report that all which had been charged against the bank was untrue and false. I believed it, but when the books were opened to the stockholders, they found their pockets robbed, the country cheated and themselves bankrupt. Yes, sir, there were children of a citizen of my own country, whose whole property was invested in that institution, some thirty or forty thousand dollars, robbed of every dollar of their estate. But that was only a drop in the bucket, compared with the other cases of loss. I became satisfied, on looking into the transactions of the bank thus exposed, and on a review of my former opinions of that man whose judgment was more matured, and different from mine, and stronger, of course, and better informed, that he was governed by the highest sense of justice in vetoing the bill; that he was right and I was wrong. And I had the boldness, the temerity, folly, perhaps, in the opinion of some, the feeling thus, not only to act upon a sense of right, but to acknowledge it. Who among us now advocates the charter of a United States Bank?

Whenever I am satisfied that I am wrong on a political question, a question of policy, or one involving a principle, I take the consequences of acknowledging that error. It is more magnanimous, more consoling to my conscience, than to persevere in error. And when the annexation of Texas was made the great leading question upon which the contest for the presidency of 1844 was made to turn, I had no choice but the choice which my judgment dictated, and that was the annexation of that country to the United States was demanded by the highest political and self-preserving principles in reference to our future destiny; and if my venerated father, then reposing in his grave, had been living, and a candidate for the presidency, and had opposed the annexation of Texas, I would have cast my little might in the scale against him.

This contest brought me again into political union with the Democratic party. My principles of government ever have been democratic, and I hope ever will be. They have not, nor will not be made to depend upon expediency or the choice of a President. The charge of inconsistency, come from what quarter it may, will not change the honest purpose of my soul—a desire to ever do right. Mr. President, I am in one respect like King Lear in the play—"Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, all bark at me." Bark on, I say; I shall not calm your whistling.

I beg pardon of this convention for thus throwing too much of my own affairs and political history before it. I could not do less. I hope I shall have no occasion again to do it, and I can assure the delegate who has been the immediate cause of thus compelling me to do what I most sincerely regret the necessity of doing, that I had no intention, purpose nor design of casting censure upon him, or wounding his feelings. My own self-respect and a regard for the decorum of this body forbid that I should, without cause, violate its sense of propriety.

M. V. P. YEAMAN.

[Marion V. P. Yeaman was born in Henderson, Ky., April 28, 1867, and is the eldest living son of the Hon. Malcolm Yeaman, of Henderson, who for more than thirty years has been one of the most eminent members of the Kentucky bar. The ancestral home of the Yeamans was Elizabethtown. Here the grandmother of M. V. P. Yeaman (nee Helm, a sister of Governor Jno. L. Helm), who was left a widow in her early womanhood, reared a remarkable family of five sons, every one of whom attained eminence in the pulpit, or at the bar, in Kentucky, or other States. M. V. P. Yeaman received his education in institutions of Kentucky and Virginia, and was ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1889. After a brief pastorate in Kentucky he was called to Ferguson, Mo., one of the leading residence suburbs of St. Louis, from which place, after a signally successful pastorate of nearly seven years, he came to Harrodsburg, Ky.]

THE CATASTROPHE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

"But the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."—I Kings 19:11-12.

Delivered in the Assembly Presbyterian Church at Harrodsburg, Ky., on the Sunday following the San Francisco earthquake of April 18, 1906.

The chief subject of our conversation for the past few days has been the catastrophe on the Pacific coast. It is natural that to-day should find us still contemplating the magnitude of that disaster; and it may also be profitable for us to examine the conclusions to which our thoughts have led us. We have been reading of how, in the early hours of the morning, people were aroused from sleep, or hurled from their beds, by the rocking of the earth; of how great structures tottered and fell, like houses that little children build with cards; of terrible destruction of human life; how fires were started on every hand, and of a beautiful city of three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants becoming in a few hours a mass of blackened ruins.

It is human, in the light of such occurrences as that of last Wednesday, to ask certain questions. And, probably, the first that comes to every mind is: "Why should there be such suffering and misfortune in the world? Why such sudden and awful devastation?" Six years ago, six thousand lives were destroyed at Galveston; fifteen years ago, twenty-two hundred at Johnstown; twenty years ago, hundreds more at Charleston; thirty thousand deaths in consequence of the eruption of Mt. Pelee in 1902; forty thousand by the earthquake at Lisbon in 1755, to say nothing of earlier calamities of every character—the millions upon millions of deaths during the plague that desolated Europe and Asia in the fourteenth century. "Why," we ask, "such destruction of human life? If God be omnipotent, why? If God is a benevolent Being, why?" Would man, were he omnipotent, have allowed the earthquake to spend its force beneath the foundations of a populous and beautiful city? If man could have rolled back the waters of the Red Sea, or have made powerless the flames of a seven-times heated furnace; would he not have said to the waters at Galveston: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther"? To the quivering earth at

Charleston and San Francisco: "Be thou powerless to destroy the lives, the homes and the property of this people." If not a sparrow falls without our Father's knowledge, had He no concern for the thousands of His homeless, human creatures in Golden Gate Park last night, shivering and hungry 'neath the twinkling stars, and mocked by the ceaseless lashing of the sea? Was it a Divine visitation, or judgment, in consequence of some provoking moral evil? Was Charleston a worse city than New Orleans, or Atlanta, or Memphis? Were any of them upon which great calamities have come more like Sodom or Gomorrah than others of the world's centers of population? Is San Francisco a worse city than New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago? Are the cities and villages in the vicinity of Vesuvius more wicked than those of France, or Germany, or Spain? Surely, in no such claim will we find an answer to the questions we are asking.

Read the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, and you find that Jesus, upon being told of certain Galileans whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices, said: "Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The eighteen were standing where the tower fell, and were killed. It would have been the same misfortune for good, or bad, men. We are not told that it was in the nature of punishment at all. Did not God give assurance in answer to the petitions of faithful Abraham, touching His determination to destroy Sodom—"I will not destroy it for ten's sake"? And when the patriarch had ceased his petitions, even then, did not Jehovah withhold destruction till He had first sent the angels to deliver the only God-fearing household there? San Francisco may be, like every other city, a wicked city, but San Francisco has her righteous men, a thousand-fold the number, too, that Sodom had. I do not say that her misfortune should not make her people stop and think, but other places are hardly prepared to say to her: "I am holier than thou."

God governs the universe through natural laws, and we know that He does not suspend nor reverse these laws. The readjustment of the earth's crust to changing internal conditions produces the surface tremor we call the earthquake. A natural result—what happens to be in the way of the movement suffers. Fire, scattered in consequence of falling houses, will burn. A Divine intervention would be a miracle, as much as if your fall from your horse or carriage should be arrested in mid-air. A wind from the sea, with a velocity of one hundred and thirty miles an hour, drives the waters of the bay over a city having no sea-wall, bringing sixteen feet of water and destroying six thousand lives and millions of dollars worth of property. The pent-up forces of Vesuvius eject their lava and ashes to rain upon the surrounding cities and villages, and we see again only a natural result; a condition growing out of the very nature of things. For it to be otherwise would be a miracle. And if the Divine government were a government by miracles man, in his every-day life, would soon come to depend upon miracles. He would become indifferent to threatened violence and careless of provision for his bodily needs.

And so we are driven back to the old question of "Why the presence of suffering and evil in the world?" Turn to the book of Job, that sublime

drama of God's providence and man's suffering, and in that narrative of unparalleled calamities, we find the "suffering saint clamoring for a hearing of his case." He has his wish, but his consolation is: "Behold, I am of small account." He is convinced, from a contemplation of God's wonderful works of creation and providence, to which his attention is directed, that God, though His ways are unsearchable, is nevertheless a God who is wise and just and good. Job was then at ease, and of a quiet spirit, and is able to say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Another thing: Catastrophies like that of last Wednesday do not bring us any new evidence of God's wisdom or might in the government of the universe. Every day "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." He speaks to us in His ordinary providences and in the familiar facts of Nature; in the wonderful mechanism of our bodies; in the growth and beauty of tree and flower. Jesus and Solomon illustrated Divine providence not by the great upheavals of Nature, but by the color of the lily and the meaning of an ant-hill.

Elijah, according to the text, found God not in the earthquake, or the fire, but in "the still, small voice." Of course, God gave the laws that accounted for those phenomena, but the lesson Elijah was to learn was that the Divine manifestation was not necessarily to be accompanied always by startling and terrific demonstration. We are not ready to say—I am not ready to say—that there is given us a deeper insight into God's providence by disasters like that of last Wednesday than from the familiar happenings of daily life. "One dieth in his full strength, being wholly at ease and quiet. And another dieth in the bitterness of his soul, and never eateth with pleasure. They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them." We soon forget that which is out of the ordinary. The spectacle of a ruined city will not convert America. I do not remember that Charleston, or Chicago, or Galveston, after their misfortunes, recorded any special religious awakenings. Dens of iniquity will likely rise, phoenix-like, in California, as will her skyscrapers, her churches, her schools and her homes. San Francisco's calamity will be forgotten. Pages of your daily paper were filled with it on Thursday; a little less on Friday; less still tomorrow, and nothing of it in a week. The deepest and most abiding of Divine impressions are those made silently upon the human heart. "The Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire, and after the fire a still, small voice." He who hears and turns to God, as He is revealed to us through Jesus Christ His Son, will do so in response to the quiet and personal wooings of His Holy Spirit. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

However, such reflections need not by any means turn us from those considerations which the sight of human suffering should ever inspire within sympathetic, human breasts. At such a time as this the question, "Who is my neighbor? Am I my brother's keeper?" finds a ready answer.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

We read of messages of sympathy from all the cities of America, and from even kings and rulers across the seas; offers of material assistance from every point; an immediate appropriation of a million dollars from the national Congress, and all the people say, "Amen!"

Sympathy! How do such occurrences as that of last Wednesday call for its exercise! How it emphasizes the brotherhood of men!

"We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear."

"And after the earthquake and the fire, a still, small voice." God calls to men and women everywhere to-day, just as He has been doing all along, through His Holy Spirit, to make their peace with Him. Do not wait then till disaster and misfortune drive you, or till all earthly props are gone, but in the peaceful quiet of this Sabbath morn may you hear His voice and come. "Behold, now is the accepted time." "To-day, if you will hear His voice, then harden not your heart."

BENNETT H. YOUNG.

[Bennett Henderson Young, LL. D., Lawyer, Louisville, Ky., was born in Nicholasville, Ky., May 25, 1843; educated at Bethel Academy, Nicholasville, Ky., Center College, Danville, Ky., Queens College, Toronto, Canada, and was graduated at Law Department of Queens College, Belfast, Ireland; M. A., South-western Presbyterian University; LL. D., Kings College; served in Confederate Army under General John H. Morgan; in command of the St. Alban's Raid; President Louisville Public Library; member of Filson Club; member Constitutional Convention 1890; Kentucky Representative to Paris Exposition in 1878; Major-General Commanding Kentucky Division United Confederate Veterans; President Kentucky Confederate Home; President Kentucky Institute for the Blind; author of "History Constitutions of Kentucky," 1890; "History of Evangelistic Work in Kentucky," 1891; "History of Jessamine County, Ky.," 1898; "History of the Battle of the Thames," 1901; "History of the Division of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky," 1898; "History of the Battle of Blue Licks;" Editor-in-chief "Kentucky Eloquence," etc.]

KENTUCKIANS AT THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER RAISIN.

An address delivered at the dedication of the monument erected at Monroe, Michigan, upon the site of the battlefield, September 1, 1904. The monument was erected by the people of the State of Michigan to the memory of the Kentucky soldiers who were killed in the battle of River Raisin, most of whom were foully massacred. The sum of five thousand (\$5,000) dollars was appropriated by the Michigan Legislature. About sixty years ago some of the bones of these gallant soldiers were taken up and sent to Detroit, and from there returned to Kentucky and buried in the lot belonging to the State in the beautiful cemetery at Frankfort. About four-fifths of the murdered men, however, never received any interment. The following inscription is engraved upon the monument:

MICHIGAN'S TRIBUTE TO KENTUCKY.

This Monument is dedicated to the Memory of the Heroes who lost
their lives in our Country's defense in the Battle
and Massacre of the River Raisin,
January 22-23, 1813.
Erected by the State of Michigan, 1904.

The Detroit Free-Press, in giving an account of the occasion, had the following to say of the speaker: "When Colonel Bennett H. Young, of Kentucky, was introduced by Chairman Harry A. Conant, the air rang with cheers and the gallant Colonel could not doubt the sincerity of the applause. Colonel Young is a Kentuckian born and bred; the pride of his ancestors marks his very stride, the light of the bluegrass meadows and the hemp fields shines from his eyes; tall, he is a speaker who talks straight from the heart to the heart without airy flight of words, but with gestures that are convincing. His eulogy of the soldiers of his State, who were slaughtered along the banks of the Raisin, was the feature of the entire program, and was only equaled by his words of appreciation for the kindly deeds of his Michigan brethren."

Ladies and Gentlemen:

War, in American parlance, is "organized barbarism" and, as an old Italian proverb declares, "It is hell turned loose."

It was the fate of Kentucky from 1775 to 1814 to be subjected, in a

peculiar degree, to the horrors which always follow in the train of warfare. The capture of Ruddell's and Martin's Station in 1780 by the English and Indians under Colonel Byrd, the battle of Blue Licks in 1782, and Floyd's Fork disaster a few days thereafter, Bowman's retreat in 1779, and St. Clair's defeat in 1790, the massacres by savages down to 1792, and the dreadful sacrifice Fate laid upon her people at Raisin and Meigs in 1813, for the life of a generation filled the people of Kentucky with immeasurable grief and left traces of sorrow and bereavement which half a century did not remove.

When Congress faced the question of war, Kentucky's five members of the House of Representatives and her two Senators were unanimous for the declaration of hostilities and when, in June, 1812, the nation realized that the struggle was on, and that the republic, then in its childhood, was to join battle with the greatest world power, Kentucky's quota was more than filled in thirty days and thousands of her sons, aside from those permitted to volunteer, clamored to be allowed the privilege of fighting America's ancient foe.

News, then transmitted by men on horseback across the mountains, came slowly, and it was near the 1st of July, 1812, that Kentuckians knew that war was begun. The superb military organizations then existing in the State made the completion of the quota easy. Men of all ranks clamored to be led against the enemy. It was not who would go, but who should be allowed to go. On August 14th, at Georgetown, Ky., three regiments were enlisted as United States soldiers. These men came largely from what is known as Central Kentucky, and were commanded by Colonels Allen, Lewis and Scott.

During the war, she enlisted five per cent. of her entire white population. Over 16,000 Kentuckians, first and last, were engaged in this conflict. The statistics given me by an eminent military expert show that, during the entire conflict, from June, 1812, to January, 1815, two and one-half years only, 1,848 men were killed and 3,740 wounded. Of these dead, Kentucky gave as her offering more than thirty-three per cent.

The patriotism and courage of her sons met every call and, in the struggle to maintain the republic's honor and to defend the nation's rights, her people responded with an enthusiasm and readiness and made sacrifices which deserve a nation's gratitude.

Kentucky's death-roll at Raisin and Meigs constitute nearly one-third of all who were killed in the entire war, and the loss of those who died by the tomahawk when prisoners, or those who fell in the conflict, made dreadful tribute from Kentucky for national glory and national defense.

The news from the Raisin was slow in reaching the homes of those most concerned. Messengers on horse or those returning with pack-horses used to transport supplies were the first to bear the dreadful intelligence which was to blight so many homes and for years to overshadow so many hearts with deepest grief. One by one, these couriers of evil came. Doubt and hope stood out against each fresh herald of woe, but the time at last came when all delusions were brushed aside and the awful story and the fearful scenes of this battlefield stalked in frightfullest terror before the minds of those who mourned this horrible calamity; widows, orphans, sisters, mothers, brothers, sweethearts communed with each other in reviewing the desolation and anguish thus so unexpectedly brought into their lives. The whole State was clothed in grief; the dead, the barbarously treated dead, came from limited area of the Commonwealth, but rich and

poor, old and young, all over the State, wept with those who wept and bewailed with universal lamentation the direfulness of this cruel tragedy which had burst with overwhelming suddenness and shocking consternation upon the families of these noble and chivalrous Kentuckians.

But there came a quick reaction; no despair touched a single heart; no misfortune could still the patriotic impulses. This great crime against humanity only aroused a deeper love of the dead and a truer, higher devotion to the republic. The sacrifice had been the richest blood of Kentucky's sons. They had not only died for liberty, but they had died by merciless treachery under all the most brutal forms of savagery. The great and pitiless wrong must be avenged. Men and women spoke the hateful word "Raisin," with pale cheeks, compressed lips and wrathful eyes, and throughout the whole of Kentucky, east, west, north and south, there was ever reverberating the sad, portentous words: "Remember the Raisin."

Amongst the most enthusiastic of the nation's patriots was a youthful Kentucky Congressman. Born in a Kentucky wooden fort in the darkest days of Kentucky's history (his mother was one of the women who walked in the face of death at Bryan's Station in 1782), elected to the Legislature before he was twenty-one years old, sent to Congress at twenty-five, no sooner had Congress adjourned in the summer of 1812 before he hastened to his State and organized a battalion for active operations in Ohio and Michigan. By the end of the year, he was at the head of a regiment and did valiant work for his country. At the expiration of the term of service, he again resumed his seat in Congress, but in February, 1813, he left his place at the national capital to recruit another regiment of mounted men under the order of the Secretary of War, issued February 13th. By May he had recruited the largest regiment organized in the West during the whole war. He refused to take his seat in the House of Representatives, claiming that the highest duty of a freeman was on the field of battle. His regiment left Kentucky in May and, from then until October, did most effective service in the Northwest and received from General Harrison and his other superiors only praise and commendation for the magnificent work of his men. His appeal to Kentuckians to "Remember the Raisin and Meigs" brought to his standard the choicest of Kentucky soldiers. Long before the battle of the Thames, the name of this brilliant young statesman-soldier, Richard M. Johnson, had won an affectionate and prominent place in the hearts of his people. . . .

Among these Kentuckians now aligning for conflict at the Thames were men who had looked upon all that was awful at Raisin and terrible at Fort Meigs. All were animated by the highest courage and truest patriotism. Each man signalized his desire to march in the front; there were neither laggards nor cowards in that Kentucky army. The long line of cavalry, formed in columns, and the infantry, directed by aides and officers, moved with celerity and eagerness to find their proper positions in the order of battle.

Proctor had hastily chosen the field of battle. It possessed many and strong strategic points. The Indians were posted in the brush along the eastern line of the great swamp, where they could sweep with deadliest rifle fire the narrow ridge between the two swamps, while the British regulars felt able to hold the limited space between the Longwood road and the small swamp, supported by the artillery, the approach to which was covered by an unbroken forest filled with large beech, walnut and maple trees.

The American troops had marched seventy miles in three and a half

days. They had already marched that day in line of battle about thirteen miles. They had kept up well with the cavalry, and the thought that a conflict was approaching filled their hearts with enthusiasm and courage. There was no time taken for the midday meal. The cavalry covered the front. A small number of pickets or spies protected the flank of the advancing column, but the eleven regiments at most, four abreast, and the artillery, made a line over three miles in length. Fully an hour and a half was consumed in getting the infantry in position. The regiment of mounted men in the meantime was reconnoitering and holding the enemy under close watch.

As the associates and friends of the men murdered at Raisin and Meigs had been from the immediate locality of Lexington, it was deemed just that the brigade composed of soldiers from this immediate district should have the honor of fighting in the vanguard of the battle which was about to take place. Trotter's brigade, therefore, advanced to the front and was ordered to prepare to use the bayonet in the charge upon the British regulars.

Here and there between the trees could be seen the bright accouterments of the Forty-first Regiment of King George's infantry, and no men ever entered into a battle with keener desire for conflict or awaited with more eagerness the order to advance. Amid hurried movements, and while the spirit of the men was thrilled to the enthusiastic joy which ever fills a true warrior's breast at battle's eve, the command, "Forward, charge!" rang out on the oppressive stillness which surrounded the expectant host.

Hardly had the horses begun to move when another cry, terrible in its intensity and with foreboding wrath in its tones, filled the space overshadowed by the mighty monarchs of the forest. From the stalwart throats of nearly six hundred Kentuckians there arose the cry, "Remember the Raisin!" As they lifted this mighty shout to heaven, they saw about them the forms of their murdered comrades and friends and relations. As the cry of these Kentuckians resounded through the forests, it fell upon the ears of the British regulars, who themselves had been at the battle of the Raisin and whose officers had connived, or, at least, permitted the slaughter of Allen, Graves, Hickman, Woolfolk, Simpson and their noble commands.

These avenging warriors, catching the enthusiasm and delirium of combat, rose high in their stirrups and plunged their spurs into the flanks of their chargers as they approached the enemy. No human power could resist such an assault. Cowering on the earth, or taking refuge behind trees in their line, the red-coats of the Forty-first British gave way. The second line, one hundred yards behind, fared no better than the first. As well attempt to resist the cyclone or ward off the lightning as to stay this onslaught. The Kentucky horsemen were invincible. No sooner had they passed the second line than, wheeling about, they sprang to the ground and, with deadliest aim, poured their fire into the fear-stricken infantry, who, in their terror, begged for mercy and implored a pity which at Raisin and Meigs they had denied the friends and brothers of the men who had now defeated them.

A quarter of a mile away, at the hear, in the edge of the forest, along the trail, was the commander of the British regulars, General Henry A. Proctor, who was responsible for the revolting butchery and brutality at Raisin and Meigs. His ear was quick to detect the danger. He knew his fate if the Kentuckians (many of whom had sworn that he should not

be taken alive) should capture him. He distinctly heard the tramp of Johnson's mounted men, and his ear caught that portentous and, to him, fateful cry: "Remember the Raisin!" Dismayed, he watched and waited for the result. He saw one line brushed out of the path of the horsemen or rush in confusion upon the second line. He beheld this last line disappear and the black hunting shirts and gray hunting breeches of the Kentuckians as they dismounted and turned upon his stricken and helpless grenadiers, and then, with his cowardly conscience impelling him, he turned his horse's head eastward and, accompanied by a small guard of horsemen, precipitately fled towards Burlington; hard pressed by Major DeVall Payne, he abandoned his baggage and followers and fled through the forest to escape capture. His ignominious conduct brought upon him the contempt of his associates. He was tried by court-martial, disgraced and deprived of pay for six months, and was publicly reprimanded by his superiors by order of his government.

A sterner conflict and more sanguinary fate awaited the second battalion, under the immediate command of Colonel Johnson and Major David Thompson. This battalion consisted of the companies of Captain James Coleman, Captain William Rice, Captain S. R. Combs, Captain James Davidson, Captain Jacob Stucker and Captain Robert Berry. On the right of this battalion was the gallant Colonel Richard M. Johnson, on the left Major Thompson. The second battalion was formed in two columns, on horseback, while one company was dismounted and on foot, placed in front of the right column, which was led by Colonel Johnson. The front of each column was something like five hundred feet. In front of these mounted was what was known as the "Forlorn Hope," in the courage and gallantry of which on that day was written one of the most heroic and sublimely brave acts which had ever been recorded of Kentucky men. The "Forlorn Hope" consisted of twenty men. Colonel Johnson himself rode by its side. It was led by the grand old pioneer, William Whitley, and was composed, so far as known, of the following persons: William Whitley, of Lincoln, enlisted as a private in James Davidson's company; Benjamin S. Chambers, quartermaster, a lawyer from Scott county; Garrett Wall, forage master, Scott county; Eli Short, assistant forage master, Scott county; Samuel A. Theobald, lawyer, Franklin county, judge advocate; Samuel Logan, second lieutenant, Coleman's company, from Harrison county; Robert Payne, private, James Davidson's company, probably from Lincoln or Scott county; Joseph Taylor, private, J. W. Reading's company; William S. Webb, private, Jacob Stucker's company, Scott county; John L. Mansfield, private, and a printer, Jacob Stucker's company, Scott county; Richard Spurr, private, Captain Samuel Combs' company, Fayette county; John McGunnigale, private, Captain Samuel Combs' company, Fayette county.

These twenty men, with Colonel R. M. Johnson and the pioneer William Whitley, at once advanced to the front. The main line halted for a brief space, until the advance could assume position and, once they were placed, at the command, "Forward, march!" they quietly and calmly rode to death. In the thickets of the swamp in which Tecumseh and his red soldiers were, they peered in vain for a foe. Not a man stirred, but the ominous silence betokened only the more dreadful fire when the moment of contact should come. Along the narrow space they advanced. Stunted bushes and matted and deadened grass impeded their horses' feet, but these heroes urged their steeds forward with rapid walk, seeking the hidden foe

in the morass that skirted the ground. This noble vanguard was the cynosure of all eyes and their fellows watched with almost stilled hearts to hear the signal guns which meant wounding and death to those twenty men who were daring so much. Fifteen hundred savages with their cocked rifles at their shoulders and with their fingers upon the triggers were waiting and watching only a few hundred yards away, and behind trees and fallen logs and thick underbrush, and with the silence of assassins, were longing for the word which should order them to pour death's missiles into the chivalrous squadron which, with absolute fearlessness, was seeking them in their lair.

Into their minds came memories of those they loved, half a thousand miles away in Kentucky homes. Before their eyes came images of those dearer than life itself. Wives, sisters, mothers, sweethearts seemed to be gazing at them from every side and, with affection's instinct, they almost reached out to touch those imaginary forms which hovered about them in this supreme moment. Seconds were transformed into years. Almost breathless, and with anxiety which temporarily stilled every physical function, the battalion waited for the instant when Death's messengers should be turned loose and in their fury be hurled upon the brave men who composed the advance. The suspense was brief. A loud, clear savage voice rang out the word, "Fire!" The sharp cracking of half a hundred rifles was the response, and then the deafening sound of a thousand shots filled the air. The smoke concealed those who fired the guns, but the murderous effect was none the less terrible. Of the twenty, one alone escaped unhurt or failed to be unhorsed. A mass of fallen, struggling horses, a company of wounded, dying men, lay side by side. The bleeding beasts whinneyed to dead masters, and wounded masters laid their hands on the quivering bodies of their faithful steeds. Of the twenty, fifteen were dead, or to die. Their leader, with a dozen wounds, still sat erect, his judge advocate close to his side. The remainder were lost in the battle's confusion.

The "Forlorn Hope" had met its fate. Its mission was to receive the fire of the savages, when their fellows and comrades might safely charge upon the red men with their guns unloaded. Its purpose had been fulfilled. The promise of its commander to save all life possible, spoken at Great Crossings, in Kentucky, on the 18th of May, had been annihilated. On this fateful field it had won imperishable renown and had carved out fadeless glory. It had been destroyed, but its members had magnified Kentucky manhood and written in the life blood of three-fourths of its members a story of courage and patriotic sacrifice which would live forever. Whenever and wherever their deed should be told, it would command the world's applause, and down through all the ages excite in the hearts of Kentuckians noblest pride in the glorious immortality they had purchased by their unselfish, superb and patriotic sacrifice for their country's cause.

The experienced, courageous and valiant Tecumseh stood in the swamp with his red followers, encouraging them by his commands, reproving them by his sharp censure when they were disposed to run and threatening to kill all who refused to fight the white men who were now forcing the battle with such vigor and enthusiasm. The five hundred and fifty men of Johnson's battalion were reinforced by quite a number of volunteer infantrymen from Trotter's, Donaldson's and Simrall's regiments who, hearing the firing and the shouts, both of the Indians and white men, rushed to the assistance of their comrades. For a quarter of an hour, the

result of the battle seemed to be in doubt. Eighteen hundred Indians in the swamp and on their chosen battlefield, behind trees and fallen logs, did not hesitate to throw down the gage of battle to the six hundred Kentuckians who now advanced to the assault.

As the lines were pushed along through the morass, Colonel Johnson saw behind a fallen tree an Indian chief who, with vigorous words of command and loud cheers and most earnest encouragement, was urging the red men to stand firm against the assaults of the white men. At the head of the columns opposing these men, Johnson, still sitting upon his white mare, rode around the tree and advanced upon the red man. At the first fire, he had lost by a wound the use of his left hand, in which he would carry his bridle. The Indian, placing his gun to his shoulder, immediately fired and added another to the many wounds already received by the gallant Kentuckian, and then, having exhausted his trusty rifle, with uplifted tomahawk, he advanced upon the white man who, although wounded, was now riding upon him fearlessly and rapidly. The savage, jerking his tomahawk from his side and waiting for no assistance except his own strong arm, backed by his courageous soul, rushed upon Colonel Johnson to strike him from his horse, but when he had advanced to within four feet, Johnson, letting his horse loose, seized his pistol from his helpless left hand and fired. Being loaded with one bullet and three buckshot, at such close range, and piercing the heart of the Indian, he instantly fell dead. Some said it was Tecumseh. He was certainly a great leader, and it was at this time that somebody in the battle killed Tecumseh. The red men with amazement looked upon the sudden and unexpected death of their valiant chief. They heard no more his shouts of encouragement, saw no more the gallant wave of his hand and, with utter alarm and despair, and with a great cry of disappointment, they rushed from the battlefield.

In a single instant every hope was crushed and every national aspiration perished. These children of the forest, taught by the incantations of the dead warrior's brother to believe that Tecumseh was immortal, saw him reel, fall and die as others of the race had done. Tecumseh's eloquence had made them confident that the hated white man's advance could be stayed, and that the nation of seventeen fires could not prevail against the red man protected and led by the "Great Spirit." With Tecumseh dead, to them life was a bitter and unbearable burden. It had neither hope nor joy. Confident that the white man's bullet was harmless against the heroic leader, when they saw him tremble with pain, then writhe, sink to the earth and die, they read in this awful tragedy the doom of their race, the destruction of every cherished dream of success and understood that a remorseless fate had befallen and was to destroy them. They were not faithless, however, even in such awful gloom, to him who had led, encouraged and directed them through so many years and in so many battles. Tenderly and reverently, they lifted the warm, bleeding and stilled body of the great chieftain into their arms; stalwart warriors became pallbearers. In the darkness of the night, with the sombre shade of the trees shutting out even the gleams of the moon, or the pale reflection of the stars, they walked in single file far out into the unexplored wilderness of the sylvan expanse to find a resting place for their beloved dead.

They had done what an Indian had rarely done before—they had left the corpses of their fellows who had fallen in the struggle to the mercy of their foes. They had violated a code of honor and war dear to them and their ancestors, and they hurried away from the scene of this fateful

conflict to give the ashes of Tecumseh repose where they felt the foot of the paleface would never tread and where his eyes would never look upon the grave of him they called the "Shooting Star," and who to them, in their simple faith, had been sent from the unseen spirit land to be their chieftain, their guide and their national leader. The great warrior had loved the trees and the rivers and the waving grasses and the silence and grandeur of their surroundings; and thus, with the rustling of the leaves, in response to the tread of moccasined feet for a requiem, they moved on amid the darkness to a distant place, where a few of his comrades, with their tomahawks and their hands, hollowed out a grave under a wide-spreading monarch of the forest, which was to stand guard over the sacred spot forever, and where in the peace, and yet in the terror of the tomb, Tecumseh was to rest forever.

With skillful craft, they leveled the earth; with cunning hand, they laid leaves upon it so that none could find it, and, unknown, unmarked, the Indian warrior's resting-place was forever hid from the white man's search. Persuasion, threats, rewards, promises, money, glory were all used without avail. The red man alone knew where Tecumseh was put away, and the red man died with the secret in his heart.

His loyalty to the dust of his leader was proof against all research, all exploration, all investigation, and all inquiry. Grand in life, Tecumseh was and is grand in death. In the isolation and desolation of his burial, he becomes almost sublime, for, to this day, "no man knows where they have laid him." . . .

JOHN ALLEN.

Among the Kentuckians who responded to their country's call in 1812, there was a young lawyer named John Allen. Brave, brilliant, handsome, popular, in the full tide of professional, social and political success and renown, the associate and peer of Henry Clay, Felix Grundy, John Rowan, John Pope and others of Kentucky's famous men, he raised one of the first regiments to meet Kentucky's quota. About thirty years of age, married to a brilliant and beautiful woman, the daughter of Ben Logan, a man whose place in Kentucky's history was second to none, with a little daughter only commencing to toddle and speak the sweet word, "Father," with a magnificent home just completed, in the very heart of God's country—the Bluegrass—with all that could make life beautiful, he marched away at his country's call. His tall, straight, handsome frame, clad in uniform, at the head of the very flower and chivalry of his State, clothed, too, in military dress, the people of Shelbyville, Kentucky, his home, thought that a nobler sight had never fallen on human eyes, as these patriots, all aglow with war's enthusiasm, marched away for this distant place to meet their country's foe. We have heard the sequel. When Colonel Wells and General Winchester were sore pressed by the English and the Indians, John Allen and Colonel Lewis, each with fifty men, sallied forth from their picket enclosure to assist and rally their comrades, and then stem the torrent of assault. In the defeat the brilliant young colonel was swept away, pleading with his people to stand and die rather than flee and be captured. A short distance from where we now stand, he was attacked by three Indians, two of them he killed with his sword and the third shot him to death. He died with his face to the foe. Stripped of his clothing, scalped, his body was left the prey for beasts.

To the Kentucky home, where the loving and beautiful young wife and baby were watching to catch the echo of the glory which it was believed would crown his life, one day came a soldier who had passed the ordeal of the Raisin. He told the wife that her husband was dead. She exclaimed, with tears bursting from her eyes, that it could not be so; that her husband could not thus die; that he would come again. Mournfully and sadly the soldier said: "Do not look for him; I saw him in conflict with the Indians. He will never come back to you again." In this mother's heart hope would not die. Day by day, from the front porch of the new home, where love had planned a long, happy and joyous life, with hand shading her eyes, she peered for hours along the road he would pass if he ever returned. At night the shutter of her front window was thrown open and a candle placed on the sill, so that whenever he came, he would know that his wife was waiting to see his face again, longing to feel the imprint of a loving kiss from the soldier father who, amid the pomp and splendor of war, had gone away with the promise to come again. There was no sign of his coming. His bones, without sepulture, were resting in the woods at Raisin. The watching by day, the longing at night, the vision of the road and the unfailing light in the window could not bring the dead to life. The childish prattle of his infant daughter, the tears and anguish of his loving wife could bring no response from the dead warrior. In a little while, the wife grew thin, the caresses of her baby, the pleading for her father's home-coming, ate deep into the mother's heart. Friends noticed that the step was not so quick, and, if smiles came to her lips, they betokened a sorrow and grief that was wasting her life. For eight years, the wife watched the road. She trusted that the Indians had him still a captive. For eight years, those who passed the great highway from Lexington to Louisville saw the light in the window. They knew why it was there and passed it in tender silence and mournful sympathy. And so one day death forced the issue. As the dim twilight spread over the landscape and the gloaming of the evening hushed the toil and labor of the farm, and Nature with darkness was urging the world to sleep, the widow, with wasted hands and emaciated form, looked out upon the stillness and quiet of the departing day and, with the light of heaven and the joy of love in her eyes, she pressed her daughter to her bosom and said: "John is come, the candle need not be lighted to-night," and, with feeble fingers pressing open her broken heart, she passed into the abode of the immortals, and with the angels in that blessed land, where sorrow, separations and tears are never known, the hero of Raisin and his faithful wife were united eternally.

* * * *

TRIBUTE TO WINNIE DAVIS.

("THE DAUGHTER OF THE CONFEDERACY.")

A eulogy delivered before the United Confederate Veterans' Association at its session in Charleston, S. C., May 11, 1899. General John B. Gordon, Commander-in-Chief, when introducing Colonel Young to the vast audience, said that he was the best fitted of living Confederates to perform this sad and tender duty to the beloved woman in whose memory the survivors of the armies of the South are now assembled.

The most distinguished divine of the seventeenth century, when preaching the funeral of Louis XIV, the greatest of all French rulers, as he

gazed upon the deceased king, cold, pallid, powerless, expressionless, lifted his hands to heaven and, with tears streaming down his cheeks, exclaimed: "There is nothing great but God."

And, comrades, as we recall the beautiful, beloved and winsome face and form of "The Daughter of the Confederacy," as she stood in our presence less than a year ago at Atlanta, and, with joy and pride, received anew our knightly admiration and fealty, and as we now realize that she is no more, but sleeps in death, we, too, in pathetic and profoundest sorrow, turn our eyes heavenward and cry out: "God alone is great."

The love, devotion and homage of the surviving heroes of the Southern armies could not avail to stay the hand of the invincible conqueror, Death. Despite the fervid protest, the importunate prayer of valiant thousands, who oftentimes without hope, and always without fear, fought for the South, the inexorable decree has been executed and, with bowed heads and anguished hearts, we speak tenderest praise for her who occupied the first place in the affections of the living men who are part of that superb host which made the glory and the fame of the Confederacy eternal.

The practical spirit of the present times would say that the age of chivalry is gone; but, as the representatives and descendants of an ever-chivalrous people, we can confidently challenge this coarse conclusion—the outgrowth of a period marked by the exaltation of money and money-getting—and point to the love of Southern men for this child whom illustrious warriors adopted and were proud to claim as their own, and confidently aver that, whatever may be said of others, in the hearts of Confederate soldiers there still burns with unquenchable flame and unconquerable force that spirit which makes men gallant, heroic and true.

There are occasions when the hush and solemnity of death becomes intensest eloquence, and speak with a pathos and power that are simply immeasurable. No exhibition ever witnessed in any land is more touching, no emotion ever aroused in human heart more magnanimous, no offering more unselfish, no attachment more generous than this affection Confederate veterans tendered in life, and now declare in death, for the daughter of Jefferson Davis.

A subtle and mysterious instinct, if not revelation, tells us that those who have departed from earth look down upon the places whence they have gone and take note of the events transpiring amongst men; and to-day, across that mysterious land which separates the seen from the unseen, we send greetings to the spirit of our dead daughter and give her assurance of our unchanging love and lasting remembrance.

Living, she was the pride of our association; dead, she is revered and loved by those who, while she was among them, esteemed her their choicest treasure and the most precious of the glorious possessions which the memories and sacrifices of the great war created in the minds of the Confederate survivors.

The gentlest and noblest of all our members has gone down amid the darkness and shadows of death. The faithful, the dutiful, the beautiful, the only Daughter of the Confederacy has been summoned to the land of the immortals; and it is fitting, as we are gathered in this annual reunion—the first since her decease—to offer a tribute of affection to her whom we all loved and whose life, character and conduct were such that they silenced all criticism, repressed all envy and created everywhere manliest devotion and boundless admiration.

Only a few brief months have elapsed since, in the fullness of a matured

womanhood, in the splendor of a superb filial consecration and with a simple and unaffected appreciation, for the last time, she received the enthusiastic cheers and unqualified adoration of her Confederate fathers and friends; and in all that vast assemblage that greeted her as only Confederate soldiers could greet, there was not a single heart which failed to respond to that intense rapture and that impassioned delight her welcome presence always evoked. None then, as ever before, denied her the most fervent benedictions or withheld from her sincerest invocation.

Born amid the conflicts of the mightiest war the world has ever witnessed, cradled within the sound of the cannon's roar, and often awakened from sleep by the rattle of the musketry which defended the capital of the country for which her father offered the costliest sacrifice of all those who defended its life and its name; in her very infancy made to feel the deepest grief in the misfortunes and indignity heaped upon him who was the President of the nation the South so heroically struggled to maintain, she had experiences which have only come into one life during all the ages of the world.

Enemies sought to traduce her father's fame, to destroy his life and discredit the purity and grandeur of his patriotism, but she was constant amid all his persecutions and misfortunes. He suffered for his people, and she with and for him, and to the end she was true to his name, true to him and true to the people who loved him.

No other woman in the history of the world ever held such a place as our Daughter of the Confederacy. The adopted child of the greatest war's heroes, the idol of those who followed Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Forrest, Stuart and Morgan—the men who, though refused final victory by Fate, have been crowned with a glorious immortality; she had all that noblest sentiment, faithfulest loyalty and most chivalrous devotion could bestow, and neither affection nor ambition could add anything to the superb crown which Confederates have placed on her brow.

Earth can yield no purer and no more generous love than that which the men and women of the Confederacy bore Winnie Davis. It caught the impress of heavenly touch and felt the mark of an angelic birth. No selfishness tarnished its resplendent brightness, no insincerity marred its exceeding tenderness, no limit prescribed its inexpressible gentleness and no figures could calculate its immeasurable depths. It was a sentiment, but it was exalting, ennobling, elevating and in every way worth of the most heroic and sublimest of human emotions.

She held undisputed sway over millions of hearts; all who loved the Confederacy loved her; all who gloried in its splendid history and its unfading renown remembered her.

Her charming name gave her a marvelous influence in every Southern home and heart, and, seen or unseen, she was the heroine of all those who loved the Confederate States or had part or parcel in their unparalleled sacrifices for the cause of truth and liberty.

The love of her people for this their child was separate and apart from all other loves. Her wondrous devotion to her father, her constant and unselfish ministrations to him in the declining years of his isolated life, her filial help in his literary labors—the chiefest of which was his defense of his nation in its claim to separate existence and the righteousness of its cause—and the absolute consecration of her splendid womanhood to his companionship and solace, fill the hearts of all loyal Confederates with an admiration and gratitude which are both pathetic and eternal.

The ordinary loves of human souls wax and wane; they are not always equal in their strength and flow, but this love to "Our Daughter" knew no decrease in its irresistible and unchanging current. Her presence was not needful to quicken its impulses, and her absence did not slacken its fervor. As she stood alone in the splendor of her position as the only Daughter of the Confederacy, she had no cause to fear rivalry and never any reason to question the loyalty of the hearts of all who claimed her as their child.

When the shadows of time were lengthening about the heart and home of Jefferson Davis, and the dim, fading light, death's forerunner, cast its softening rays across the paths he must tread; when the warning echoes from the immortal land were caught by the hills about his mortal abode; when the mystic lore of coming events, which deepens with life's sunset, whispered in the ear of the patient and heroic father that the parting of ways for him and his beloved child was only a little way ahead, he bethought him of her future and, with unquestioning faith and unwavering confidence, he committed her protection and her care to the people he had loved so well.

The misfortunes which came to him as the head of the Confederate States left him no store of wealth from which to provide endowment to shield from want, or to construct mausoleum to honor in death; but he devised her, as his richest and noblest legacy, to a generous nation. She was to him of value, which was incomparable with gold or costliest gem. That absolute trust in the generosity of Southern people has met worthiest response. Loved, honored, adored in her life, her sisters of the Confederacy, in her death, have builded her monument, which, though simple in its structure, is voiceful of a love and admiration which will abide forever.

She rests in the bosom of the State which gave her birth and which, at the end, offered her repose amid the tombs of her most illustrious children.

War has yielded Virginia "richest spoils in the ashes of her brave"; her champions of civil liberty have written most glorious memorials on the pages of human history; her defenders of religious freedom have erected in grateful souls a remembrance and thankfulness as indestructible as heaven itself; her sons have formulated the great title deeds of universal equality before the law, and now this loving mother of such vast treasure of goodness and greatness, with yearning maternal pride, claims the cherished dust of our daughter. As future generations walk amongst these reminders of a glorious past, there will be no grave amid these renowned and sacred sepulchres which will invoke profounder or gentler emotions, or call forth tenderer memories, than that of the adopted child of the Confederacy.

On the banks of the James river, close to where, nearly three hundred years ago, came the cavalier, imparting to Southern manhood the uplifting power of his genius, his courage and his chivalry, they have given her lasting sepulchre. The breezes from every hillside, valley and mountain of the Southland shall bear tenderest benedictions to her tomb, and the rippling waters of the stream beside which she rests—fresh from the mountain tops which pierce the blue skies overhanging the mighty Alleghanies—shall murmur softest requiem by her grave; and, as these flow into the mighty ocean, they will be taken up by the chainless winds which sweep with unbroken power the face of the great deep and, in harmonious melody, tell the story to all the world of the marvelous and wondrous love of the people who fought for the lost but glorified cause of the South for Winnie Davis, "The Daughter of the Confederacy."

WILLIAM O. BRADLEY.

[William O'Connell Bradley, Governor of Kentucky 1895-99. See extended biographical sketch on page 63.]

OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

An oration delivered at the dedication of the Kentucky Building at the World's Exposition, Chicago, Ill., June 1, 1893.

The Kentucky Building at the great Chicago Exposition was formally handed over by the commissioners, on the 1st day of June, to Governor Brown, who received it in behalf of the State in a befitting manner. He then introduced Colonel W. O. Bradley, the orator of the day, who spoke as follows:

Into this splendid presence we come to dedicate the "Old Kentucky Home." Surrounded as it is by the buildings of the other States, it is appropriate that, while honoring Kentucky, we should honor the nation as well. To-day, the history of our country passes before us in grand panoramic view. The humble colonies which, but little more than one hundred years ago, gave utterance to that immortal declaration that went ringing round the world, have been transformed, as by the magician's wand, into the richest country on the globe, the workshop and the granary of the world. The principles then enunciated expanded as the years rolled on, until the last vestige of slavery that obscured the flag was torn away and its unveiled stars lighted the world. Meanwhile, we have been taught that poverty is not a badge of inferiority, but that intelligence and true manhood alone constitute the standard of American citizenship. From every cabin there is a pathway that leads to fame, and along its unpretentious course to the chief magistracy have passed the nation's most illustrious sons. In view of this almost boundless wealth, these wonderful possibilities, this perfect liberty, let us renew our vows at freedom's shrine, and form higher and nobler resolutions for earnest and patriotic endeavor for the future which spreads so invitingly before us. Let us not forget that this nation was created by the people, that it is founded on their intelligence and patriotism, and that its perpetuity depends on the ceaseless cultivation of the one and the unfettered promotion of the other; that education is the fountain of national prosperity and, if neglected, the republic must sooner or later take its place in the scepterless empire of forgotten dust. Let us strive to awaken the mind and conscience of the masses to a realization of the truth, that party fealty should at all times be held subservient to the public good, and that after each contest for national supremacy, the contending waves of political strife should sink to rest as the billows after the storm.

In this dedication, Kentucky gives homage to the undaunted courage, indomitable perseverance and unerring judgment of Christopher Columbus. The sheen of his fame extends across the waters, culminating here in a blaze of glory.

But, while we congratulate ourselves on the country's splendid progress and the liberality of its institutions, while we honor the memory of men, we should remember that, for all we are and all we hope to be, we owe

the first and most sacred debt of gratitude to the power that directed the caravals of Columbus across the trackless deep; that strengthened the arm of Washington in the struggle for independence; that has watched over us with so much tenderness during all these eventful years; and the State and nation should, on bended knee, with reverential voice, give thanks to Him "who layeth the beams of his chamber in the waters and rideth on the wings of the wind."

This day, with her sister States, Kentucky joins in freedom's swelling chorus as it sweeps from sea to sea. With them she extends, in hospitality, a hand that never struck defenseless foe and never knew dishonor. God bless Kentucky! We would not part with one atom of her soil or one line of her history. Would that I might weave a fitting garland for her brow; would that I possessed the brush and genius of Raphael, that I might paint her as she is; would that with the chisel of Phidias I might create anew the forms and features of her glorious sons; would that with the descriptive power and vivid imagery of Byron I might portray the lives and actions of her heroes and statesmen; would that I were gifted with the sublime and soaring melody of Milton, that I might charm the world with the song of her glory. But even then I should be unable to reproduce the verdure of her fields, the grandeur of her mountains, the brightness of her skies, the heroism of her people, the wisdom of her statesmen and the beauty of her women—God bless them—"the fairest that e'er the sun shown on."

As convincing proof of the truth of this claim of Kentucky superiority, we point with pride to the chief lady officer of this Exposition. It is difficult to conjecture what would have become of this great State of Illinois had not Kentucky given her Lincoln, Stevenson, Cullom, Carter Harrison, Oglesby and Mrs. Palmer.

One hundred and one years ago this day, Kentucky was admitted into the Union. She was among the first to enter, and will be the last to leave it. Her history has been eventful. The trials, endurance and heroism of pioneer life were never more fully exemplified elsewhere. Harrod, Boone, Kenton, Clark, McAfee, Whitley and Logan are names blended with hers as the warp is blended with the woof. They hewed their way through forests primeval and drove the savage beyond her borders. After them came the pioneer statesmen Marshall, Bullitt, Nicholas, Brown, Breckinridge and Clay. The sons of these knight errants of civilization inherited the endurance, bravery and ability of their sires. No wonder, then, it is that the name of Kentucky is famous throughout the world.

Her statesmen have taken a leading place in every great contest since she became a State. In every battle fought for the honor and safety of the republic, she has taken an important and enviable part. The blood of her sons has enriched every field and their deeds illumined every page of the nation's history. In the beautiful cemetery, that from the frowning cliff overlooks Kentucky's placid waters, sleep many of her bravest sons. The monument to gallant Richard Johnson tells the glory of the Thames, while, within its shadow, lie the remains of McKee, Clay and others, borne by loving hands from bloody Buena Vista. Above them the State has reared a monument, to whose base the rising generation may go for patriotic inspiration and read the simple story of the brave and true, whose death and lives as well added luster to the name of their dearly beloved Commonwealth. In life they loved their State, in death she has not forgotten them.

Nor would we draw the veil over the Civil War that swept with cyclonic fury across the State, for the anguish and desolation that followed in its path are more than compensated by its splendid achievements. From Kentucky came the two chief actors in that memorable struggle—Lincoln and Davis. The one, imbued with the zealous faith of Peter the Hermit, wielded the axe of Richard; the other, endowed with the chivalry of Bayard, wielded the scimitar of Saladin. On either side Kentuckians went forth to battle, and, wherever they fought or fell, won fresh laurels for their mother's crown. It is not proper at this time that we should enter into a discussion of the cause or merit of that great conflict. Its glories belong to us; its animosities to oblivion. Nature, with vines and flowers, has obliterated every mark that defaced the landscape; the roar of cannon has been succeeded by the sad, sweet notes of the dove, while Time has healed every wound and, with fingers kindly deft, erased malicious hate from every heart. With equal warmth the same bright sun shines over all; the same pure stars their ceaseless vigils keep above the silent chambers of her soldier dead, while Kentucky, with impartial tenderness, holds their ashes in her bosom, their memories in her heart. From their mingled dust has bloomed the flower of Hope. Forever perish the impious hand that would pluck it from the stem.

In coming years, after the survivors of the blue and gray have crossed the shadowy line, their backs to time, their faces to eternity, should foes without or enemies within assault this fair fabric of constitutional liberty, the Hobsons and Morgans, the Harlans and Blackburns, the Frys and Lewises, the Landrams and Helms, the Colliers and Dukes, the Rousseaus and Prestons, the Clays and Johnsons, the Boyles and Hansons, the Kellys and Marshalls, the Nelsons and Breckinridges will be found marching, side by side, under the dear old flag, protecting its shining folds from every stain and planting it in triumph wherever honor points or duty calls.

To mention the names of all Kentucky's sons who have won renown would require more than the time allotted now. In the realm of statesmanship, we point with pride to Beck, Speed, Breckinridge, Letcher, Crittenden, Clay and Lincoln. In surgery, to Jackson, Dudley and McDowell. In journalism, to Penn, Harney and Prentice. In theology, to Bascom, Waller, Johnson, Rice and Breckinridge. In invention, to Kelley, Rumsey and Barlow. In jurisprudence, to Owsley, Nicholas, Boyle and Robertson. In oratory, to Marshall, Barry, Daviess and Menifee. In advocacy, to Rowan, Hardin and Wickliffe.

Proud as she is of these departed sons, Kentucky may be congratulated upon the fact that she has within her borders living sons whose ability, learning and distinction in all the avenues of life are not surpassed by those who left her the legacy of their renown.

From Transylvania, Georgetown and Centre College have graduated many able and brilliant men, who, as congressmen, governors, senators, judges and vice-presidents, have reflected a halo around the names of Rice, Campbell and Young.

It was the hand of a Kentuckian that wrote the immortal proclamation which struck the chains from four million human beings. In common with Illinois, we revere his memory. Kentucky gave him birth, Illinois a home, the republic its most exalted station. In return, he gave freedom to a race, peace to the nation, his life to liberty and to posterity a name, the most illustrious in all the tide of time.

While contemplating Kentucky's achievements, we are not unmindful

of her faults. We know that she does not, in wealth and progress, occupy the position to which she is entitled, but she is awakening from her lethargy; she has entered with spirit and determination the race for supremacy, and strong of arm and swift of foot must be the State that passes her before the goal is won. There is no State in the Union that possesses so many natural advantages. She has forests that have scarce felt the stroke of the woodsman's axe, water power sufficient to propel the machinery of the world, inexhaustible deposits of coal, the swiftest horses, the most valuable cattle, a fruitful soil that is never ungrateful to the husbandman, and a people, whose rugged honesty, open-handed hospitality, lofty chivalry and native intelligence are unsurpassed in any clime. To-day she invites, not the pauper and the anarchist, but all the worthy people of the world who may desire new homes to come and sit down under her roof tree, to seek the hidden wealth of her mountains, or revel in the beauties of her pastoral repose where the bluegrass spreads its verdure, the tassels of the corn bend gracefully in the breeze and the golden grain in rich profusion falls at the reapers' feet.

All honor to Kentucky and Kentuckians; may her future be even more glorious than her past; may her name grow brighter with each coming sunrise and her fame broader with each setting sun; may her matchless daughters continue to occupy the same high plane of womanhood, their beauty surpassed alone by their Christian virtues; may her sons, with sword and pen, write more enduring and illustrious names on the pillars of the nation's temple than those who have gone before, and may her children never forget God or betray their country; and may all her sister States move grandly forward, overcoming every obstacle, accomplishing every desire, until the nation shall become the perfection of human liberty and wisdom, the anointed of God.

"Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us, the Many in One!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light;
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore;
While through the sounding sky,
Loud rings the nation's cry,—
Union and Liberty!—one evermore!"

CURTIS F. BURNAM.

[Curtis F. Burnam, Lawyer, Richmond, Ky., was born at Richmond, Ky., May 24, 1820; he graduated from Yale as valedictorian in 1840; He canvassed the State in 1849 in behalf of the constitutional measures which would have provided gradual abolition of slavery in the State. He was often in the State Legislature, performing most important services during the Civil War, and received the Republican support for United States Senator; in 1875 he was appointed by President Grant Assistant and Acting Secretary of the United States Treasury; member of the Constitutional Convention of Kentucky in 1890; twice elected to the State Senate without opposition, his present term expiring in 1909.]

ALL HONOR TO THE LAIRD OF SKIBO CASTLE.

An oration delivered at the laying of the corner stone of the Carnegie Library, at Berea College, Berea, Ky., June 7, 1905.

A few years ago, the finishing touches were made to the Congressional Library Building in Washington, and to-day it stands in beauty and magnificence the admiration of all beholders. Nothing superior to it, for similar purposes, can be recalled, from the time when the Alexandrian Library was burned. At no time, nowhere, has it been equaled, and it has been said by a foreign minister that it was well worth a trip across the Atlantic ocean to see it.

The millions of money expended by the Government on the Capitol, the department buildings, the parks, the streets, the flower gardens, the cemeteries, the art museums, the arsenal, the navy yard, and especially upon the monuments in marble and bronze to the nation's illustrious dead, have made Washington already the rival of Paris, and destined to become the most attractive and beautiful city on the globe. This is as it should be. The people, so far from complaining of the cost, with enthusiasm crown these works with laurels.

Ours is, like that of the Athenians in the reign of Pericles, the enthusiasm of a people yet young, who glory in the fame of their ancestors who founded and of those who died to save this imperial republic.

We have seen, in less than a century and a half, their work grow from small beginnings to be one of the great world powers, made illustrious by achievement in arts and arms, by wealth, in all that gives comfort to life and satisfies the immortal longings for the future. May we never forget the laws by which these blessings are to be preserved. These laws continue eternally the same, and they teach that the true grandeur of nations is most largely found in righteousness and peace, and that the uplifting of humanity is more largely still dependent on the morals and intellectual training of the masses.

Napoleon the Great asked Madame De Stael how he could best promote the glory of France; the answer was: "Pour instruction on the heads of the French people. You owe them that baptism."

His visit to the Congressional Library may have had some influence in directing the attention of the Scottish philanthropist, Andrew Carnegie, to the same ends—to strengthen a long-cherished purpose. At all events,

this gentleman, who had by thrift and patient labor and sound judgment, accumulated an enormous fortune, reached the conclusion that he would die poor, or, rather, that he would administer his estate while living, and not leave it to be squandered by prodigal heirs or faithless trustees; and so, for the good of mankind, he has given more than one hundred millions of money, not tainted money, but money fairly made, money which not even Dr. Washington Gladden would discount. All honor to the Laird of Skibo Castle, the princely blacksmith of Pittsburg!

In the line of his donations, he has made many for the establishment of libraries in the East and South, the North and West, and among those benefactions Berea College has been remembered, and we are assembled here to-day to lay the corner stone of a building which shall perpetuate his fame among these people, and whose growing contents shall give light and pleasure to those who, as the years roll on, shall be instructors and pupils and visitors in these college halls. Such a gift can never be over-valued.

Mr. Longfellow, in his exquisite poem, the "Morituri Salutamus," speaks of the sweet serenity of books—good books, all the way up, from the pleasing companions of little girls and boys to the immortal epics of Milton and Homer, the sublime tragedies of Prometheus and Hamlet.

The Laureate Southey said of himself:

"My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old."

So dear is the library to the scholar.

The making of a great library is not a creation, but a growth. This is attested by the vast number of books in the great libraries of the world and the many thousands of new books annually published; and both demonstrate the importance of careful selections and discrimination. They must embrace the needs of all classes of readers. Books are the working tools of the professional man, the statesman, the lawyer, the theologian, the physician, the artist, and long, well-filled alcoves must be reserved for them.

Poetry, romance, biography, history, these are the charm of the leisure hours, alike of youth and old age. But to the laboring man they are of countless value. Here he finds how the toils and privations of men of humble birth and iron fortune have led up from small beginnings to those grand achievements in mechanism and scientific discovery, which have changed the face of the world and brought the nations together, time and distance being obliterated.

Our wonderful patent office shows the marvelous improvements made by our countrymen, from the time of Whitney, with his cotton gin, to Edison, the wizard of our age, with his thousand patents.

But of all books which make a library complete, those of the great historians will, to the general reader, be ever the most attractive, tracing the progression of nations and individual men from the patriarchs before the flood, the rise and fall of empires and the achievements of heroes from Alexander to Grant and from Epaminondas to Togo and enriching the literature of land and sea.

But we must not linger over these reflections. You expect something more practical and personal as to the past, the present and the future of

Berea College. For its past history, I can do no better than to urge you to read the truthful and pleasing volume, lately published by the venerable Dr. Rogers, a man identified with the college from its very foundation and largely instrumental in building it up, despite obloquy, violence and political racial prejudice, to its present splendid success. Before such a man, I remove my hat and say with Flaccus: "Serus in coelum redeas."

As to the present, I turn with satisfaction to the body of noble men and women who constitute its corps of instructors, co-operating in harmony with the gifted president, whose unwearied labors, supplemented by those of his honored wife, have been happily instrumental in obtaining from benevolent donors the magnificent gifts which have caused these noble structures around us to lift their heads to the glad sunlight, and the pure waters of the mountain springs to flow down to the inhabitants of this beautiful village. President Frost has been faithful to all interests, time has shown the wisdom of his policies, and his satisfaction in his life work should grow stronger day by day.

For the future of the college I have to say that the hostile legislation of the last General Assembly of Kentucky will be rectified by the courts, as I hope and believe. But if it shall fall otherwise, and this college shall be forced to become, for an indefinite period, an institution exclusively for the education of young men and women of the white race, let us remember that it will still prosper. It will gather ever increased numbers of students in the mountains and the lowlands, teaching forever that which is true, just and righteous, and extending its influence through the entire mountain region.

Nor in the accomplishment of such result will injustice be shown to the negro race. Whatever portion of the properties, good will and fame of the college is properly theirs, they may be assured will be settled upon them without stint and without litigation. The trustees will watch their interests, and somewhere, somehow, will provide that, not afar off, some new Fisk or Hampton or Tuskegee shall be founded, where the colored youth of Kentucky shall be prepared for their share in the conflicts and triumphs of life.

But, going back to the immediate purpose before us, let me urge that in this library we may see preserved all the memorials that can be had of our State and county history. Many incidents have occurred to darken the fame of the Commonwealth, but a vast deal to make its history glorious; orators like Clay, Crittenden, Marshall and Caperton have spoken for Kentucky; divines like Breckinridge, Dudley, Kavanaugh and Spalding have prayed in her behalf. Poets like Prentice, Mrs. Wilby and O'Hara have sung her praises. Great judges, like Boyle and Robertson and Goodloe, on the State bench, and Miller and Todd and Trimble and Harlan, in the Supreme Court of the United States, have swelled her renown; soldiers like Adair and Johnson and McKee have led her sons to victorious battle. In the forests of Kentucky, Audubon found the materials for his great books on the "Birds of America," and, in our own day, authors like John Fox and James Lane Allen have introduced to the audiences of the world the varied characteristics of our mountain clans and our haughty Bluegrass aristocrats; and let it not be forgotten that, ninety-three years ago, Joseph Buchanan published in our county town of Richmond his "Philosophy of Human Nature."

Madison county, without boasting, we can say, is a great county in territory, in wealth, and supremely great in historic events from the age of

Boone and his fellow pioneers. In the war of 1812 with England, of 1846 with Mexico, she furnished her full quota of soldiers. In the Civil War between the States, she furnished both armies large numbers of her sons, many of whom now rest "under the sod and the dew waiting the judgment day."

Abroad in many States colonies of emigrants from Madison have gone, many to shed luster on the land of their birth, and always to retain love for their old Kentucky home.

The posterity of those pioneers who remain here can rejoice to have seen slavery abolished, the general civilization advanced, the Bible in every dwelling, and the earth, under genial skies, made more beautiful and abundant in yielding sustenances and luxuries to the tillers of the ground.

May the time hasten when feuds, lawlessness and moonshine whisky, which disgrace the hills, and graft and greed and redlight saloons and stolen elections, which defame our cities, shall disappear and our State become in all its borders what Fee, Rogers and Cassius M. Clay labored to make it and what her illustrious son, the inspired apostle of freedom, Abraham Lincoln, sought for the whole country. Thus shall she become: "An opening world diviner than the soul of man has yet been gifted to imagine."

JAMES BENNETT McCREARY.

[James Bennett McCreary, Lawyer, Governor, United States Senator, was born in Madison county, Kentucky, July 8, 1838; graduate of Centre College, Kentucky, 1857; in law, Cumberland University, Tennessee, 1859; served in the Confederate Army, 1862-65, as Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry, under Morgan and Breckinridge; Delegate National Democratic Convention, 1868; Member Kentucky House of Representatives, 1869-73 (Speaker 1871-73); Governor of Kentucky, 1875-79; Delegate to International Monetary Conference, Brussels, 1891; Member of Congress, 1885-97; United States Senator, 1903-09.]

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES B. BECK.

Extracts from memorial address delivered in the United States House of Representatives September 13, 1890, on the life and character of United States Senator James B. Beck, of Kentucky.

Mr. Speaker:

A great statesman, an eminent citizen, is dead. He sleeps now in peace and honor in the bosom of the State he loved so devotedly and served so faithfully. The history of his splendid public services and his noble personal traits will be preserved as long as our republic lasts.

James B. Beck was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, on the 13th day of February, 1822. He seemed to imbibe from the healthful atmosphere and lofty mountains around his home vigor of mind and body, while the sunny scenes, singing brooks and lovely lakes of this section helped to bless him with a happy, affectionate disposition. The historical glories of Dumfries, the fame of her Douglasses, Bruces, Kirkpatricks, and also of Robert Burns, who resided here for a few years, impressed him and stimulated his energies and aroused his ambition for the accomplishment of the wonderful results which crowned his efforts in after years.

When he was sixteen years of age, he bade farewell to bonny Scotland and joined his father, who had emigrated to America in 1825, and who became a prosperous farmer in Wyoming county, New York. A few years proved to young Beck that farming was not his vocation, and he determined to devote himself to intellectual efforts. With a prescience that was both remarkable and accurate, he selected Lexington, Ky., as the arena of his life contest—the home of his happiness and success.

This noble Scot knew what he could do. He knew his birthright. He felt the glow of his superior intellect, the strength of his will power, the fire of his ambition, the purity of his character, the splendid equipments with which God had blessed him, and he disdained to seek an easy, obscure place, but, with the courage of his convictions and with "lance at rest and visor down," at twenty-one years of age, he appeared at Lexington, Ky., where Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden, the Breckinridges, Thomas Marshall and a host of others had already won national fame. Undaunted, undiscouraged and unknown, with no friends or relatives, and with no fortune save the health and strength and mind with which God had blessed him, he began a contest that was crowned with almost every triumph which grateful and admiring people could bestow, and which

splendidly illustrated the opportunities of true manhood in America and the outcome and possibilities of all men under the generous influences of our free institutions, no matter where born. . . .

He never forgot Scotland, but always spoke with affection and tenderness of his dear native land. The following was one of his favorite quotations:

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood;
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

He loved his adopted country with an unchanging affection. In every pulsation of his heart, he was an American, devoted to popular rights, individual freedom and self-government and proud of the glory and watchful of the honor of the land wherein he had been welcomed and honored and to which he had dedicated his life.

He was the faithful friend and champion of the people. No man ever had better opportunities than he for knowing and understanding them. He came from the ranks of the people, and he loved to be close to them, and he had an abiding confidence in the integrity and patriotism of the masses. Like Ben Adhem, he would say:

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

He was honest and candid and fair in all the walks of life. In his whole career, no breath of suspicion ever assailed his integrity or dimmed the brightness of his honor, and whether we view him as citizen, lawyer or congressman, we see the impress of his splendid mind and the luster of his honest, noble manhood.

As a husband and father, he was loving, faithful and tender. His home was the place of his greatest happiness. He loved his children, and he warmly appreciated the unchanging love and devotion of his noble wife, who preceded him to the grave but a few years ago.

Mr. Speaker, "in the midst of life we are in death." On the 3d day of May last, when the spring flowers were blooming and the evening zephyrs were whispering words of hope and encouragement and all nature was redolent and glorious with God's blessings, Senator Beck died. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with his harness on, and the effulgence of his intellect and the sunshine of his disposition and the purity of his patriotism unimpaired, death claimed him and he went from the heights of earthly honors to the realms of immortality. We will miss him in the councils of the nation; we will miss him in the State of his adoption, where he was loved and respected so sincerely; we will miss him as a friend and as a colaborer in public affairs. In his life and achievements, we have a grand example to strengthen manhood and encourage youth. In his death, we mourn the loss of a great and good man.

WILLIAM GOEBEL.

[William Goebel, Lawyer, Statesman, was born in Sullivan County, Pa., January 4, 1856; son of William and Augusta (Greenclay) Goebel, natives of Hanover, Germany, who emigrated to America in early life, and marrying at Scranton, Pa., settled in Sullivan County, but subsequently removed to Covington, Ky. The father was a Union soldier during the Civil War and was twice wounded at Antietam. Became a law student in the office of ex-Governor John W. Stevenson; graduated at the Cincinnati Law School, and after a term at Kenyon College, became a partner of former Governor John W. Stevenson, which continued until the death of the latter; in 1886, at the age of thirty, he was chosen State Senator; he had no sooner become a member of the Legislature than he began championing the cause of the people, introducing many bills for their welfare; he was nominated for Governor at the Music Hall Convention, Louisville, Ky., June 27, 1899; after the election Mr. Goebel and his Republican opponent claimed the victory; a contest was made before the Legislature, and the latter in joint session on January 30th declared Mr. Goebel Governor of Kentucky. He was assassinated on the same day. As he died he whispered: "Tell my friends to be brave and fearless and loyal to the great common people."]

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND ITS RELATION TO THE TRUSTS. —THE KENTUCKY ELECTION LAW.—THE SCHOOL BOOK TRUST.

Extract from speech delivered at a Democratic meeting at Mayfield, Ky., August 12, 1899.

Fellow Citizens:

. . . The Democratic platform pledges the party to renewed efforts to suppress the trusts. It declares in favor of an amendment to the anti-trust statute now on the statute books making non-enforcible any contract made by any trust, or any member of any trust, with a view to fix or regulate prices or control production. In other words, no trusts, and no members of any trust or combination, shall be permitted to recover in the courts of the Commonwealth the price of any article that is the product of any trust.

The trust is among the greatest of the evils of the time. Trusts are formed and operated through corporations. The corporation is a creature of the Government. Theoretically all corporations are created for the public good. When they abuse their privileges and menace the public welfare, laws should be enacted to prevent the abuses or to revoke the privileges abused.

The tendency of the trusts of this day is to produce a condition like that which was produced by what was known as the feudal system in Europe four hundred and five hundred years ago. Our histories teach us that in that time and under that system nearly all wealth, which consisted then largely in land, was owned by a select class known as the nobility. The great body of the people were tenants and servitors upon the land, many passing with the land like the cattle upon it. With the development of constitutional liberty, the feudal system disappeared. The trust of this day tends to impoverishment of the many to enrich the few. It means corruption of government, the purchase of special privileges,

and use of the power thus acquired to plunder the masses of the people. It enables its operators to control both production and consumption. It robs producer, consumer and employe alike. It means what the concentration of great wealth in the hands of the few has meant in all ages and in all countries—the making of mere dependents of the great body of people, depriving them of all hope of progress or independence. It is founded in heartless greed and is at war with fundamental principles of republican institutions and the dearest rights of mankind. Republican government can not co-exist with complete domination of the trusts. Carried to its logical conclusion, the trust is more destructive of individual independence than a monarchical form of government. Either the people must control the trusts or the trusts will rule the people.

The chief means through which trusts are established and maintained are the single gold standard and a high protective tariff. The Democratic party is, and has always been, unalterably opposed to both; the Republican is responsible for both.

The so-called Sherman anti-trust law enacted by Congress contained a section declaring that no proceeding shall be instituted under it except upon the direction of the United States district attorney for the district in which the proceeding is brought or upon the direction of the attorney-general of the United States. No grand jury can act independently under that law. The law has been a dead letter ever since its enactment. It never was intended to be enforced, and never will be by a Republican administration.

Mr. Attorney-General Griggs has publicly declared his reason for his failure to enforce the Federal anti-trust statute to be that the Federal Government can not suppress them, and that the trust question is one that must be dealt with by the States themselves.

At the last session of the Kentucky General Assembly, the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives passed an anti-trust bill, offered by Mr. Bradburn, of Bowling Green, which, in my judgment, would have proved effective to crush the operations of the trusts in this State. In both the House of Representatives and Senate, every Republican vote was cast against this bill. It failed of passage in the Senate solely because there two members elected as Democrats joined with the entire Republican membership of that body in voting against it. Notwithstanding this record of the Republican party in both nation and State, the Republican platform of Kentucky declares: "We pledge the Republican party to the enactment of all such laws as may be necessary to prevent trusts, pools," &c. The Republican party has become merely the political agent of the money power and the trusts. It holds power now and hopes to hold power in the future, solely as the result of the use of immense corruption funds contributed by the money power and the trusts, and it uses the power of government chiefly to repay the contributors of those corruption funds. It exalts money, the servant; it debases man, the master.

The growth of trusts and the policies of the Republican party forcibly recall the language of the great men of that party. In a message to Congress in 1861, Abraham Lincoln said this: "Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people." In my present position, I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism. It is not needed or fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions, but there is one point with its connection not so

hackneyed as most others to which I ask a brief attention. It is to the effort to place capital on an equal footing with, if not above, labor in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else owning capital, somehow, by the use of it, induces him to labor. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could have never existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

It is only through the party of Jefferson and Jackson that this nation can be saved from complete subjection to the money power and the trusts. . . .

THE ELECTION LAW.

The Democratic platform approves of, and the Republican platform demands the repeal of, the statute amending the election law enacted by the last General Assembly. The gist of the statute is that it takes from the county judges and confers upon three commissioners in each county the power to appoint each year the precinct election officers that are to conduct elections, the county commissioners being appointed by a State board of three commissioners chosen by the General Assembly.

Many misrepresentations were uttered and published about this law. It was asserted that no penalty for offenses committed by election officers was provided by the new law, and consequently there was no law providing punishment for such offenses. But in the suit to test the validity of the law, the appellate court adjudged, as the advocates of the law had contended, that the penalties provided by the original secret ballot election law remained in force and were applicable to every wrong done after enactment of the new law. It was claimed that because the new statute did not provide for appeals to the courts from decisions of election-contest boards in election contests, therefore that right was destroyed. But the court of appeals decided, as the Democrats contended, that the right of appeal to the courts remained unaffected in every case in which there was such right before the new law was enacted.

The Republican platform declares that the law commits broad power to irresponsible commissioners not chosen by or accountable to the people for their acts. To whom is a county judge in any of the mountain counties having large Republican majorities responsible? And what would such a judge care for criticism because he had not, in appointing election officers, divided them among the political parties? Under the old law, the action of the county judge in appointing election officers could not be reviewed, nor could he be removed from office, nor be in any wise punished for disregarding the law governing the appointment of election officers. There can scarcely be imagined a more irresponsible power than that conferred by the old law upon the county judge.

But the new law empowers the State commissioners to remove from office at any time any county commissioner, so that whenever any county commissioner violates the law, there is an immediate remedy by bringing the matter to the attention of the State board.

It was said this law was without precedent, but in Ohio the Republican party has for years had in operation a law which vests in one man, the Secretary of State, the power to appoint county election commissioners for all counties in the State save those containing the large Republican

cities, and in those excepted counties, which usually go Republican even when the State goes Democratic, the power to appoint the election commissioners is vested in the mayors. The Republican press of Ohio, of course, continues to denounce the infamous Kentucky election law.

In Virginia, the home of Jefferson, the father of the Democratic party, the General Assembly at every session, by joint resolution, appointed a board of three election commissioners for every county in the Commonwealth, who in turn appoint the registration and election officers. Mahoneism has given the people of Virginia a proper appreciation of the importance of this subject, and they have therefore placed it upon the same plane with the highest function of government—the exercise of the sovereign legislative power.

In Tennessee, the home of Jackson, than whom there was no greater Democrat, nor truer man, the governor appoints annually three election commissioners for each county who, in turn, appoint the election officers.

The best test of any law is in its practical operation. In November of last year, we had an election under this law. It is conceded that that election was as fairly conducted as any election ever held in the Commonwealth. Two contests for seats in Congress grew out of that election, both contests being made by the Republican candidates, but in neither case was there any claim of wrong under or by reason of this law. Judge Jones, the Republican candidate for judge of the court of appeals last year, made opposition to this law the basis of his canvass. He was defeated. Neither he nor any one else has even pretended that wrong of any kind contributed to the result. This is a complete answer to every objection that has been made to this law. . . .

SCHOOL BOOKS.

The people of Kentucky pay annually many millions of dollars to the railway corporations. The present state of the law leaves it within the power of railroad managers, by means of extortion and discrimination, to destroy the business of some communities and persons and to build up that of others at will. No such uncontrolled power should reside anywhere in a free government.

The Democratic platform favors, and the Republican platform opposes, the enactment of a law reducing the price of school books used in the common schools of the State. At the last session, there was passed by the House of Representatives a bill upon this subject, offered by Mr. Chinn, of Mercer county. This bill fixed a maximum of prices for school books, on an average, one-third less than the prices now fixed by the school book trust, but the maximum was still 10 per cent. above the average maximum price fixed by a similar law that has been in successful operation in Indiana for ten years. In the House of Representatives and the Senate, every Republican vote was cast against this bill.

What good reason can there be why the same school books, manufactured and sold by the same corporation, should in Kentucky cost 43 per cent., or nearly one-half, more than they cost in the adjoining State of Indiana? Such is the fact, solely because the law permits it, and because the representatives of the Republican party in the last General Assembly did the bidding of the lobbyists of the book trust. By the vote of the entire Republican membership of both Houses of the General Assembly, at its last session, there was prevented the passage of a law reducing to

a just charge the prices of school books as now fixed by the book trust, and by a like vote of the Republicans of the General Assembly there was prevented the enactment of a proper and effective anti-trust law. If there be anything that ought to be made as nearly free as air as the law can make it, it is the opportunity of every child in the Commonwealth to get an education. . . .

IMPERIALISM.

The Democracy of Kentucky affirms that it is as true now as it was when Jefferson wrote it into the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that this applies to all peoples everywhere. They affirm that this nation should no more have a British colonial policy than it should have a British financial policy; that what would have been "criminal aggression" in Cuba is "criminal aggression" in the Philippines, and, therefore, they denounce the policy of the present national administration in these islands. The only redeeming features of the Republican policy of imperialism are the bravery and heroism of the American soldiers.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
AMERICAN
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.
Vol. 10, No. 1, January 1, 1917
Price, Five Cents
Subscription Price, \$5.00 per Annum in Advance
Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 3, 1902
Postpaid at Chicago, Ill., under Post Office No. 100,000
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917
Authorized by Act of October 3, 1917
Copyright, 1917, by American Medical Association
Printed at the American Medical Association Press, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Kentucky Poets

Past and Present.

POETRY.

Poetry has, time out of mind, been a companion of eloquence. They are twin sisters and were so regarded by the ancients. The Romans, who were so convinced of this kindred relation, placed poetry and eloquence in charge of one of their Muses. Calliope, one of their Muses, was the goddess of eloquence and heroic poetry. They would not have placed these two fine arts in the care of a single goddess unless they had considered them so allied to one another as to be almost equivalent to the same. To the selections of specimens of Kentucky eloquence which we have made, it seems fitting, therefore, to add specimens of Kentucky poetry.

Kentucky, moreover, while having a fame world-wide for the eloquence of her citizens, has also the honor of producing some fine poems. In a work of this kind, of course, it would be impossible to give specimens from all Kentucky's poets, but we think there will be found in the collection which follows some poems worthy of any people. The poem, entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead," by Theodore O'Hara, ranks with the celebrated lyrics of the world. It has come down the pathway of time in company with "L'Allegro," by Milton, "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden, "The Churchyard Elegy," by Gray, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by Wolfe, "The Isles of Greece," by Byron, "The Psalm of Life," by Longfellow, "Thanatopsis," by Bryant, and others that might be named, which have been the admiration of the civilized world. Others might be named in the Kentucky collection of almost equal merits, but less famous because of local repute only. If our selections of some of the lyrics of Kentucky poets shall bring them to the notice of persons outside of the local sphere, we shall accomplish all we desire. It is only necessary to add that some of the specimens which follow are taken from poets who were not born in Kentucky, but who came here at an early age and wrote their poems and made their fame in Kentucky, which, it would seem, entitled them to a place among Kentucky poets.

WILLIAM ORLANDO BUTLER.

[William Orlando Butler was born in Jessamine county, Kentucky, April 19, 1791; died at Carrollton, Ky., on the 6th day of August, 1880. He was a graduate of Transylvania University in 1812 and, immediately after leaving college, volunteered as a private in the war between the United States and Great Britain. In this war, he rose by meritorious service from a private to the rank of major. In the war with Mexico, he again volunteered and rose from the rank of major to that of major-general and occupied the place of General Scott as commander-in-chief of the American army at the close of hostilities. Besides his high military reputation, he was a lawyer of marked ability and a literary man of broad culture. He was also a poet of no mean ability and produced a number of short poems which were much admired.]

THE BOATMAN'S HORN. -

O, boatman! wind that horn again,
 For never did the listening air
 Upon its lambent bosom bear
 So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
 What though thy notes are sad and few,
 By every simple boatman blown,
 Yet is each pulse to Nature true,
 And melody in every tone.
 How oft, in boyhood's joyous day,
 Unmindful of the lapsing hours
 Have loitered on my homeward way
 By wild Ohio's bank of flowers;
 While some lone boatman from the deck
 Poured his soft numbers to that tide,
 As if to charm from storm and wreck
 The boat where all his fortunes rise!
 Delighted Nature drank the sound,
 Enchanted, Echo bore it round
 In whispers soft and softer still,
 From hill to plain and plain to hill,
 Till e'en the thoughtless frolic boy,
 Elate with hope and wild with joy,
 Who gamboled by the river's side,
 And sported by the fretting tide,
 Feels something new pervade his breast,
 Change his light steps, repress his jest,
 Bends o'er the flood his eager ear
 To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
 Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why
 The tear of rapture fills his eye.
 And can he now, to manhood grown,
 Tell why those notes, simple and lone,
 As on the ravished ear they fell,
 Bind every sense in magic spell?

There is a tide of feeling given
 To all on earth, its fountain heaven,
 Beginning with the dewy flower,
 Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bower—
 Rising creation's orders through,
 With louder murmur, brighter hue—
 That tide is sympathy! Its ebb and flow
 Gives life its hues, its joy and woe.
 Music, the master spirit that can move
 Its waves to war, or lull them into love,
 Can cheer the sinking sailor mid the wave,
 And bid the warrior on! Nor fear the grave;
 Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,
 And elevate his soul to claim his God!
 Then, boatman, wind that horn again!
 Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
 Yet are its notes to sorrow dear!
 What though they wake fond memory's tear!
 Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
 And rapture oft her chosen guest.

JOSIE FRAZEE CAPPLEMAN.

[Josie Frazee Cappleman is of Kentucky parentage, being the daughter of Joseph Frazee, of Mason county, Kentucky, and the great granddaughter of Joseph Doniphan, who taught the first school on Kentucky soil, in Fort Boonesboro, in the year 1779. Mrs. Cappleman began writing verse when a mere child. She graduated at Franklin College, Lancaster, Ky., and was awarded a gold medal for proficiency in both prose and poetical composition. Mrs. Cappleman has written some three or four hundred poems, which have been published in some of the leading papers and periodicals of the United States and have also appeared in one handsome volume, entitled "Heart Songs." Mrs. Cappleman is the widow of G. T. Cappleman, of Louisville, her present home being at Little Rock, Ark.]

WHERE DO THE KISSES GROW?

They leap from the soul of a baby
 And then all over it spread,
 From the white and pink of its toe-tips
 To the halo of gold on its head;
 From the depths of its dainty dimples,
 From the roseate, laughter-turned lips,
 From the soft, shapely neck and shoulders
 To the tapering finger-tips.

They're hidden within every heart-fold,
And cuddled down close to the core,
And tho' they are evermore gathered,
Still, I find there a thousand-fold more;
And each one seems softer and sweeter
Than the one I found just before,
Till I wonder if ever the sweetest
Is taken from baby's vast store.

So, daily I search for and seize them,
And hourly I pluck a new prize,
Sometimes from the whitest of foreheads,
Sometimes from the brightest of eyes;
Of all the fair sweets sent from heaven,
These kisses, to me, are most sweet,
A blessing they bring to my being
As the holiest emotions there meet.

And I whisper: "O angel-kissed baby,
Do you feel—can you ever quite know
Of the wonderful worth of these kisses
That ever continue to grow?
Of the wearisome woes that they soften,
Of the heart cares they curtain from sight,
Of their magic that soars thro' the sunshine
And on thro' the knells of the night?"

I hold that we're higher and better
For every fresh kiss that we take,
For every fond love token given—
When given for sacred love's sake;
For, if purity's planted in Earthdom,
Then surely it springs from the soul
Of that beautiful, angel-like being
As its life-page begins to unroll.

Then I'll gather them early and often,
From the bright curly head to the toe,
I can't rob the wee tot of its treasures,
For still they continue to grow,
And in long after years fondest memory
E'en backward forever will flow
To that bonny-eyed babe of the by-gone,
Whose kisses no longer may grow.

MADISON CAWEIN.

[Madison Cawein was born in Louisville, Kentucky, March 23, 1865. He began writing verses when a mere child and has kept it up until he has become the most voluminous poet in Kentucky. He has now published no less than twenty volumes, some of which are octavos of considerable thickness. He is now understood to be arranging his poems for an uniform edition, which will be awaited with anxiety by his numerous admirers at home and abroad. The following poem from his volume of 1901, entitled "Weeds by the Wall," presents a fair specimen of his poetry.]

A TWILIGHT MOTH.

Dusk is thy dawn; when Eve puts on her state
 Of gold and purple in the marbled west,
 Thou comest forth like some embodied trait,
 Or dim conceit, a lily-bud confessed;
 Or, of a rose, the visible wish; that, white,
 Goes softly messengering through the night,
 Whom each expectant flower makes its guest.

All day the primroses have thought of thee,
 Their golden heads close-haremed from the heat;
 All day the mystic moonflowers silkenly
 Veiled snowy faces—that no bee might greet
 Or butterfly that, weighed with pollen, passed—
 Keeping Sultana charms for thee, at last,
 Their lord, who comest to salute each sweet.

Cool-throated flowers that avoid the day's
 Too fervid kisses; every bud that drinks
 The tipsy dew and to the starlight plays
 Nocturnes of fragrance; thy winged shadow links
 In bonds of secret brotherhood and faith;
 O bearer of their order's shibboleth,
 Like some pale symbol fluttering o'er these pinks.

What dost thou whisper in the balsam's ear
 That sets it blushing, or the hollyhock's—
 A syllabled silence that no man may hear—
 As dreamily upon its stem it rocks?
 What spell dost bear from listening plant to plant,
 Like some white witch, some ghostly ministrant,
 Some spectre of some perished flower of phlox?

O voyager of that universe which lies
 Between the four walls of this garden fair—
 Whose constellations are the fireflies
 That wheel their instant courses everywhere—
 'Mid fairy firmaments wherein one sees
 Mimic Bootes and the Pleiades,
 Thou steerest like some fairy ship-of-air.

Gnome-wrought of moonbeam fluff and gossamer,
 Silent as scent, perhaps thou chariotest
 Mab or King Oberon; or, haply, her
 His queen, Titania, on some midnight quest—
 O, for the herb, the magic euphrasy,
 That should unmask thee to mine eyes, ah, me!
 And all that world at which my soul hath guessed!

FORTUNATUS COSBY, JR.

[Fortunatus Cosby, Jr., was a native of Kentucky, where he was born May 2, 1802; died June 16, 1861. He was the son of Judge Fortunatus Cosby and was a graduate of Yale College. He was a lawyer by profession, but never engaged steadily in the practice. His tastes were decidedly literary, and his time was devoted to reading and writing. He was for some years in the Treasury Department at Washington and Consul at Geneva, Switzerland, where his duties gave him leisure for literary pursuits. He wrote many poems which were published in the different papers with which he was, from time to time, editorially connected.]

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By the dim and fitful firelight
 Musing all alone,
 Memories of old companions
 Dead or strangers grown;
 Books that we had read together,
 Rambles in sweet summer weather,
 Thoughts released from earthly tether—
 Fancy made my own.

In my cushioned arm-chair sitting
 Far into the night,
 Sleep, with laden wing extinguished
 All the flickering light
 But the thoughts that soothes me waking
 Care and grief and pain forsaking,
 Still the self-same path were taking—
 Pilgrims, still in sight.

Indistinct and shadowy phantoms
 Of the sacred dead,
 Absent faces bending fondly
 O'er my drooping head,
 In my dreams were woven quaintly,
 Dim at first, but calm and saintly
 As the stars that glimmer faintly
 From their mystic bed.

Presently a lustrous brightness
 Eye could scarce behold,
Gave to my enchanted vision,
 Looks no longer cold,
Features that no colds encumber,
Forms refreshed by sweetest slumber,
And, of all that blessed number,
 Only one was old.

Graceful were they as the willow
 By the zephyr stirred!
Bright as childhood when expecting
 An approving word!
Fair as when from earth they faded,
Ere the burnished brown was shaded,
Or, the hair with silver braided,
 Or lament was heard.

Roundabout in silence moving
 Slowly to and fro,
Life-like as I knew and loved them
 In their spring-time glow;
Beaming with a loving luster,
Close and closer still they cluster
Round my chair that radiant muster,
 Just as long ago.

Once, the aged, breathing comfort
 O'er my fainting cheek,
Whispered words of precious meaning
 Only she could speak;
Scarce could I my rapture smother,
For I knew it was my mother,
And to me there was no other
 Saint-like and so meek.

Then the pent-up fount of feeling
 Stirred its inmost deep—
Brimming o'er its frozen surface
 From its guarded keep,
On my heart its drop descending,
And for one glad moment lending,
Dreams of joy's ecstatic blending,
 Blessed my charmed sleep.

Bright and brighter grew the vision
 With each gathering tear,
Till the past was all before me
 In its radiance clear;
And again we read at even—
Hoped beneath the summer heaven,
Hopes that had no bitter leaven,
 No disturbing fear.

All so real seemed each presence,
 That one word I spoke—
 Only one of old endearment,
 That dead silence broke,
 But the angels who were keeping
 Stillest watch while I was sleeping,
 Left me o'er the embers weeping—
 Fled when I awoke.

But, as ivy clings the greenest
 On abandoned walls;
 And as echo lingers sweetest
 In deserted halls:
 Thus the sunlight that we borrow
 From the past to gild our sorrow,
 On the dark and dreaded morrow
 Like a blessing falls.

INGRAM CROCKETT.

[Ingram Crockett is a native of Henderson, Kentucky, where he was born in 1856. He is the son of John W. Crockett, who was famous as an orator. He has been successful as a contributor of verse to the newspapers and magazines of his day. He had not to seek a publisher, but his poems were always sought and admired. The following selection, though somewhat mythical in the determination of the exact subject, will be accepted as a fine specimen.]

AT YULE-TIDE.

I.

Now upon the Soul's broad hearthstone lay the crimson brands for lighting,
 With the charm of touch and whisper wake the bright warm-hearted flame
 Till it, rising, kisses softly all the arches bending o'er it,
 Till the winged sparks go singing through the night Love's holy name.

II.

Lusty mistletoe be bringing, boughs of cedar, wreaths of holly,
 To each heart a cup of laughter touched by gracious vestal lips,
 Now the disc of every sorrow joy shall circle with a halo,
 As the sun hangs golden banners round the shadow of eclipse.

III.

Long within the soul, God's temple, darkness, festooned, hung forbidding,
 Draped the windows, barred and leaden, draped the knarled and studded
 door;
 While, with fitful flare and flicker, danced the Yule-light, hollow-hearted
 As wild Superstition, bowing, dancing on the stained floor.

IV.

Long the angry sparks sang "Hatred!" Hate of brother unto brother!
 Long the mistletoe was severed with sacrificial knife
 Sheathed oft within the bosom of a hapless, human victim,
 Telling of a hideous worship and the creed of life for life.

V.

But, at last, an oriel window set toward the hills of Morning,
 Where, with reverent brows uplifted, pray the mighty peaks of Hope,
 Thrilled with prescient thrills of glory as the Day-Star shone upon it,
 Thrilled as thrills a parent watcher 'neath a blessed horoscope.

VI.

Sudden dust, blown quickly downward, fell the rotten folds of darkness;
 Through the oriel's veins, translucent, ran a ruby current mild;
 Clusters there of roses blossomed, lilies swung their snowy censers
 O'er a mother and a manger and the sweet face of a child.

VII.

All the Temple was transfigured, and a silent benediction
 Fell on cedar, fell on holly, fell on pearl-strung mistletoe:
 "God," they murmured, and not Odin; "Christ," they murmured, and not
 Balder,
 And awed Superstition, kneeling, heard forgiveness whispered low.

VIII.

Swung the door upon its hinges, and the angels of God's heaven
 Straightway came within the Temple singing songs of holy cheer;
 Sang they all of Jesus blessed, sang they of His peace eternal
 Spanning all the broken earth-clouds like an emerald rainbow clear.

IX.

Stay, sweet angels, ever singing carols to the Lord and Saviour,
 Sing: "He oped the orient portals with a rosy, baby hand!"
 Sing: "He suffered more than martyr, marking earth with feet of sorrow
 While, behind Him, joys and blessings bourgeoned in the desert land!"

CONCLUSION.

Fide et amore.

I.

Lord, we stand upon the margin of that ocean stretching outward
 Far beyond the isles of Knowledge, far beyond the mount of Sight;
 Only Love can hear its billows breaking on the shores Hereafter,
 Only Faith can see Thy heaven baffled in everlasting light.

II.

Then in this Thy dearest gift-time, when to us Thyself Thou gavest,
 Give us Faith and Love to guide us, teaching us of heaven and Thee;
 Lest we fall to idle talking with Doubt, walking close behind us,
 Lest we say, with him, "Hope never! All beyond is shoreless sea."

GEORGE M. DAVIE.

[George M. Davie was born in Christian county, Kentucky, on the 16th of March, 1848, and died in Louisville, Ky., on the 22d of February, 1900. He went from the schools of his native county to Centre College, Kentucky, and finally to Princeton, New Jersey, where he was graduated in 1868. He then came to Louisville and entered the law department of the University of Louisville and got his license to practice law in 1870. He soon rose to distinction at the Louisville bar, where he finally took his stand among those at the head of the bar. Although a busy man with his practice, he found time to indulge his taste for literature and wrote for the papers and magazines in both prose and verse. He was very fond of the poetry of the Roman poet, Horace, and translated many of his odes into English verse. He also made a fine translation of the celebrated *Dies Irae* of the Middle Ages. Among his original poems may be mentioned his "Night in Venice," "The City of Gold," "A Yearn for the Romantic," "A Legal Idyl," and "The Crimson Foot." Mr. Davie was one of the founders of the Filson Club, in 1884, and when he died a memorial meeting was held in his behalf on the 5th of March, 1900, at which most of the prominent members delivered eulogies upon him, and the club passed complimentary resolutions embracing the leading features of his life. The following selection will afford a fair specimen of Mr. Davie's poetry.]

THE CITY OF GOLD.

Maddened with a thirst for gold,
Men's hearts did, in times of old,
Far across the sea and wold
 Mirage its shadow:
And as faith makes heaven known,
So, beyond a far-off zone,
A city—all of gold—there shone,
 They called El Dorado.

From the castled land of Spain,
Many a bold knight with his train
Far upon the Western main
 Chased that wild shadow:
Where the hoarse tornado blows,
Where the trackless forest grows,
Wandering—where, no mortal knows—
 Sought they El Dorado.

Warriors, of dark renown.
Monks, with cross and shaven crown,
Sailors, dyed by sunlight brown
 And by tornado;
In life's frost, or in its bloom,
Decked with flashing steel and plume,
Heedless of an unknown doom,
 Sought that El Dorado.

Over the weird Circean seas,
 By the haunted Bermoothes,
 Past the flecked Carribees—
 Stormy Trinidado—
 Driven by the hurricane,
 Beaten by the tropic rain,
 Onward sped the dauntless train,
 Seeking El Dorado.

Southward ever—till they find
 Even the sun seemed left behind!
 On, with still undaunted mind,
 Sailed the armada—
 Past the coral reef and isle,
 Past the headland's misty pile,
 Past the forest's river-aisle,
 Sought they El Dorado.

Where vast oceans lashed the sands
 Of far-off untrodden strands,
 Seeking still the golden lands,
 Chased they that shadow;
 Up the sluggish torrid streams,
 In whose depth the diamond gleams;
 To lands wild as fever dreams—
 Sought they El Dorado.

Through dark fen and tangled brake,
 Where the vampire dwelt, and snake—
 While the vultures on their wake
 Flew as a shadow—
 With a still-unconquered eye,
 One by one, they fell to die:
 And the others passed them by,
 Seeking El Dorado.

On, for many a weary league,
 On, through danger and fatigue;
 All became a phantom vague,
 And but a shadow:
 Gold was master, man was thrall;
 So a doom was on them all;
 Each knight's mantle was his pall—
 Seeking El Dorado.

Dead, upon the tropic sand,
 Dead, where mighty forests stand;
 Known no more in any land
 Save that of shadow:
 Their stark limbs the vultures tore;
 Pray that when their quest was o'er,
 And, on some far unknown shore,
 Found they El Dorado.

GEN. B. W. DUKE.

[General Basil W. Duke, a native of Scott county, Kentucky, where he was born May 28, 1838, although a fine writer and speaker, is best known now, and will be hereafter, for his military deeds in the Civil War. He did not always, however, write prose, but often indulged in verse, even while raiding with Morgan over the country. The following poem will serve as an example of his style of writing.]

SONG OF THE RAID.

On the Cumberland's bosom
 The moonbeams are bright,
 And the path of the raiders
 Is plain by her light;
 Across the broad riffle
 And up the steep bank,
 The long, winding column
 Moves rank after rank.

CHORUS:

Then hō! for the Bluegrass—
 And welcome the chance—
 No matter the danger
 That bids us advance;
 The odds must be heavy
 To turn or deter
 The lads who make war
 With the pistol and spur!

We haunt the wild border,
 We ever are near,
 Giving hope to our friends
 And to enemies fear.
 We hold idle armies
 Here, guarding this soil,
 We snatch from swift battle
 Its glory and spoil.

Through the woodland's deep shade,
 By the meadow' green side,
 Up hill and down valley
 We steadily ride;
 But hushed now the laughter
 And silent the song,
 As all night the squadrons
 Tramp swiftly along.

The advance guard is marching
Away in the van,
Bold leader the captain,
Tried soldier each man.
No challenge is passed
When a foe they descry,
But the charge comes as fast
As the hail from the sky.

By morn we see Glasgow,
Columbia at noon,
Then march on again
'Neath the smiles of the moon.
And at midnight on Lebanon
Suddenly swoop down
To flush the blue-jackets
Who hold the good town.

Leave Bardstown to westward,
Our right pushes in
The pickets to Danville
With clatter and din;
Through Harrodsburg charging,
Press hotly the chase,
Till Frankfort shall witness
The dust of the race.

Let Louisville listen,
And Lexington wait,
We are lords of the heart
Of the beautiful State.
The best steeds on Elkhorn
We take as our right;
We must fight when he will,
We must win when we fight.

We reach merry Georgetown—
There's risk in delay—
But, whatever happen,
We'll tarry one day;
Then down the white pike
Cynthiana shall hear
The rifle's bold music,
The rebel's wild cheer.

But now we draw bridle,
Our purpose is done;
Our leader commands,
And we turn with the sun;
And strong hearts are swelling,
And eyes throb and burn,
For many go southward
Who'll never return.

CHORUS:

Farewell to the Bluegrass,
 So sweet in my sight—
 To its pastures so green
 And its waters so bright;
 If it pass to the stranger,
 Be lost to the brave,
 I'll ask of my birthland
 Enough for a grave.

REUBEN THOMAS DURRETT.

[Reuben Thomas Durrett was born in Henry county, Kentucky, January 22, 1824. He is a graduate of Brown University and received from that institution the three degrees of A. B., A. M. and LL. D. Georgetown College and the University of Louisville also conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. Although a lawyer by profession, his taste led him to devote much time to literature. He has written many articles, principally of a historic character, for the newspapers and magazines, and, since his retirement from active practice, five volumes of his writings have been published by the Filson Club. While in Rome, Italy, spending the winter of 1855-6, he and several Americans there at the same time, went to the Coliseum to watch the old year out and the new year in. Each agreed to write something about the scene, and the following extract is from a classical poem in blank verse which Mr. Durrett wrote for the occasion.]

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW IN THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

The noon of night
 Has come, and thoughts as strange as this wild scene
 Crowd on the mind. The Old Year and the New
 As gladiators seem in mortal strife
 Within the Coliseum's fated walls.
 A conflict more almighty was not when
 The arch fiend, with his hosts of fallen angels,
 In heaven's broad purlieu, met the sons of light,
 Led on to battle by Omnipotence;
 Nor when the storied giants Ossa piled
 On Pelion to dethrone the Thunderer.
 The glad spectators of this scene are not
 The eighty thousand sons of Rome who filled
 These seats while Titus sat as arbiter,
 And with his festivals and hundred days
 Did dedicate to feats of strength and shows
 Of wickedness this amphitheater.
 Now goblins, ghosts, and spirits, forms divine,
 And shapes satanic fill the air and crowd
 These seats as numerous as the sands that bleach
 Old ocean's storm-lashed shore. Here Life and Death,
 Youth and Age, Disease and Health, War and Peace,

Famine, Pestilence and Mortality,
 The Past, the Present and the Future dark,
 With other forms as numerous as the stars,
 Together here seem congregated all,
 From every quarter of the universe,
 To see the noble gladiator die;
 While old Eternity, enthroned above
 In Fate's dread chair, sits arbiter sublime
 And views the awful strife.

The noon of night

Impends. One moment more must pass, and then
 The Year that wears the diadem will fall,
 Forever fall into the changeless past.
 How pregnant is this moment with rapt thoughts!
 This moment! It doth to the future bind
 The past and make of them one boundless, vast,
 Sublime Eternity. It is that link,
 Without which in duration's endless chain
 All past, all future and the present time
 Were disconnected parts confounded worse
 Than dire Confusion's self. In its brief span
 Swift Memory waves her life-restoring wand
 And calls up from the past immortal thoughts
 Whose genesis was far before the date
 Of the Cloaca Maxima, and tomb
 Of Scipio. Events which filled long times
 And great discoveries in the realm of art
 And science, which the dragging centuries
 Had scarce made known, now flash like vivid dreams
 Across the mind. The changeless stars which saw
 Arcadian shepherds watch their flocks by night
 Upon yon Palatine, ere Romulus
 Had founded there the citadel of Rome,
 Shine o'er us now. And yon same moon, that threw
 Her mellow beams upon the Pantheon,
 The shrine of all Rome's gods and goddesses,
 Two thousand years ago, rolls on unchanged
 Upon the silver chariot of the night.
 Yon deep blue sky, the pride of tropic climes,
 Looks on us with the same bright starry eyes
 That watched the City of the Seven Hills
 As from the work of Romulus it rose
 To majesty and grandeur ne'er surpassed.
 Yon Tiber winds his wonted course along
 The shores which once were clad with glory's pomp
 And bears his waters from the Appenines
 Into the midland sea just as he did
 When, centuries ago, Eneas came
 With all the gods had spared of fallen Troy
 And landed on his banks. All else how changed!
 The Eternal City wears ephemeral hues,

The Caesar's palace, once the pride of Rome
 Remains a heap of ruins. The classic hills,
 Upon whose crests the famous city stood,
 Have crumbled down and scarcely seem to rise
 Above the rubbish which two thousand years
 Have piled around their base. The Forum lies
 Deep buried 'neath the waste of centuries.
 War, Famine, Pestilence and flood and flame
 Have swept over ancient Rome, and naught remains
 To tell where Glory dwelt, save mighty wrecks
 Which greet the eye like to immortal deaths.
 The gods who erst were worshipped here are gone,
 And crumbled into dust their gorgeous shrines,
 And borne away their comely busts of bronze
 And marble statues to adorn the halls
 Of those the sculptors deemed barbarians.
 Unto the memory of the Christian dead,
 Whom wild beasts tore and fire consumed to make
 A holiday for Roman merriment,
 This vast arena has been set apart
 And consecrated by His Holiness,
 And prayers ascend hence to the Triune God,
 Where Jove was throned and warrior gods displayed
 In men the showman's arts.

That moment brief,
 So full of thought, is gone. The olden year
 Beneath his adversary lies. The Past
 Has claimed him as his spoil and bears him off,
 While Time proclaims Eternity's decree,
 And gives the empire of the universe
 Unto the glad New Year, the victor proud.
 No shout goes up to rend the air, as did
 Of old when victory was here proclaimed,
 And countless Latin and barbaric tongues
 Made the welkin ring with joy. The olden
 Year his given span of life has measured;
 The winds have sung his solemn requiem,
 And Time, with one hand pointing forward to
 The future's dark and mystic canopy,
 The golden chronoscope which measures out
 The moments and the hours that multiply
 Themselves in days and years and centuries,
 And with the other reaching backward to
 The frowning past, the tablet and the style
 With which he makes the record of all things,
 Has noted all the Old Year's deeds of good
 Or bad upon Eternity's vast scroll
 That changes nevermore.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

[William D. Gallagher was a native of Philadelphia, where he was born August 21, 1808, died near Louisville, Kentucky, June 28, 1894. At an early age, he came West and, after a sojourn in Ohio, he came to Kentucky, where the rest of his days were spent. He wrote many poems and published two small volumes and one larger one at different times. The characteristic of his poems was purity of style and purity of matter. In all the wide range of his prose and poetry, not one vulgar sentence or one immoral thought can be found.]

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
 Stout-hearted dames were they;
 With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
 And join the border fray.
 Our rough land had no braver
 In its day of blood and strife—
 Aye, ready for severest toil,
 Aye, free to peril life.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
 On old Kentucky's soil,
 How shared they, with each dauntless band,
 War's tempest and life's toil!
 They shrank not from the foeman,
 They quailed not in the fight,
 But cheered their husbands through the day,
 And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
 Their bosoms pillow'd men;
 And proud were they to have to stand
 In hummock, fort, or glen;
 To load the sure old rifle—
 To run the leaden ball—
 To watch a battering husband's place,
 And fill it should he fall.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
 Such were their daily deeds;
 Their monument—where does it stand—
 Their epitaph—who reads?
 No braver dames had Sparta—
 No nobler matrons Rome—
 Yet who or lauds or honors them,
 Ev'n in their own green home?

The mothers of our Forest-land!
 They sleep in unknown graves;
 And had they borne and nursed a band
 Of ingrates, or of slaves,

They had not been neglected more.
 But their graves shall yet be found,
 And their monuments dot here and there
 "The Dark and Bloody Ground!"

JOEL T. HART.

[Joel T. Hart was born in Clark county, Kentucky, in 1810, and died in Florence, Italy, in 1877. He was most distinguished as a sculptor, and has left in marble some works which are immortal. His greatest work was possibly his "Woman Triumphant," which perished in the fire which destroyed the court house at Lexington, Ky., where it had been placed. His statue of Henry Clay, his Morning Glory and other works, however, will guard his fame down to latest times. In the last years of his life, he took into his head that he was a poet as well as sculptor and wrote a number of verses of sufficient merit for any one except such an artist in marble. The following may serve as a specimen.]

INVOCATION TO THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

A thousand years ago, and thou
 Wert then a thousand old;
 The mightiest wreck of splendor now
 Time lingers to behold,
 And, like thy victims, torn and pale,
 And falling, thou wouldst tell thy tale.

Thy subject realms from zone to zone,
 Their trophies sent each sea
 The suppliant from the shrine, the throne
 Their tributes borne to thee.
 While Parian throngs in forms divine,
 And gods were ministers of thine.

* * *

The startling jar, the unbolted cage,
 The hosts' suspended breath,
 The Nubian monarch starved to rage,
 The bugle's note of death,
 The murdered victim, now again
 Another, yet another slain!

The bound, the shriek, the shout, the groan,
 The bloody blade and bare,
 The gored and mangled wretches strewn
 That stench'd the troubled air,
 To glut the eye and nostrils wide
 With cry, "Let every lance be dyed!"

A hundred bondmen, by decree
To basely fight or fall,
Strode unto death to make the "free"
A Roman carnival
For savage natures set on flame,
The hell of torture and of shame.

Amid the shouts of triumph, thou
Didst mark the victor's pride;
And beauty bared her laureled brow
With Caesar at her side,
And him, the Dacian wretch, no more
To clasp his loves, but gasp in gore.

Now, through the ruins, ivy bound,
There stalks no wailing ghost;
Through all thy thousand aisles no sound
Comes from thy buried host;
But silent all, and silence dread
And desolation reign instead.

Yet, in thy desolation, thou
Hast seen their glories fade;
And, one by one, their temple bow,
Their shrines on ruins laid;
And those that worshipped with the clay
Have formed their idols, pass away.

And Time hath writ upon thy brow
Pride and ambition's fall;
Wealth, pageant, glory, empire, thou
Hast reared and buried all;
In stern decay, sublime and lone,
Art now a moralist in stone.

WILL S. HAYS.

[Will S. Hays was born in Louisville, Ky., July 19, 1837. He has, for almost half a century, been connected in one way or another with the newspapers of Louisville. He is one of the most prolific song writers of his time, and is the author of some songs that have proved to be very popular.]

THE LAST HAIL.

Mate, get ready down on deck,
I'm heading for the shore,
I'll ring the bell, for I must land
This boat forevermore.

Say, pilot, do you see that light—
I do—where angels stand?
Well, hold her jack-staff hard on that,
For there I'm going to land.

That looks like Death that's hailing me,
So ghastly grim and pale;
I'll toll the bell—I must go in—
I never passed a hail.

Stop her! Let her come in slow—
There! That will do—no more;
The lines are fast, and angels await
To welcome me ashore.

Say, pilot, I'm going with them,
Up yonder, through that gate,
I'll not come back; you ring the bell,
And back her out—don't wait.

For I have made my trip of life,
I've found my landing-place,
I'll take my soul and anchor that
Fast to the Throne of Grace.

MRS. ROSA VERTNER JEFFERY.

[Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffery (nee Griffith) was born in Mississippi, but was educated in Lexington, Ky., and here wrote her poems and made her fame as a poetess. She has published several volumes of her poems, which were popular and well received in their day. She died in Edinburg, Scotland, in 1894.]

THE SUNSET CITY.

I saw a strange, beautiful city arise
On an island of light, in the sapphire skies,
When the sun in his Tyrian drapery dress'd,
Like a shadow of God, floated down to the west.
A city of clouds! in a moment it grew
On an island of pearl, in an ocean of blue,
And spirits of twilight enticed me to stray
Through these palaces reared from the ruins of day.

In musical murmurs, the soft sunset air,
Like a golden-winged angel, seemed calling me there,
And my fancy sped on till it found a rare home,
A palace of jasper, with emerald dome,
On a violet strand, by a wide azure flood;
And where this rich City of Sunset now stood,
Methought some stray seraph had broken a bar
From the gold gates of Eden and left them ajar.

Here were amethyst castles, whose turrets seemed spun
Of fire drawn out from the heart of the sun;
With columns of amber, and fountains of light,
Which threw up vast showers, so changingly bright,
That Hope might have stolen their exquisite sheen,
To weave in her girdle of rainbows, I ween,
And arches of glory grew over me there,
As these fountains of sunset shot up through the air.

While I looked from my cloud-pillared palace afar,
I saw Night let fall one, vast tremulous star,
On the calm brow of Eden, who, then, in return
For the gem of her brow, and the dew in her urn
Seemed draping the darkness and hiding its gloom,
With the rose-colored curtains which fell from her loom,
All bordered with purple and violet dyes,
Floating out like a fringe from the vail of the skies.

And lo! far away, on the borders of night,
Rose a chain of cloud-mountains, so wondrously bright,
They seemed built from those atoms of splendor that start
Through the depths of the diamond's crystalline heart,

When light with a magical touch has revealed
 The treasure of beams in its bosom concealed;
 And torrents of azure all graceful and proud,
 Swept noiselessly down from these mountains of cloud.

But the tide of the darkness came on with its flood,
 And broke o'er the strand where my frail palace stood
 While, far in the distance, the moon seemed to lave
 Like a silver-winged swan in night's ebon wave.
 And then, like Atlantis, that isle of the bless'd,
 Which, in olden times, sunk 'neath the ocean to rest
 (Which now the blue water in mystery shrouds),
 Dropped down in the darkness this city of clouds.

ELVIRA SYDNOR MILLER.

[Elvira Sydnor Miller is a Virginian by birth, but has lived so very long in Kentucky as to have become a full Kentuckian. She has written for the newspapers and magazines quite a number of poems and published in book form what she called "Songs of the Heart." The following verses are from this collection.]

A DASH THROUGH THE LINES.

A royal night for the row before us,
 The moon goes down in a bank of cloud;
 One star to westward trembles o'er us,
 Wrapped like a corpse in its pallid shroud.

The lamp burns dim in the fisher's dwelling,
 Filled with the Southern refugees;
 Hist! to the cannon's thunder swelling
 Far away on the tired breeze.

I can hear the creek's black waters lapping
 The sandy beach and the wooded shores,
 And the dying wind like a night-bird flapping
 Its dusky wings o'er the idle oars.

Five miles off is the wide, wide river;
 Five miles off the Potomac flood;
 I can scarcely tell why I pause and shiver,
 Dragging the boat up out of the mud.

'Tis a risky thing we're about, old fellow,
 Deserters afloat on the river wide,
 Where the gun-boats peer with their eyes so yellow,
 Like panthers loose on the sullen tide.

'Tis the last, last time I shall venture over,
Risking my neck for the gold so bright;
Just one long whiff of the Maryland clover,
One last dash through the lines to-night.

Lift up the lantern and hold it steady;
Call out the women, and children, too;
The moon is down and the boat is ready,
But the blockade running is yet to do.

All aboard! push off now quickly,
We must hug the shore till the river shines;
Look, where those lights burn pale and sickly,
Over there are the Union lines.

I can see the river straight before us,
Muffle the oars, nor cry, nor speak;
Let us hurry on, through the darkness o'er us,
Into the river and out of the creek.

Woman, hush! there are foes behind us,
The wolves are seeking their prey abroad;
Quiet the children, or death will find us—
For you the water, for me the cord.

Hist! 'tis only the black waves creeping
Under the stern of our trusty boat;
The Yankee gunners must all be sleeping,
To leave us here on the tide afloat.

God be thanked! we are half-way over,
Near at hand are the welcome shores,
I can smell the blooms of the Maryland clover;
Row for the land, now bend to the oars.

Haste! make haste, ere the gray dawn whitens
Over the east, for I dreamt last night
I walked through a land that no beam e'er lightens,
With a troop of specters gaunt and white.

I must reach the shore, but to look once only
On a face upraised to the skies above,
'Mid the green woods there, in her cottage lonely,
Waiting to greet me is she I love.

She—there's a light—hush, hush, no screaming,
Keep quite still in your places here;
'Tis the lamp from a prowling gun-boat gleaming,
Over the waters far and near.

Make for the land—strike out—they've seen us,
Zip! 'Twas a cannon's deadly hiss;
But there's many a watery gap between us,
They may fire again—so they fire and miss.

They're bearing down on us sure and steady,
 Zip, zip, zip—how the water boils!
 Crouch, so the next shot finds us ready—
 A few strong pulls and we 'scape their toils.

We'll hurry in where the bank curves under
 The fringe of trees whose long bows enlase,
 Then, while their cannon boom and thunder,
 We'll seek the woods for a hiding-place.

A few more strokes and we leave the river,
 The land lies there where the long waves swell;
 God! how the balls ricochet and shiver,
 Till the air is strong with the powder's smell.

One stroke more—oh! my God, 'tis over!
 That last shot told; ah! they aimed aright.
 Good-bye to the Maryland fields of clover,
 And—tell her—I can not—come—to-night.

JAMES H. MULLIGAN.

[James H. Mulligan, Lawyer, Lexington, Ky., was born in Lexington, Ky., November 21, 1844; former State Senator and United States Consul-General of the United States to the Kingdom of Samoa. (See extended sketch on page 301.)]

IN KENTUCKY.

The moonlight falls the softest
 In Kentucky;
 The summer days come ofttest
 In Kentucky;
 Friendship is the strongest,
 Love's light glows the longest;
 Yet, wrong is always wrongest
 In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest
 In Kentucky;
 The home fires burn the brightest
 In Kentucky;
 While players are the keenest,
 Cards come out the meanest,
 The pocket empties cleanest
 In Kentucky.

The sun shines ever brightest
 In Kentucky;
The breezes whisper lightest
 In Kentucky;
Plain girls are the fewest,
Maiden's eyes the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest
 In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
 In Kentucky;
Officials are the blandest
 In Kentucky;
Boys are all the fiercest,
Danger ever nighest,
And taxes are the highest
 In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
 In Kentucky;
Yet, bluebloods are the fewest (?)
 In Kentucky;
Moonshine is the clearest,
By no means the dearest,
And yet it acts the queerest
 In Kentucky.

The dove-notes are the saddest
 In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
 In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
The cylinder turns quickest
 In Kentucky.

The song birds are the sweetest
 In Kentucky;
The thoroughbreds are fleetest
 In Kentucky;
Mountains tower proudest,
Thunders peal the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest—
And politics—the damnedest
 In Kentucky.

COL. THEODORE O'HARA.

[Colonel Theodore O'Hara, poet, soldier and filibuster, was born in Danville, Ky., February 11, 1820. He died June 7, 1867, on a plantation in Alabama, where he was first buried. In 1874, the Legislature of Kentucky had his remains disinterred and brought to Frankfort, where they were re-interred in the State Cemetery with military honors. His remains were laid to rest among those of his comrades in arms at the foot of the great monument erected to their memory and immortalized by the poem he wrote in their honor. O'Hara was distinguished as a soldier in the Mexican War and in the Civil War. He was also distinguished in the filibustering expedition which Lopez led into Cuba. His fame, however, will rest more enduringly on the few poems that he wrote. Only two of his poems seem to have been preserved, one of which is given below.]

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
 The soldier's last tattoo!
 No more on life's parade shall meet
 That brave and fallen few;
 On Fame's eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
 Now swells upon the wind;
 No troubled thought at midnight haunts
 Of loved ones left behind;
 No vision of the morrow's strife
 The warrior's dream alarms;
 No braying horn nor screaming fife
 At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
 Their plumed heads are bowed,
 Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
 Is now their martial shroud—
 And plenteous funeral tears have washed
 The red stains from each brow,
 And the proud forms in battle gashed,
 Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout are past—
 Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that never more may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Augustura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moulder'd slain;
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Should be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

MRS. SALLIE M. B. PIATT.

[Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt is a native of Henry county, Kentucky, where she resided until she became the wife of John J. Piatt, a poet like herself. In 1857, she sent her few poems to the Louisville Journal and received such encouragement from the editor that she began regularly to write verses for the newspapers. She has published several volumes of poems and written much more which has not yet been published.]

MY GHOST.

Yes, Katie, I think you are very sweet,
 Now that the tangles are out of your hair,
 And you sing as well as the birds you meet,
 That are playing like you in the blossoms there.
 But now you are coming to kiss me, you say;
 Well, what is it for? Shall I tie your shoe,
 Or loop your sleeve in a prettier way?
 "Do I know about ghosts?" Indeed I do.

"Have I seen one?" Yes, last evening, you know
 We were taking a walk that you had to miss,
 (I think you were naughty and cried to go,
 But, surely, you'll stay at home after this!)
 And away in the twilight lonesomely
 ("What is the twilight?" It's—getting late!)
 I was thinking of things that were sad to me—
 There, hush! you know nothing about them, Kate.

Well, we had to go through the rocky lane,
 Close to that bridge where the water roars,
 By a still, red house, where the dark and rain
 Go in when they will at the open doors;
 And the moon that had just waked up look'd through
 The broken old windows and seem'd afraid,
 And the wild bats flew and the thistles grew
 Where once in the roses the children play'd.

Just across the road by the cherry trees,
 Some fallen white stones had been lying so long,
 Half hid in the grasses, and under these
 There were people dead. I could hear the song
 Of a very sleepy dove, as I pass'd
 The graveyard near, and the cricket that cried;
 And I look'd (ah, the ghost is coming at last!)
 And something was walking at my side.

It seem'd to be wrapped in a great dark shawl,
 (For the night was a little cold, you know).
 It would not speak. It was black and tall
 And it walk'd so proudly and very slow.

Then it mock'd me—everything I could do;
 Now it caught at the lightning-flies like me;
 Now it stopped where the elder-blossoms grew;
 Now it tore the thorns from a gray-bent tree.

Soon it followed me under the yellow moon,
 Looking back to the graveyard now and then,
 Where the winds were playing the night a tune—
 But, Kate, a ghost doesn't care for men,
 And your papa couldn't have done it harm!
 Ah, dark-eyed darling, what is it you see?
 There, you needn't hide in your dimpled arm—
 It was only my shadow that walk'd with me!

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

[George D. Prentice was born in Connecticut in 1802, and was a graduate of Brown University. He came to Kentucky for the purpose of writing a life of Henry Clay, which he wrote and published in 1831. By the time he had gotten this book off his hands, he was so well pleased with Kentucky that he established the Louisville Journal and continued connected with the press until his death, January 22, 1870. He wrote a number of poems which were gathered together and published in an octavo volume by John James Piatt in 1883. The following is probably the best.]

THE CLOSING YEAR.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
 The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
 Of the departed year.

No funeral train
 Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
 Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
 As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
 That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
 The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter, with his aged locks—and breathe
 In mournful cadences, that come abroad
 Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
 Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
 Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold

And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
 The coffin-lid of hope, and joy and love,
 And, bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year

Has gone, and, with it, many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
 It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
 The battle-plain, where sword and spear and shield
 Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!—

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain-crag—but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
 O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
 Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
 Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
 To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down the Alpine avalanche,

Startling the nations; and the very stars,
 Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
 Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
 Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
 To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time,
 Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
 Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
 Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
 To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
 Upon the fearful ruin he hath wrought.

HENRY THOMAS STANTON.

[Henry Thomas Stanton, one of the most voluminous and famous of Kentucky poets, was born in 1834, died May 8, 1898, at Frankfort, Ky. In 1861, he entered the Confederate army and continued until the close of the war in the capacity of captain, adjutant, etc., and surrendered with the rank of major in 1865. He published two volumes of his poems in which there were many verses that were generally admired. He wrote on a great variety of subjects, and it would be vain to attempt a fair representation of his style and merits by a single selection. The following will possibly come as near as any single selection.]

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth,
 Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth?
 Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
 When the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
 Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor
 Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
 Ah, search the wild world wherever you can,
 There is no open door for a Moneyless Man!

Go look in yon hall where the chandelier's light
 Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night,
 Where the rich-hanging velvet in shadowy fold
 Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold,
 And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
 In long lighted vistas, the 'wondering view:
 Go there! at the banquet, and find, if you can,
 A welcoming smile for a Moneyless Man.

Go look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
 Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
 Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
 And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
 Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
 In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
 Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
 Who opens a pew to a Moneyless Man!

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
 His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
 Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
 Lies, pile upon pile, of the glittering ore!
 Walk up to their counters—oh, there you may stay
 Till your limbs grow old, till your hairs grow gray,
 And you'll find at the banks not one of the clan
 With money to lend to a Moneyless Man!

Go look to yon judge, in his dark-flowing gown,
 With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
 Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
 And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;
 Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid,
 To render a verdict they've already made;
 Go there, in the court-room, and find, if you can,
 Any law for the cause of a Moneyless Man!

Then go to your hovel! no raven has fed
 The wife who has suffered too long for her bread;
 Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death-frost
 From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
 Then turn in your agony upward to God,
 And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod,
 And you'll find, at the end of your life's little span,
 There's a welcome above for a Moneyless Man!

MRS. AMELIA WELBY.

[Mrs. Amelia Welby was born at St. Michaels, Maryland, February 3, 1819, and died at Louisville, Ky., May 3, 1852. Her first poems were published in the *Louisville Journal* and were highly praised by George D. Prentice, the editor. In 1854, she published an octavo volume, which was so well received that other editions soon followed. A fair specimen of her poetry will be found in the following verses.]

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
 That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
 Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
 When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
 The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
 The breeze fluttered down and blew open the flowers,
 While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,
 On the white wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
 That scattered the raindrops and dimpled the seas,
 Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
 Its soft tinted pinions of purple and gold.

'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost parts of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! How gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell;
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of an angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, it was suspended in air;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.
Like the wing of the Diety, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the link in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like the bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and lie cold in the grave;
Yet, oh! when death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

amc

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